

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his need.



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MY GUESTS.

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, K.C.I.E., C.S.I.

GALLANT and gay, in their doublets of gray,
All at a flash, like the darting of flame,—
Chattering Arabic, African, Indian,—
Certain of springtime, the swallows came !

Doublets of gray silk, and surcoats of purple,
And ruffs of russet round each white throat,
Wearing such garb they had crossed the waters,
Mariners sailing with never a boat ;

Sailing a sea than the blue seas bluer,
Vaster to traverse than any which rolls
'Neath keelson of warship, or bilge of trader,
Betwixt the brinks of the frozen poles.

Cleaving the clouds with their moon-edged pinions,
High over city, and vineyard, and mart ;
April to pilot them ; May speeding after ;
And each bird's compass his small red heart.

*Drawn by
W. H. Gibson.*

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MY GUESTS.

Meet it seemed those rovers to welcome,
 Travelers lordly, and bold, and wise;
 I doffed my hat on that golden morning
 To the first of their band who met my eyes,

Saying, "al sabah al khairah, Swallow!
 If you're from Egypt, of Nile, what news?"
 "Chitra! chi-tra!" he cheeped, quick-flying.
 "'Tis Hindi, then, that your worship doth use."

"Ap ki mikrbān"—but he did not listen,
 Scouring the daisies in eager flight;
 We'd want a breakfast, too, if we traveled
 From Ebro to Thames in an April night!

Still, I think that he held me civil,
 For he came again; and my foreign friend,
 Glossy, and plumped, and familiar, and loving,
 A fair she-swallow did close attend.

Ah! of the air what an Atalanta!
 How should we fare if our mistresses flew
 A mile in an eye-wink, to mock a lover
 With bright Hippomenes chasing, too!

But, all in good time, they roved together,
 Paired like a double lightning-flash,
 Birds of one heart, and mind, and feather;—
 Lately, she sate on my window-sash.

Oh, such a lady-bird! eyes so shining,
 Feet so dainty, and mien so proud!
 Judging her Spanish,—some real señora,—
 "La casa e sua!" I said, and bowed.

Yes! and, forthwith, at my word she took me;
 Made a home of the house; surveyed
 A sheltered nook in the porch, and entered
 Into possession; and, unafraid,

Day after day her nest she moulded,
 Building with magic, and love, and mud,
 A gray cup, made by a thousand journeys,
 And the tiny beak was the trowel and hod.

Then no more chatter, and no more twitter,
 Till Silence and Night saw the cup contain
 Four pearls—Love's treasures! 'tis "eggs," men call them.
 Yet, if we would ponder, a miracle plain.

Think on the speed, and the strength, and the glory
 The wings to be, and the joyous life
 Shut in those exquisite secrets she brooded,
 My guest's small consort, the swallow's wife!



Nay, and no southron Lazzarone,
No lazy, desert-bred Bedawi,
Her lord and master ! Five hundred
journeys
'Twixt morning and evening
accomplished he,

Drawn by W. H. Gibson.

Hawking the gnats, and raiding the midges,
And darting back from his dipping bath,
With meat in his mouth for his wife and children ;
A lord more gentle no lady hath !

A lady more faithful no lord might boast of ;
But the full pride came when, above the nest,
Peeped four little heads, in purple and russet,
And the gleam of as many a white satin breast.

"A los niños que duerme," I hummed in her Spanish.
"Dios los fendice !" she flirted away,
The better to show me her jewel-eyed darlings
Over the edge of the gray cup of clay.

Now—dawn after dawn—there are painstaking lessons,
To teach sky-science, and wings' delight
Soon will they follow the swift feet of summer ;
Oh, Señor Swallow, we envy your flight !

Oh, Golondrina ! I grieve you are going !
Say greetings for me to the East so dear !
You have paid good rent with your silver cheepings,
"La casa e sua." Come back next year !



Drawn by
W. H. Gibson.



THE RELATIONS OF PHOTOGRAPHY TO ART.

BY JAMES LAWRENCE BREESE.

WHEN Daguerre's invention was introduced to the French Academy over half a century ago, a certain Parisian painter is said to have exclaimed: "Painting is dead from this day!" Possibly there were people in those days who took a sufficiently exaggerated view of the possibilities of photography and a sufficiently narrow view of the meaning of art to believe that so high a form of art as painting could be killed by any relatively scientific process. Even in our own time, we hear like prophecies as a result of some new rumor

that direct photography in the color of nature is an accomplished fact.

Moreover, there has been, and still exists in some quarters, an impression that photography and painting are, somehow, antagonistic to each other. If art consisted simply and solely in the copying or reflecting of nature, this might be a correct theory. If there were nothing more in art than the holding up of a mirror to nature, it is easy to see how photography must rival painting, and how a correct photograph of any object or scene must excel any free-hand translation of the

same subjects. It is because true art is something different from, and something more than, the copying of nature that such theories are and always must be absurd.

Primarily, and in itself, photography is not an art, but a science. There are no circumstances in which a painter can

at a certain time of day and from a certain point of view, he would have a strictly mechanical task before him; he would have been robbed of the artistic functions of lighting, arrangement, and selection of point of view. On the other hand, a painter might be deprived of the same functions in a particular case, and



paint well without using artistic judgment, but there are many circumstances under which a photographer may photograph well without using any but scientific judgment. This is one of the signs by which we may know that photography is primarily a science. And this may be illustrated in a simple way: thus, if a photographer were to be asked to photograph an interior, arranged by another,

still have an essentially artistic task to perform.

But the privileges of which the photographer was robbed in the case I have mentioned, are privileges that belong to him; and it is because they belong to him, and because he may, and does, exercise these and other essentially artistic functions in connection with the strictly scientific processes of photography itself that



photography becomes, in general, more than a science. In the degree in which it is made a means of artistic expression, in the degree in which it undertakes to set forth ideas as well as facts, it is art. Wherein it presents facts, it is a science. Wherein it presents ideas, it is an art. Every honest worker is trying to realize his ideal. The result, therefore, is to him realization, to others idealization. Art, according to Zola, is nature seen through the medium of a temperament. A portrait in photography is an individual seen

mass of men. All pictures have failed in rendering the characters of a number of men, when interesting as a whole, and not as individuals.

As a means of artistic expression, a photographer has, first and foremost, the privilege of selection. In choosing his subject, the photographic artist has a wide range, a wider range at the present time than ever before, for the modern dry plate, so rapid in its action, permits photography from the rigging of a ship in motion, as well as on the busiest



through the medium of the photographer's personality, becoming an artistic and not a scientific result if the photographer has the faculty of stamping this personality on the product.

That is to say, photography carries with it as much art as the person who uses it may be capable of bringing to it and infusing into the product. It has limitations which forever separate it from the possibilities of painting, but as a means of artistic expression it has advanced in a very interesting and suggestive way. Moreover, photography has, for the first time, given us the soul of a

thoroughfare of the metropolis; while electric light and the magnesium flash make it possible to bring from the lowest drifts of a coal-mine, or the gloomiest depths of a city, an accurate and convincing record. In the days of Daguerre, there could be no thought of photographing anything but landscapes or objects that could be kept completely still for a considerable time. Indeed, Daguerre's first pictures were landscapes. The first portraits by Daguerre's own process were taken on this side of the Atlantic. But, with the perfection of rapid photography, the field widened,

NOTE.—The illustrations accompanying this article are from reproductions in carbon by James L. Breese.



until, to-day, it practically has no limits.

In the second place, the photographic artist has the privilege of posing in the case of portraiture, or point of view in the case of landscape. In posing his figure, he has his most difficult artistic task, for herein is a very close analogy to composition. With but few opportunities for after modification, he must, necessarily, have his final effects in mind during the arrangement of draperies and accessories, while in the pose of the head he makes or mars the effect of the whole.

Lighting the subject—or choosing the moment or time of day in the case of landscape—is closely associated with the artistic function of posing. In lighting a subject, the photographer has the privilege of a distinctly artistic advantage; and in this art he is always learning,—this painting with light is inexhaustible. The study of colors in the subject has always been very important. Before the days of orthochromatic photography (or photography in which the colors are translated more nearly in their proper relation to each other), this study was particularly important; and, under any conditions yet provided, it is necessary to regard color values. The reproduction being a monochromatic picture, the proportion of density in each color must be considered if the lights and shades in the result are to produce an agreeable sensation. In other words, the artist must be constantly remembering the limitations and exactions of his science.

Nor does the artistic faculty cease to exercise itself after the plate has been exposed and carried into the dark-room. The artist in photography never forgets the artist's idea that is to appear in the resulting picture, and the development—scientific though it may be as a process—may, and should be, carried on with a due regard for the harmony of all the elements.

So in the printing from the negative there is a large latitude for the artistic instinct. The kind and form of print are important, and even in trimming—as in determining the form of a canvas—the effect of the picture may be enhanced, or all but ruined. The four sides of a painting are as much a part of the composition as any other lines therein, as in

the case of, for example, a marine, where the horizon must be considered in relation to them. The trimming is artistic work as a part of the composition. Vignetting is done not merely to escape the difficulty of composition in the four sides of the result, but to add a charm of centralized light and shade, peculiarly present in this process. The increase in the number of printing processes has greatly enlarged the opportunities for artistic effect in photographs. The ordinary silver print has been very largely displaced by other more permanent processes; and, among these, none has achieved a greater distinction than the carbon process, which gives great delicacy in texture, a wide range of color, exquisite fidelity to all the detail of the negative, and the crowning advantage of absolute permanence.

If some of the suggestions which I have offered go to show how greatly photography, in its higher expressions, is dependent upon and essentially allied to all art, it might be shown that photography, as "the handmaid of art," is necessarily helpful to artists and becoming more and more indispensable to them. In the first place, photography brings to art records of fact, which must always be immensely important. Photography assists the eye in its memoranda of rapid action, for, no matter what the artist may wish to depict, of action, it must always be valuable to him to have records of the absolute facts. In hints as to light and shade, textures and forms, the camera must usefully supplement the sketch-book. Nothing can take the place of study from nature, but observation may be aided by additional records of detail which would only require unprofitable labor to obtain in pencil.

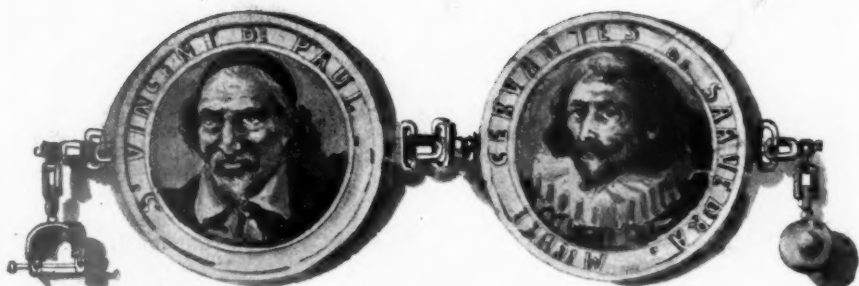
Moreover, photography is the translator, disseminator, and preserver of art. It gives us the old masters, the relics of antiquity, the crumbling monuments of Greece in all but color; and, since colors fade and change, photography is preserving those elements which are least in dispute or doubt. The use of orthochromatic plates has made it possible to preserve the integrity, not only of the artist's drawing, but of his color values. And the carbon process, for example, makes it possible to use a



monotint in the final print, which shall so closely average the general tone of the original as to reduce to the minimum this loss of color value. Photography as yet being able in no sense to deal with color, the process which most thoroughly banishes any sense of color in the material

used, the most purely monochromatic process, will always be the most useful. Photography cannot transcribe colors for us, it can only translate them in terms of a single color, and the carbon process, with its great range of values, is most admirably adapted to this.





Drawn by Charles Toché.

THE TRIBES OF THE SAHARA.

BY NAPOLEON NEY.



Drawn by C. Toché.
TOUAREG SHIELD BEARING
THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

Charles v. had, indeed, laid siege to the city and bombarded it, but to no purpose. He had had to withdraw baffled. The *reïs* continued for three centuries to sail their feluccas on the blue waves of the interior sea, seizing and plundering vessels, leading into slavery the crews of all Christian powers which had not signed with their deys humiliating treaties, and did not pay to them shameful tribute money. Numerous captives, and among them, to mention only the most illustrious, Cervantes and St. Vincent de Paul, had thus been sold on Algerian wharves. A religious order, the Brothers of Mercy, had been founded for the single purpose of redeeming captives. To-day, the cross has replaced the crescent. A prosperous colony, Algeria, an

extension of the mother country, having for capital the magnificent port of Algiers, open to all the fleets of the world, extends from Morocco to Tripoli, and is rapidly increasing in wealth, whilst on the Mediterranean, freed from its former pirates, all the navies of Europe circulate in peace.

Now, after sixty years, it seems as if France were to have the honor of ridding the immense sea of sand which extends between Northern Africa, now open to European civilization, thanks to the occupation of Algiers and Tunis, and Central Soudan, from the fierce Touaregs that still occupy it—a race as fierce, as barbarous, as lawless as ever were the *reïs* of Algiers. They roam over the immense space comprised between Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Tripoli in the north, and Lake Tchad in the south. This great sandy sea is strewn with oases that are its islands. The swift Touaregs, mounted upon their racing camels find in these oases a safe refuge after their raids, and means to replenish their stock of provisions.

The name Touareg sounds ominously in French ears. Among the numerous travelers whose blood has reddened the African sands, many have fallen under the blows of those fierce and untamable marauders. The sad fate of the White Fathers, slain in 1874, on their way to Ghat, and that of Colonel Flatters and his unfortunate companions, murdered in 1881, on the road to Aïr, at Bir el Ghara-



Drawn by C. Taché.

TYPES OF TOUAREGS.

ma, by a party of Hoggar Touaregs, are still fresh in our minds. The sad event that so recently followed the occupation of Timbuctoo,—the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Bonnier and his party, cut down by the Aoulimmiden Touaregs,—again turns our attention to those mysterious Sahara tribes which till recently seemed determined to keep the road to their territory closed against all white intruders. Behind their dark veils their faces remind one of the somber silhouettes of those medieval executioners who wore masks when striking down their victims. The general public know the Touaregs only in this gloomy character. Since Flatters' death, many other good Frenchmen have fallen under their knives.

We have collected for the readers of *The Cosmopolitan* all authentic information obtainable about the Touaregs, and added our personal recollections to it. We may be allowed to say here that most of the following facts, although quite reliable, are now published for the first time.

First of all, from where do these Touaregs come? To

what race do they belong? They are the remnants of the Berbers, autochthonous in North Africa. The Romans, the Vandals, the Byzantines, the Arabs, have crowded back these Lybian Berbers into the great desert. The Arabian conquest was especially sanguinary and fierce. The Christian Berbers, who for six centuries had formed the

flourishing African church to which St. Augustine and Tertullian belonged, did not readily abjure their faith and adopt the religion of Mohammed. The penalty of their resistance was heavy. Their lands were confiscated, their olive-trees burned down. As early as the ninth century the work of crowding them back into the desert began, and it continued for two hundred years. The emigrant Berbers have preserved but a dim memory of their distant exodus, having no written language to preserve their annals. The Arabs call them Touaregs—in the singular, Tarki, "one who has renounced."

The Latin cross, the ancient emblem of their faith, is found in the hilts of their swords, and the ornaments of the bridles of their racing camels, but the significance of this they do not understand.

Four confederacies of Touaregs divide among them the immense Sahara desert, the Hoggars and Azdgers holding the country to the south of Algeria, while south of them are the Aoulimmidens and the Kel Ouis.

The Azdger Touaregs are the only ones with whom we have at present set-



Drawn by C. Taché.

A TOUAREG WARRIOR.

*Drawn by Charles Toché.*

VIEW OF ALGIERS IN 1830.

tled relations. Last year, 1893, the Soudan Syndicate, a society of persons interested in African questions, of which I have the honor of being a member, sent from Paris to the Azdjer Touaregs an explorer, Mr. Gaston Méry, who was most hospitably received by the chiefs of the confederacy, especially the Amenokol (supreme chief), Mouley. Just now, a new mission, organized by the same syndicate, and entrusted to Mr. Bernard d' Attanoux, is on its way to the Soudan, and has already penetrated far into the interior of Sahara. It left South Algeria last December, and is traveling under the escort of our friends the Azdjer Touaregs, who have pledged themselves to guide the mission as far as the Soudan. Let us hope that they will keep their word, and that Mr. d' Attanoux and his companions will come back in safety from their long, difficult, and perilous journey.

The president of the syndicate is my excellent friend, Mr. Georges Rolland, chief engineer of the mining corps, the energetic promoter of the Trans-Sahara railway. Our aim is: first, to establish commercial relations with Central Soudan by means of the Azdjer Touaregs (this is now accomplished); second, to extend the Algerian railway system from Biskra, first to Ouargla, next toward the Soudan—that is, to build the Trans-Sahara railway (a thing we hope to compass before long), by advancing step by step, and proving to old Europe that the energy and tenacity of which the United States have given us so many proofs are not exclusively American qualities. The Hoggars killed Flatters. The Aoulimmidens, who control the road to Timbuctoo, have killed Bonnier. The Kel Ouis have so far had no relations with the whites, if we except Commandant Monteil, who just



Drawn by C. Toché.
THE GRAND CHIEF MOULEY.

touched on the outskirts of their territory.

War or long expeditions across the desert are the only occupations of the Touaregs. Mounted on their swift *méhara* camels, that travel more than a hundred kilometers a day, and wearing constantly a black veil to conceal their faces, they remind one somewhat of the mailed and vizored knights of the Middle Ages. No one has ever seen the uncovered features of a Touareg warrior. These "Fathers of the Sword" are called by the Arabs the "Veiled Ones."

The dress of a noble Tarki consists of a high *chechia* (cap) of red cloth, with large black tassels. The black veil just mentioned, of various degrees of fineness, according to the social rank of the wearer, conceals the face. It is worn night and day by the higher class. The strongest proof of friendship a Tarki warrior can give is to raise his veil and show his features to his interlocutor. Over a long white shirt he rolls about his loins a broad red scarf, then draws over these a sleeveless blouse of black material, adorned with gold and silver embroidery, and sometimes exceedingly costly. Wide white Turkish trousers come

down to the instep. His feet are covered with goatskin sandals. On his chest, fastened to his neck by woven leather bands, are small leather bags or metal cases, containing amulets, generally large emeralds, of which rich placers are found in the Sahara. The arms of the Tarki warrior are circled with bracelets of gold or silver, and charms against the "evil eye."

His weapons are a short dagger and a well-sharpened saber, fastened to his left arm by a copper bracelet. The hilts of these are always in the form of a Latin cross, and adorned with five copper nails, also representing a cross. The *haoussa*, a two-handed sword, hangs from his neck by a strong cotton cord, ending in two large tassels. While out on their expeditions, the Touaregs never leave their long, iron spears, inlaid with copper, which they plant in the ground when they stop for the night or to rest awhile, squatting on the earth. Two or three iron javelins, carefully sharpened, which they hurl with great skill to a considerable distance, and which are worn fastened to the back or pommel of the saddle, complete the offensive equipment of a noble Tarki warrior. For defense he has a large oblong shield of antelope skin that covers his whole person. He scorns the use of firearms.

The Touaregs are tall, slender, shapely; they are grave, silent, impassive, and affect to disdain what surrounds them. Morally, they are proud, quarrelsome, cunning, tenacious, very brave, enduring, excitable; no privation, no fatigue can



Drawn by C. Toché. PORTE FLATTERS.



Drawn by Charles Tocké.

KSAR D'EL GOLEA, A TOUAREG CASTLE.

cast them down. They are pitiless in their hate and ferocious in their vengeance.

Tribal warfare, the normal condition among the Touaregs, is always preceded by a regular challenge. Duels are frequent between hostile chiefs. Thanks to their swift racing camels, they move rapidly over considerable spaces, and are the terror of caravans. In the desert every living being is an enemy. Whenever a solitary man appears on the horizon, the caravan prepares for battle. It never approaches a well without sending a detachment forward to reconnoiter.

To attack a caravan, the Touaregs first send scouts ahead; these are unarmed, and try to mingle in the caravan, either on pretense of seeking for food or by offering their services as guides. They lead it to wells known to themselves, and near which their warriors lie in wait, hidden behind sandhills. The Touaregs make their onslaughts mainly in the night, at watering stations sometimes several days' distant from each other. The caravan sometimes stops several days at the well, to allow the camels opportunity to pasture freely. The herd is thus often at a long distance from the main part of the caravan, which is thus obliged to divide its forces. This is the time the Touaregs choose to attack it. It was under such circumstances that they got the better of the unfortunate Colonel Flatters and his companions, at Bir el Gharama, in 1881,

as he was making surveys for the Trans-Sahara railway, and, more recently, in the neighborhood of Timbuctoo, of Colonel Bonnier and his column, upon whose camp they fell during the night.

The rough life the Touareg warriors lead, their hard struggle for existence, have made of them real outcasts. They are Mussulmans only in name, do not repeat the four daily prayers with their faces turned toward Mecca, nor practise the daily ablutions with sand, as enjoined by the prophet. They only use the Koran in taking an oath. They keep their pledges faithfully. The Arabian tongue, of which most of them are ignorant, they look upon solely as a liturgical one. They speak Tamachèque, a Berber idiom that has much analogy with the chaouia of the Algerian Kabyles, who also are Berbers. The characters of Touareg writing, recovered a few years ago, the use of which had almost entirely disappeared among the Sahara tribes, seem to be the same as those of the Lybian tongue, as found in the inscriptions of the oldest monuments of that region, anterior to the Phenician conquest of North Africa. This is a convincing proof of the antiquity of the Touaregs, really autochthonous in the land. The nobles leave the duty of praying to the tribes that form the intermediate class, a state of things not unlike that which existed in the Middle Ages between the warrior knights and the religious orders. These



Drawn by C. Tsché.

A CAMPING-GROUND OF COLONEL FLATTERS.

praying or religious tribes are called by the Touaregs "Tueslimen Mussulmans." They are tribes formerly noble, but now fallen, or else conquered indigenous tribes. These Imrads, as they are called, are in a half-servile condition, excluded from certain privileges enjoyed by the warriors. They pay a rather heavy tribute in cattle, slaves, and dates. But this settled, they enjoy absolute freedom. The old men, the women, the children, and the slaves attached to the soil live in stone houses in villages, around which they till their fields, instead of dwelling, as do their lords, under leather tents. These latter spend their days moving their encampments from place to place, according to the necessities of pasture. Nobles and subjects often intermarry. The children of such unions be-

long to the clan of the mother, unlike the European custom, but according to the old Sahara proverb, which says: "The mother colors the child."

The religious tribes do not make war, which, indeed, they detest, but devote themselves to trade. They spend much of their time in restoring peace among the nobles, in leading caravans, in establishing relations with foreigners. The nobles pay them slender regard, but they make themselves necessary by their knowledge of the outside world, the mysterious power of their talismans, and their diplomatic skill, which reminds one of the churchmen of the Middle Ages. These Touaregs are favorable to French control in Eastern Sahara. They are just now

trying to reconcile us with the Hoggar nobles who massacred Flatters and his escort. They understand that France, which has recently taken Timbuctoo, south of their country, will soon occupy In Salah, the key to the Touat oases. It will then be beyond a doubt sovereign

over the caravans in the western part of Sahara. These tribes have been making discreet overtures to our officers and explorers, while preparing the minds of their masters for our near arrival. D'Attanoux's mission proceeds under their protection.

The slaves are negroes, secured by exchange with the black Soudan tribes, or by raids. The principal Central African marts, where the Touaregs provide themselves with wheat, dates, bechna, salt, cotton goods, arms, mēharas, cattle



Drawn by C. Tsché.

MR. GASTON MÉRY TAKING OBSERVATIONS.

and slaves, are the cities of Ghat, Ghadametz, Timbuctoo, In Salah, Timmi-moon, etc. The warlike Touareg tribes are under the control of a supreme chief, the Amenokol, assisted by a council of old men, illustrious for their noble deeds or the antiquity of their race, of famous warriors, and also of women renowned for their learning, virtue, wisdom, or remarkable fecundity.

Among the Touaregs women are not obliged to go veiled. They enjoy a large degree of freedom, can buy or sell, but not make war. Polygamy is little practised. A few guides among the Imrad tribes have two wives, one in the desert, the other in their village, but with these few exceptions polygamy is unknown. Adultery is punished by death. Succession or inheritance in private families, as well as in that of the Amenokol, is by the collateral line, as it is in the Soudan generally. The sister's eldest son succeeds his uncle.

Such are the Touaregs, those strange nomads, inexpugnable in the desert fastnesses, which they have inhabited from time immemorial, and where, till now, they have confined themselves. This state of things appears to be passing away, and, at any rate, is soon to be modified.

Though the events of the war on the Niger, which have preceded and followed the occupation of Timbuctoo, have had in the Sahara an unfavorable immediate effect, it seems settled that the Northern Touaregs have made up their minds to form direct relations with us. The number of them who visit the marts of Southern Tunis, principally that of Gabès, increases every year. In former years none appeared. This is very significant in view of our efforts.

Last year, when welcoming Mr. Gaston Méry, just returning from his interview with the Touareg chiefs on the shores of Lake Mengkouk, Mr. Georges Rolland, president of the Soudan Syndicate, congratulated the successful traveler, in these very felicitous words: "At last, you have broken the charm." The charm is indeed broken, for ignorance has given place to knowledge.

As I close this article, the news of the happy return to Algiers of Mr. Bernard d'Attanoux and his companions is just received. They all come back in good health. The condition of the Sahara, disturbed by tribal wars, did not allow them to reach the Soudan, but the way is now open. The Azdgers, among whom the mission found a cordial welcome, sol-



Drawn by Charles Toché.

PRAYER STONES IN THE DESERT.



Drawn by C. Toché.

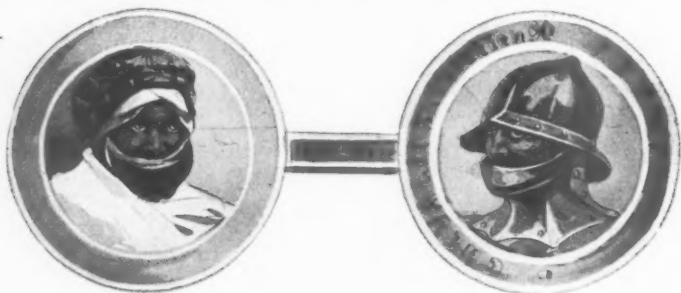
IN THE TOUAREG COUNTRY.

emly affirmed in a written declaration, signed by the great chiefs of the confederation, that they would always recognize the validity of the Ghadamez treaty. They have promised to come to an understanding with the Kel Ouis this very

summer, according to the clauses of the above-mentioned treaty, and to obtain from them the promise to guide and protect our caravans as far as the Soudan. Thus the influence of France upon the Soudan, from the North, has a fixed and indisputable basis.

We may, therefore, confidently look forward to our prospects in North Africa, the Sahara, and Soudan. The efforts of the fanatical Mussulman will not prevail. Modern ideas, the western spirit, civilization, enlightenment, are sure to penetrate into this continent, that has so long lain in darkness.

The generous efforts of France to carry the torch of progress into those distant regions will be crowned with success, as in the past, when Europe was still barbarian, were, to the greater glory of our native land, "Gesta Dei per Francos."



THE CLOSED ROOM.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

In the marvelous house of life
Each year is a closed room;
It is filled with peace and strife,
It is packed with glow and gloom.

There are hopes in the hues of dream,
There are cares in their grim array,
There are pleasures that glint and gleam,
And sorrows in drugged gray.

For some, with his infinite grace,
Love waits when the portal jars;
For some, with his sphinx-like face,
Death stands when the door unbars.

Some back from the threshold shrink,
As loath from the past to part;
But the most plunge over the brink
With never a fear at heart.

Then silent closes the door
At the sound of the last old chime,
And the key—Forevermore—
Is turned by the keeper—Time!



From a photo taken during the Festival of Flowers. The Marchesa di Villamarina and Count Ralazzi are in the carriage with the Queen.

MARGHERITA OF SAVOY.

BY FELICIA BUTTZ CLARK.

THE face and figure of the Queen of Italy are quite familiar to visitors of Rome. About four o'clock, when the warm Italian sunshine is shedding a rich glow over the "Eternal City," the queen's carriage drives out of the broad eastern entrance to the Quirinal Palace. At the door is a crowd of persons; beggars, with sickly-looking children in their arms; or tourists attracted through curiosity. For each and all Queen Margherita has a kindly greeting. Frequently the floor of the carriage is white with petitions, thrown in by poor persons who can call attention to their wants in no other way. The queen never fails to read these communications. A few weeks ago, as the royal carriage drove out, a cripple bent forward to throw his petition into it. To his dismay, the paper fell in the street. As the beggar was hob-

bling to get it, the queen ordered her coachman to stop the horses, although they were going at a very rapid pace, and commanded the footman to pick up the petition. When it was brought to her, she glanced at it, and, looking back at the cripple, nodded and smiled, as if to say: "I will do my best for you."



THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE QUIRINAL GARDEN.

The carriage in which her majesty takes her daily drives, is a comfortable, roomy barouche, lined with purple satin. There are about fifteen of these carriages in the royal coach-house. The horses are always bays, and, on ordinary occasions, there are only two of them. Queen Margherita is exceedingly fond of good horses, and fifty are kept for her personal use. Most of them are of English breed. "Dear" is one of the best carriage horses; but "King Arthur, First," a beautiful bay,

perfectly trained and thoroughly gentle, is the queen's special favorite, and, as such, is honored by having a box-stall for his own use. When the fashionable world of Rome is driving among the stately palms and prickly cacti of the Pincian hill, all eyes are attracted by the red livery of the queen's coachman and footmen, for they are clad in brilliant scarlet. Salutes are given on every side, and are gracefully acknowledged by Queen Margherita. The royal lady has the remarkable gift—one which is probably a part of the training which royal persons receive—of carrying on an animated conversation with her companions, while she greets the people so cordially that each person thinks he has been specially and pointedly favored.

She exercises her charm over even the humblest of her subjects. A printer in Naples, who had some slight anarchistic tendencies, always put a small "r" on the words "re," "regina." But one

day, happening to be on the street when the queen drove by, and the recipient of a gracious bow from her majesty, he at once changed his type, and made his capital "R" very black indeed, to show his deep respect. The first lady of honor, the Marchesa di Villamarina, and Count Ratazzi, the minister of the household, usually accompany the queen in her drives, but the king very rarely appears in the same carriage. The Marchesa di Villamarina has been a companion to Queen Margherita for many years. Her husband, who was a Sardinian prince, was greatly attached to the house of Savoy, and lent it his aid at the critical time of the civil and religious war. The face of the first lady of honor is almost as well known as is that of the queen, for the latter rarely appears in public without her. The motherly-faced woman, with her snowy hair, is an excellent foil to the sweet and gracious lady who rules Italy so kindly.

Up on the Quirinal, where one obtains a fine view of the city, with the dome of St. Peter's rising in the background, stands the palace. Here King Humbert and Queen Margherita pass most of the year, although they have several very beautiful palaces in other parts of the country. The exterior of the building is plain and unpretending. In the open space in front of the main entrance, or king's door, is a large fountain, where two marble horses, twice life-size, and originally standing in front of the baths of Constantine, seem to guard the old palace.

Every night the guards at the entrances of the royal residence are changed. At one time it is a soldier in full uniform, at another, a "runner," with a full bunch of feathers drooping over the side of his broad glazed hat, who keeps watch over his sovereigns as they slumber; or, a gendarme, with his picturesque cocked hat, surmounted by a plume of bright



QUEEN MARGHERITA



THE QUEEN'S SALON.

red and blue, and wearing a circular cloak gracefully draped over his left shoulder, marches majestically back and forth. Within the palace are servants in gorgeous liveries of scarlet and gold. At nearly every door stand the king's guards; splendid-looking men they are, six feet or more in height, clad in a tight, dark uniform, with silver cords and buttons, wearing a silver helmet made in imitation of those worn by the old Roman warriors, high boots, and clanking swords.

The apartments of the queen face the garden, which is laid out in box-bordered beds of beautiful flowers, in the Italian style of gardening, and contains many fine hedges, palms, and magnolia trees. The rooms of the palace are very gorgeously furnished, and form an exception to royal apartments in general, in that everything is exceedingly bright and new. It is only twenty-four years since the Quirinal passed from the hands of Pope Pius IX. to those of Victor Emmanuel, who refurnished it according to his own taste. Many persons think that the palace is not maintained as magnificently as in the days of the papal supremacy; that the gardens are not kept up so well; and it is a great cause for complaint

that they are not thrown open to the public, as they used to be. This is scarcely to be wondered at, as the queen's apartments look out on the quaint gardens.

When Prince Humbert married Margherita, twenty-six years ago, the Poet Prati wrote:

"With thee, Margherita, commences
A great hope for Italy."

And Victor Emmanuel said: "Never have I seen so accomplished a princess!" Her early education was very complete, and marriage did not interrupt her studies. At the Quirinal Palace, the best masters have given their services to their queen. While most of her subjects are still sleeping, she is busy at work, and many of her lessons have been taken at seven o'clock in the morning, before the public duties of the day begin. The queen speaks English, French, and German with much fluency, and reads Spanish well. She is familiar with the tongue of Horace and Cicero, and is very fond of the writings of Tacitus. She is also an excellent Greek scholar. The literature of her own language is very familiar to her, and she recites from memory long passages of Dante's "Divina Commedia."

The Prince of Naples, the queen's only son, now a young man about twenty-four years of age, was born at Naples. Being the only child, he has been to his parents as the "apple of their eye." His birth was a great joy to the Italian people, but his delicate health has been a source of considerable anxiety. His education was placed entirely in his mother's control, and his lessons were given under her personal supervision. Some subjects she taught him herself. Her favorite precept is that, "in the sight of God, rich and poor, rulers and subjects, are brothers." Some critics aver that the young prince is a very well-meaning, but rather weak, man. None deny, however, that he is a thorough gentleman, kindly and generous. The Prince of Naples now rules in solitary state in that city, for, as yet, no princess has been found to share his future throne. His mother was quite alarmed at his obduracy with regard to fair ladies when he was in Rome, but now that he has taken up his abode in the royal palace at Naples, he has developed a fondness for the other sex. Unfortunately, he has no beautiful and accomplished cousin to share his future throne,

as had his father before him, and will probably have to go out of the kingdom to seek a bride. When the prince first went to Naples, he was invited to a lawn-tennis party, and appeared in full uniform, with spurs, to the great disgust of the ladies who were chosen to play with him. They deputed one of their number to remonstrate with his royal highness, and the next time he left the spurs at home.

Queen Margherita has a decided taste for the violin, and began the study of this instrument when fifteen years old under the famous violinist of the time, Signor Tempia. Even now she continues her studies on the piano, and receives lessons from Sgambati and Belisario, the well-known pianists of Rome. She has an especial fondness for German classical music, in preference to that which has emanated from fair Italia. The lute and mandolin are also favorite instruments of her majesty. She is an ardent collector of musical instruments, and is the happy possessor of several remarkable ones; among others, a beautifully ornamented lute of the fifteenth century.

At a series of concerts, given under the leadership of Signor Pinelli, the best violinist of Rome, the queen is a regular attendant. She usually comes in late on the arm of the conductor. Her dress is very quiet, but in perfect taste. Her cloak is of dark, rich velvet, trimmed with sable, and her bonnet is small, lighted up by a bit of color or aigrettes of feathers. At these concerts, as well as at those given in private at the palace, the queen is exceedingly particular to have perfect quiet. The least whisper is an offense. Not long ago, at one of her concerts, a young Italian cavaliere (baronet) came in late with a lady, and commenced an animated conversation with her. At the close of the number which the orchestra was giving, Queen Margherita rose, went back, and publicly reprimanded the young man, to his great chagrin.

She has also much artistic taste, and has done a great deal during her reign to encourage artists, par-



KING HUMBERT.



MARGHERITA OF SAVOY.



RIDING OUT IN STATE

ticularly young and struggling persons who have shown special talent. She is a woman of rare tact and grace. She has the happy faculty of placing her guests at their ease. Many instances are told of her kindly reception of timid, but worthy professionals. She has encouraged the founding of permanent exhibitions of painting and sculpture in the various cities of her country, and has lent her name to many failing schemes of that sort, thereby ensuring for them an immediate success.

In the center of the queen's bedchamber is a large table, divided into compartments, and covered with glass. In this improvised jewel-case are kept the magnificent pearls, rubies, and diamonds which serve, at times, to enhance the royal lady's charms. Marguerites and pearls have been associated with the queen at all periods of her life. Her white satin wedding dress, with its train five meters long, was embroidered in silver daisies, with hearts of gold. Her favorite gifts to her friends are golden Marguerites, and the offerings which she

lays upon the graves of her loved ones are composed of the same field-flower in some exquisite form. Nearly all of her jewels are pearls, of which she is the happy possessor of twenty-four long strings. Queen Margherita's pearls are the admiration of other princesses, and she is said to own the finest collection in the world. On each of the queen's birthdays, her husband presents her with a beautiful string of her favorite jewels, and it is in this way that she has acquired her remarkable collection.

Daintiness is a chief characteristic of her majesty, and nowhere is this more conspicuous than in her dress. There is no princess who dresses more elegantly than the Queen of Italy. All her costumes she designs herself; then she submits these ideas to her dressmaker, and if the result is not satisfactory she never wears the gown. When in Rome, Queen Margherita appears every day in a different dress, the fan, parasol, and bonnet being varied to suit her critical eye. She has extremely fine taste, and not only her own clothes, but those of her ladies-in-

MARGHERITA OF SAVOY.

waiting must agree with her ideas of perfection in harmony of color and design. If she finds that one of her ladies cannot afford to dress herself in the proper manner, she at once orders her allowance increased. When Queen Margherita retires to Monza, her country home, she changes the style of her dress entirely. Instead of costly velvets and satins, heavy embroideries and jewels, she delights in airy muslins, filmy laces, and simple ornaments. Blue is her majesty's favorite color, and violet her favorite perfume. Large quantities of violet powder are sent from Paris for the queen's bath. The flowers with which she prefers to adorn herself are dark, rich, damask roses and the delicate sprays of the lily-of-the-valley.

Her collection of priceless laces is unsurpassed. The visitors to the World's Fair were privileged to gaze upon them, as they were sent by the queen for exhibition, in charge of one of the ladies of the court.

When Emperor William and the Empress Victoria came to Rome a year ago, and were entertained with such magnificence at the Quirinal Palace, it is said that the German Kaiser remarked to King Humbert: "I could not do this!" The Italian government is extremely liberal to its sovereigns, and allows them a very large income; the sum is second only to that paid for the maintenance of Queen Victoria's household, and possibly that for the support of the Czar of Russia.

Everything within the palace is carried on with much lavishness. Fifteen cooks cater to the tastes of the royal

family. It is said that chickens, specially prepared and sent from Paris, pheasants from Monza, and luscious fruits from Sicily, as well as a remarkably fine assortment of wines, grace the royal table daily. It is, of course, a well-known fact that King Humbert drinks no wine at all. The queen herself is something of an epicure, and frequently orders the head-cook to be called in the morning, that she may give him special directions. Yet, in many ways, the life

of the royal family is a simple one. Several years ago, Frederick, then Crown Prince of Germany, made an unexpected visit to King Humbert, at Monza. The telegram which he sent to announce his arrival was delayed, and did not reach the palace until a few minutes before the guest himself. King Humbert was absent from home, and the queen and her ladies had just finished their soup at luncheon. On receipt of the telegram, they at once left the table, and the servants prepared it again, so that they could sit down with their royal guest, just as would be done in many a humble home.

The Emperor Frederick was a profound admirer of Margherita, and she was godmother to one of his daughters. At the time



A GUARD OF THE PALACE.



THE DUCHESS OF AOSTA.

of the wedding of Princess Margherita to Prince Humbert, in the royal palace in Turin, on April 21, 1868, the Crown Prince Frederick was present. While dancing with the young princess, then only seventeen years old, he caught his spur in her dress, tearing out a large piece of the satin. Calling for a pair of scissors, he knelt down on the waxed floor and carefully cut off the piece, that it might not trip her royal highness. The Italian newspapers made much of the incident, saying that it typified "strength at the feet of beauty." Visits have frequently been exchanged between the royal families of Italy and Germany, and Kaiser Wilhelm is called one of King Humbert's most intimate friends. Whether their wives harmonize as well is an open question. The matronly, housewifely Empress of Germany is a complete contrast to the talented, but not domestic, Queen of Italy.

The life of Queen Margherita at Rome is one of much excitement and extreme publicity. Every movement is watched and noted. Yet it is doubtful if in any court of Europe there is more privacy than in the Italian royal family. All the employés of the household are extremely reticent, and the home life of their majesties is not allowed to come under the gaze of the multitude. The members of the household are very kindly treated and have many privileges. On their death, their families are cared for and their children are educated. They are not allowed to marry without the permission of the king, as some objectionable person might in this way be admitted to the life of the palace. After inquiry, if the gentleman and lady are proven to be absolutely respectable, of good family and education, the king himself signs a paper giving the required permission.

There are two classes of ladies who wait upon her majesty. First and foremost is her valued friend, Marchesa di Villamarina. Besides her, there are six ladies who always accompany the court from one palace to another. These ladies serve two months at a time. They must be entirely at the disposition of the queen from eleven in the morning until midnight. They are with her at meals, and are always in the next room when she requires them. They read to her, write

for her, walk and drive with her, and night or day are ready at any moment to wait upon her.

There are, also, several ladies of the palace who are chosen from the oldest and most aristocratic families of the city in which the queen makes her residence. They serve only a week at a time, and their duties are quite light. They are only obliged to attend her at balls, at the theater, or at official functions where a retinue is required. Among these ladies of the palace there have been chosen various Americans, who have married into Italian families of high rank.

The forms of the Italian court are much simpler than are those of the court of St. James. On certain days the queen holds a drawing-room. Here the *débütantes*, or strangers who are to be introduced by their ambassador, are ranged around the edge of the reception-room. They dare not sit down, and must frequently wait two or three hours before the queen is ready to see them. No requirement about the costume is made, except that it must not be black, and must be cut low in the neck. Queen Margherita will



VICTOR EMMANUEL, PRINCE OF NAPLES.

not allow any one around her to wear black, as she has an especial dislike to that somber color. The list of those to be received is, of course, subject to her majesty's approval, and no persons of doubtful character or questionable social position enjoy that privilege.

At last the queen enters the room, and passes by each of the ladies. She has a remarkable memory, and, having inquired before coming in the name and station of each one to be presented, very graciously

enter the ball-room and remain for an hour or two. The dancing continues until the "wee hours o' the morning." Buffets are placed in several of the reception-rooms, and every imaginable delicacy is provided for the refreshment of the dancers.

Not long ago, at the time when Rome was filled with physicians who came to attend the National Medical Congress, a party was given in the beautiful gardens of the Quirinal. The early spring flowers



THE STATE DINING-ROOM IN THE QUIRINAL. THE QUEEN'S CHAIR IN THE CENTER, ON THE LEFT.

speaks a few words of encouragement or good wishes as she greets her guests. The queen is often very simple in her manner of receiving those whom she considers her friends. She invites them to sit beside her on the sofa, and converses with them exactly as does the ordinary woman with callers in her drawing-room, over a social cup of tea.

Two or three times during the year, court balls are given by their majesties. Then, the large ball-room is exquisitely decorated with gorgeous roses and delicate flowers, such as Italy produces in great profusion. About ten o'clock, the king and queen, accompanied by their attendants,

were blooming, the fountains were throwing out the crystal drops of water which flow through Roman aqueducts twenty centuries old, and the huge cypress hedges and tall palm-trees stood guard over the brilliant assembly. The queen, wearing a charming costume of violet satin, costly lace embroidered with pearls, and a broad hat loaded with violets, walked among her guests, giving them kindly greetings.

The invitations sent out for the garden-party, as those for court balls and other ceremonies, were in the form of tickets: a gray one for a gentleman, a pink one for a lady. They were worded thus:



MARGHERITA OF SAVOY AT SEVENTEEN, WHEN ENGAGED
TO PRINCE HUMBERT.

"The Grand Master of Ceremonies,
Count Gianotti,
and
The First Lady of Honor,
the Marchesa di Villamarina,
by order of
Their Majesties,
Have the honor to invite Your Illustrious
Highness
to a Garden Party in the Quirinal Gardens,
on April 2, 1894."

These tickets must be returned to the officials at the palace; but the big envelope, ornamented by the elaborate seal of the grand master of ceremonies, may be retained. Such invitations naturally produce quite a flutter in the households where they are received.

Nearly every summer, in June, the royal family leave their city palace and

retire to the seclusion of their own home (for it is the private property of King Humbert), at Monza, near Milan. Here the royal pair live a quiet life, free from the anxieties of the court. Queen Margherita does not play at housekeeping, as did the beautiful Queen Louise of Prussia, in the Italian villa at Potsdam, nor at dairy work, as does the well-beloved Princess of Wales, in Sandringham; but leads a free, careless life in the pure country air. In fact, the queen does not number among her accomplishments any special adaptability to domestic life; nor is such one of the chief attributes of an Italian signora.

At Monza, her majesty is exceedingly regular in her habits. She rises at seven o'clock and takes a long walk, sometimes alone, but frequently accompanied by her son, the Prince of Naples. She never likes to meet any one in the park, and the gardeners are on the watch to warn away pedestrians. Nearly all the day is spent out of doors. On the shores of the lovely lake, Queen Margherita brings her book, her writing, or her fancy-work, and enjoys the bright sunshine and balmy

air. The boats are always ready for her use, and, as she rows very well, she often goes on the water alone, or in company with her beloved companion, the Marchesa di Villamarina. At eight o'clock the family dine, and about ten the queen retires to her room. She is very often busy until two in the morning, studying or translating.

It would be impossible to relate the numerous incidents which are told concerning the goodness, kindness, and courage of Queen Margherita. Her religion is, of course, Roman Catholic, and she is not only very devout, but very benevolent. She gives largely from her private fortune; she often visits the hospitals and cheers the sick with her bright face; she is prominent in the work of the Red Cross Society; she is the admiration of all her subjects, particularly of the

children. One pretty anecdote shows why the little ones have so much affection for her. A small girl of ten years, in Turin, had no doll. Many times she had asked her mamma for one, but a sigh was the only reply—for money was scarce in that home. At school, the teacher frequently told the children that Margherita of Savoy was the mother of all little Italian girls, and was the sweetest, best mother it would be possible to have. So Maria tore off a page of her copy-book one day, and wrote to the princess, that she felt she could not live without a doll. Being in fear of her mother, she managed to buy a stamp without her aid, and directing the envelope simply "To the Princess Margherita," she posted it, and with a child's faith awaited a reply. Two days later, a lady of the court called at the public school which Maria attended, and, showing the letter, asked to see the child. She said to the delighted little girl: "The princess sends thee a kiss and a doll, and hopes that thou wilt always consider her as thy mamma."

At one time, when in Naples, she was accustomed to drive along the coast of the blue Mediterranean. Overlooking the road was a terrace, where a number of school-children gathered to see the royal lady drive by. Every day they stood there patiently waiting, hoping that she would look up and see them. The school-mistress, knowing the amiability of the queen, sent a letter to her by means of one of the ladies of the court, in which she told her of the wish of the little ones. The next day, when the little creatures were standing quietly waiting, as usual, one of them exclaimed: "The queen sees us! The queen sees us!" Margherita stopped the carriage, looked up at them, bowed

and smiled. Every day after this she gave them a nod, and was rewarded by a smile from each child and a flutter of tiny handkerchiefs.

The women of the House of Savoy have always been brave and courageous, and the men famous in battle. It was of her grandfather, Charles Albert of Savoy, who bore so noble a part in Italy's struggle for liberty, that Elizabeth Barrett Browning wrote in "Casa Guidi Windows":

"Yea, verily, Charles Albert has died well;
And, if he lived not all so, as one spoke,
The sin pass softly with the passing bell:
For he was shriven, I think, in cannon smoke,
And, taking off his crown, made visible
A hero's forehead. Shaking Austria's yoke,
He shattered his own hand and heart."

A few years ago, when in Naples, the royal pair were driving in an open car-



A CORNER IN THE QUEEN'S LIBRARY.

riage through a crowded street, amidst a shower of flowers. A man approached as if to throw in a petition. As King Humbert bent forward to take it, the man drew a knife and attempted to stab him. In an instant the queen threw her bouquet in the assassin's face, blinding him for the moment, and called to an attendant, "Save the King!"

The assassin was at once seized, thanks to the queen's presence of mind. It is said that Margherita, true to the memory of her illustrious ancestresses, the women of Savoy, remained quite composed.

When the cholera raged in Naples, the king decided to go without delay to his stricken people. The queen sent him away with a cheerful smile, but when he was gone, took her young son in her arms and wept, just as does any wife who sees her husband go bravely forth to danger.

In the yellow salon of the Quirinal Palace hangs a large painting of the queen, made by a famous artist at the time when King Humbert ascended the throne



A SNAP SHOT ON THE KING'S BIRTHDAY.

of his illustrious father, Victor Emmanuel. It represents a fair-faced, golden-haired woman, around whose full, white throat many strings of beautiful pearls are wound. On her wrists are several rows of the milky jewels, her long satin gown is covered with pearl embroidery, in her ears are magnificent pear-shaped pendants, on

her head is a diadem composed of the finest specimens of pearls and diamonds, and her corsage is adorned with a large breast-knot of glittering jewels.

Whether Queen Margherita is kneeling at the shrine near Victor Emmanuel's tomb, in the dimly-lighted Pantheon; or, is climbing the snow-topped mountains of Switzerland, in company with other members of the Alpine club; or, dressed in magnificent robes, is showing lavish hospitality to kings and emperors in the Quirinal Palace; or, is bending over a sick child in the hospital for the poor, she is always a graceful, lovely woman, the joy of her husband and son, and the beloved sovereign of United Italy.



A RECEPTION-ROOM IN THE QUIRINAL.



CEMBALO.
A RARE ITALIAN INSTRUMENT.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF THE WORLD.

BY ISAAC H. HALL.

FOR some years the Metropolitan Museum of Art has possessed a small, but valuable collection of musical instruments, nearly all of them the gift of the late Joseph W. Drexel, a man to whom his youthful tastes and necessities had rendered musical study a second nature and a lifelong love. His collection, as natural to a deep and solid student, gathered in such instruments as exhibited the efforts and attainments of barbarous or semi-barbarous peoples, along with the earlier discoveries and improvements of cultured nations, to the general exclusion of the better developments of to-day, which can be studied in every music store and concert hall.

The theoretic student or the practical constructor will promptly recognize the value of the hints and expedients left by his predecessors of all nations, thus stored up in a public exhibit; but the musician himself has equal reason to appreciate such a collection. He can hardly understand the written music of the masters of bygone centuries,—of Bach, for example,—without a knowledge of the instruments which directed and limited their composition. He needs to know the spinnet, the harpsichord, and the primitive piano. Otherwise, he is almost as much at sea as the performer on the piano alone is with music written expressly to evoke the extreme capabilities of the guitar or violin. Nor can he, in general, comprehend the minute intervals of (for instance) the Arab music, like the Muezzin's weird,

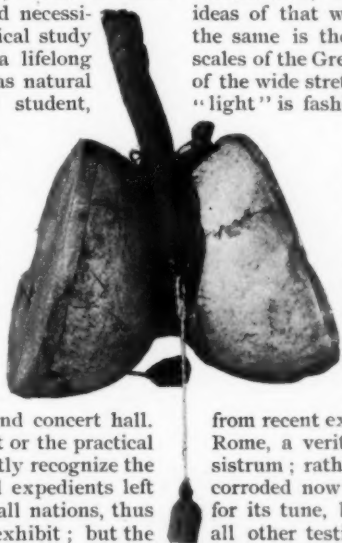
but sweet, call to prayer, or the emotional lyric music of the Orient, without some study and handling of the instruments which spring from and react upon the fundamental, if rudimentary, musical ideas of that widespread people. Much the same is the case with the different scales of the Greek music, to say nothing of the wide stretch through Asia, whence "light" is fashionably sought nowadays in so many branches.

In this same line of collecting, inevitably, the magnificent and scarcely surpassed Crosby Brown collection was brought together. Curiosity, to be sure, it wonderfully well gratified; but that result is secondary, or a mere clinging adjunct. Antiquity has yielded to it,

from recent excavations at Rome, a veritable Roman sistrum; rather too much corroded now to be tested for its tune, but good for all other testimony. Eu-

DRUM FROM INDIA,
MADE FROM HUMAN SKULLS.

rope has been ransacked for its early harps, lutes, and their various tribal descendants, regular and half-breed; for its diverse instruments of percussion, of air or reed vibration, and its other sorts through the scientific classification; not omitting the national peculiarity or favorite, such as the Swiss mountain horn or the Scottish bagpipe, nor the professional necessity, as the dancing-master's "kit," pochette, of new hebrides.



EIGHT-FOOT
DRUM.
OF NEW HEBRIDES.



ARPA.
A NEW GUINEA
DRUM.

taschengeige; and not neglecting the rude flower-pot and stick from Italy, the nagelgeige (or nail-fiddle) from Germany, nor the home-made, name-denied, lute-like expedient of the North Mediterranean coast, its frets of tied-on catgut, and its body a section of gourd, on the back of which is carved a very tolerable and tragic representation of Pyramus and Thisbe.

For us of to-day, probably the most popular, and certainly not the least useful, European display, is the series that culminates in the piano; from virginal through spinnet, harpsichord, clavichord, and the like, to the early piano, with a hand or knee-pedal. How our old masters composed with such helps only, is wonderful to us; and yet the spinnet is now and then brought out from its retirement to purpose. At the tercentenary of Trinity College, Dublin, in 1892, amid almost unparalleled resources of vocal, instrumental, and orchestral music, the spinnet gave forth Elizabethan music in full Elizabethan power and stateliness, to the delight and applause of cultured thousands gathered from every region of the globe. And, even as we write, the "Fitzwilliam Virginal Book," of the Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge, England, long (erroneously) supposed to have been Queen Elizabeth's own collection of manuscript virginal music, is passing through the press, for the benefit of those who hold the English masters of such music immortal.

Of this family, the Crosby Brown and the Drexel collections comprise an unusual number and selection — viewing it, as separated by the keyboard, from the dulcimers and zithers; which, again, are the almost immediate children and brethren of the original lyre and harp. The virginal, or virginals, as contemporary writers used to

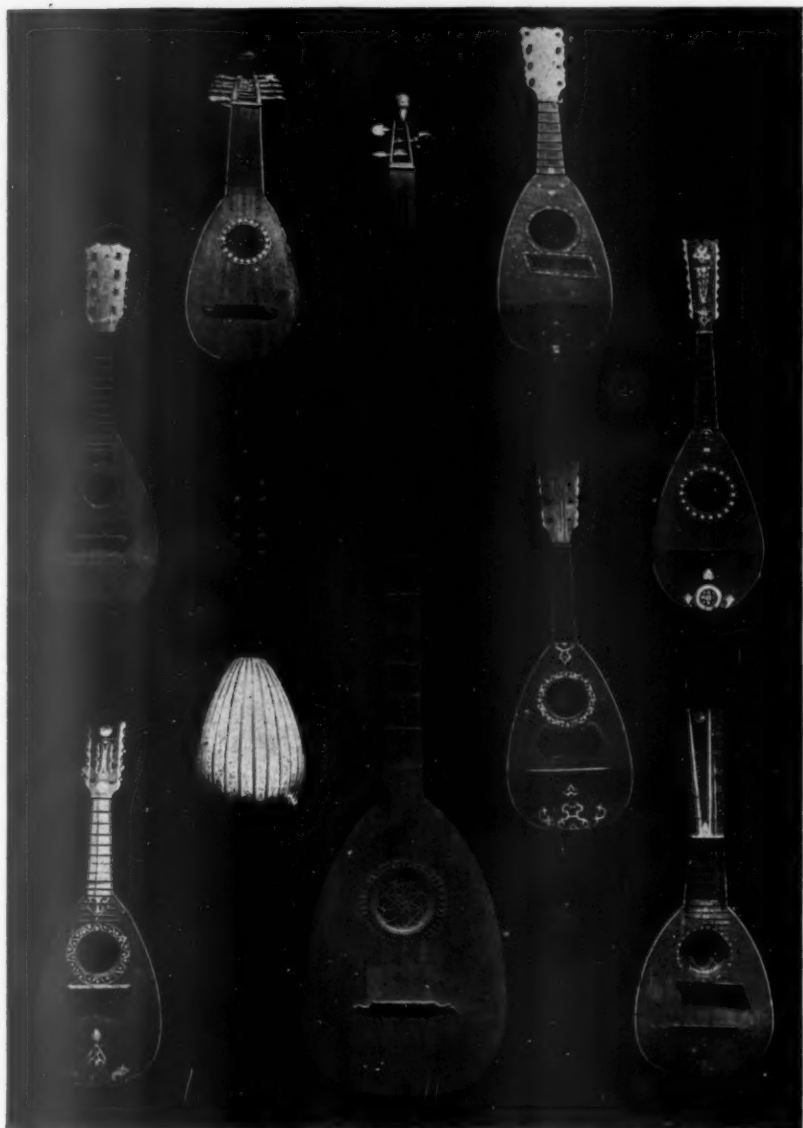
call it, is seen as a mere box to be held in the lap. The clavichord which, by means of a "tangent" fastened to the end of the key, both strikes the string and divides it, makes both sound and pitch in the playing; and often, when having more keys than strings (the "fretted" system), produces three different notes on each set of strings. The spinnet, whose keys pluck the strings by a quill, and the harpsichord, in which a striking hammer replaces the quill, are present in full variety, from all Europe. The primitive piano, with the hand-pedal, is an American instrument, made in Philadelphia; that with the knee-pedal comes from Germany. But this class needs a volume, not a paragraph. The period covered by the collection is little short of, or perhaps exceeds, four hundred years; and the musician can very well see with what kind of an instrument Bach and Mozart had to be contented; besides some specimens from the hands of the famous makers. That the idea of the unenclosed harp was never given up may be seen in the rare Italian cembalo, with keys of very peculiar action, and in the splendid German harp-piano of the present century.

But Europe presents rather the goal, than the starting point of the collection. The illustration showing the long calascione and the group of mandolins (three of them of the Drexel collection) covers a little more than two hundred years, and looks quite up to the times.

Mrs. Brown's search has extended over Asia, to Thibet, China, and Japan on the north, and to India, Siam, and the outlying islands on the south, with a great gathering on the way, from Turkey, Syria, Persia, Russia, Armenia, Arabia, and the countries between. Africa has sent its specimens, Semitic, Hamitic, barbarous, and Boer. From Egypt to Soudan, in one direction, and to Algiers and Morocco in the other; from along and within the Guinea coast; from the Cape of Good Hope northward to either shore, and far within the heart of the "Darkest"; and even from the interior of Madagascar come rare speci-

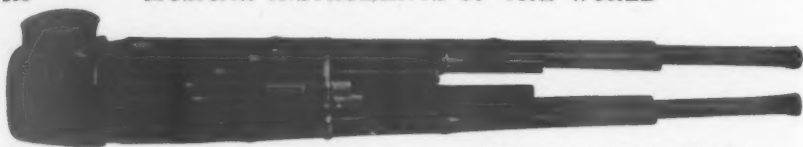


KE-L-YAN.
HAND DRUM FROM ALASKA.



MANDOLINS AND CALASCIONE.

mens. America, from Alaska and from Hudson's bay, down through Central America and the West Indies, as far as to Patagonia, has contributed its aboriginal, its negro, and creole, and even its buried prehistoric instruments. The eastern islands of the Atlantic, and the archipelagoes of the Pacific, have been drawn upon as never before. And, in short, wherever commerce has pushed its enter-



CHENG. A CHINESE MOUTH-ORGAN.

prise, or wherever, taking his life in his hand for holier and loftier adventure, a Protestant missionary or Jesuit father has penetrated, means have been found to enrich thence the collection.

Comparisons are not always welcome; but it is well enough to state that, while a few collections surpass this one in point of number, the Crosby Brown collection easily ranks with the first, both in size and importance, on either side of the Atlantic, besides possessing a number of specimens peculiar to itself. Full comparison, however, requires a detail of scientific classification, according to means of producing sound, the phenomena of scales, pitch, harmonies, and other matters, which (except pitch) are as truly inherent, and as necessary to be ascertained and discussed, in the case of barbarous instruments as in the civilized; and that with scarcely the exception of the "noise instruments," as rattles, clappers, and the non-orchestral drum. Even harmonics, or division-vibrations of a string or a column of air, play an important part in savage instruments; as the skeptic may convince himself by reading Mabillon's account of the instruments at the Royal Conservatory at Brussels—where, by the way, is the only collection to which ours may really be said to stand second. The Brussels collection, it should be noted, and, indeed, all other important ones not devoted to special limited branches, thoroughly justify the method and plan of this one; for in all of them the barbarous and semi-barbarous predominate.

The general arrangement of our collection, for obvious reasons, is by countries and nationalities; making clear as day, to an expert, the national grade, taste, and progress, as well as the fundamental ideas and capabilities of each people. Dry acoustics and physics might prefer to group the instruments of percussion by themselves, the wind instruments in an-

other class, and so on; but the orchestral soul, the musical feeling and environment, and doubtless, also, the skill and spirit of the individual performer and performance, would evade comprehension. Nor would the apparent development thus displayed be the true one. The stone age belongs to no chronological epoch, as the salt-bed to no geological. The phlogera (or floyera, as now pronounced), or shepherd's pipe of the Greeks, has nothing but humanity in common with the pipes of the Thlinkets, in Alaska, or the bone and pottery whistles of the ancient tombs of Peru—even though some of the latter come from the veritable tombs of the Incas. Decoration, for which the savage instruments evince as strong a love as do the elaborate instruments of Japan, or the beautiful productions of the occidental world, would be almost as sound a basis of classification as that of drier science. We do not deny that the man of science must help us to a near and thorough acquaintance with the sons of Jubal. He must help us in studying their passions and culture, and must teach us so far as respects the physics and the mathematics of vibration and acoustics.

Whether "instruments of noise" are the actual primitive means of music or not (and probably they are not, since inventions start, as a rule, loaded with complications, and simplicity attends perfection), it is but a short step from the beaten

stick to the xylophone, or harmonicon, which Dr. Franklin in his day labored to perfect; or, from the simple bamboo or earthen drum to the tuned drums of the orchestra, or the elaborate Siamese "drum-organ," with its seventeen drums on a circular frame about the performer. The Hula sticks of Hawaii exhibit the "unit" of the xylophone, while the marimba of Mombasa, in Africa, does the like for its melody and harmony. This last is simply five hard-wood sticks laid across a couple

MEXICAN GUITAR,
WITH BODY OF
ARMADILLO SKIN.

of banana rails, and another stick for beating. But the marimba develops, and is found on both sides of the Atlantic, in various shapes and modifications, as the collection well shows. In Guatemala, the sticks are reinforced by bamboo pipes, each tuned to the stick above it, and adding the vibration of a column of air to that of the wood. The xylophones proper occur in great variety; the best of them having a boat-shaped sounding-box, a form common to nearly the whole Asiatic coast. Among them the mokkine, of Japan, seems to stand nearest perfection.

Still better represented is the drum family. Whether we look for the wooden dugout of the African or the Polynesian, the pottery drum of the Cuban creole (this word in the Mobile, not the New Orleans, sense), the calabash drum of Hawaii, the bamboo drum of many a savage tribe, the snake-skin, or the human-skin-headed specimens, the Arab darabukkeh, or those we can scarcely name for vocal peril, we find them all here. Even the "frog-drum" of Siam, a unique specimen made of a bronze-like alloy, has been brought away from native veneration to be a gazing-stock to infidel occidentals. The great drum from New Hebrides stands over eight feet high, and, hollow as it is, dug out through a resonance-slit in the side, weighs about eight hundred pounds. Strange to say, instruments like this are, at home, actually made in different tones, and used in an orchestra which looks like a forest. Their chorus at a cannibal feast was doubtless appalling — at least to the victim; the testimony of distant listeners at the present day is that "the din is diabolical."

Rather more terrible in appearance, though not so dreadful in sound, is a twin drum from India, decorated with silken tassels, but made of two human skulls. The arpa, with its snake-jaw open end, the parent of many a bamboo imitation, and the kè-l-yan, an Eskimo hand-drum, are well enough understood by the illustration. The latter of them approaches the tambourine, though more nearly the square daff of Egypt and North Africa, in whose name we seem

to see the Hebrew toph, the timbrel with which the Hebrew maidens celebrated the famous Old Testament triumphs.

But, like the morning drum-beat of the British Empire, the Crosby Brown drum collection literally encircles the globe. Yet, among the actual beauties from China, Japan, and Corea, one unique instrument deserves particular mention. That is a most costly and elaborate Japanese o-daïko, with stand and cushion, surmounted by a cock; all of beautiful cloisonné enamel on copper, except the silk cushion and the finely lacquered membranes or heads. This was made by order of the Japanese government for the Vienna World's Exhibition some twenty-odd years ago. It is not a part of the collection, though exhibited with it, being the property of Mr. L. Bayard Smith.

To follow up the instruments of percussion would bring us into the midst of a throng of interesting specimens, among which we cannot help noting the Java bell," a lowed with to

"town-square hollow, decorated a carved palmet-crest; the Japanese mokugyo, or Buddhist prayer-bell, looking like an immense lacquered sleighbell. The tambourines we must forbear; but it is worth while to take an ignoble leap among the rattles to see the Hawaiian uli-uli, made of a calabash with a ring-crest of feathers dyed in various hues. In all these lines, whether conjurers, medicine-men, or the vulgus were regarded, the selections have been severe and typical, though unavoidably numerous.



A BAGPIPE
FROM TIFLIS.



ANGRA-
OCKWENA.
AFRICAN HARP.

Contrary to our western tastes, the gongs, both single and combined (as in the "gong organs" of Borneo and Siam, and the chimes of Burmah and India), are intrinsically worth mention. As a rule, three tones can be produced from a gong. The collection, too, contains the prince of gongs: a great temple-gong, with beautifully carved stand of solid rose-wood, the gift of Mrs. R. Ladew, of New York. The thunder of this gong can be heard for miles, though its gentler tones are pleasant to the close bystander. The bells are chiefly noticeable for the material of

some of them—pottery.

Combs and a picket-fence are favorite instruments for the American small boy. The same principle appears in the notched sticks and the line-roughened gourds, over which a plectrum scrapes like a ratchet. These we should leave unmentioned, as no one likes even the periodic jangles of Wagnerian opera; only a proper amount of complacency demands that the museum contains the most remarkable specimen known. A guiro (guttured gourd) from Cuba hangs modestly in the case, exhibiting the normal length of about a foot, which a creole copy in tin does not exceed. But beside it is the great guiro from Porto Rico, *six feet* in length, and in full perfection—presented by Mr. Rafael F. Betancourt, of Staten Island.

Time would fail us, if breath did not, to note, with any justice, the wind instruments. The primitive conchs and pipes of reed, the instruments of vibrating reed, including the South-sea wooden jews-harp, eight inches long, begin a grade whose highest step is familiar to us all. The Italian serpentes, wood or metal, of three centuries ago; the straw trumpet (not Vergil's "avena"), the glass trumpet, the neck-trumpets of India

(placed against the neck and so sounded), the pan's pipes, the mouth-organs, the bagpipes—these are best deserving of mention, and far better deserving of mention than space allows. The bagpipe of the illustration comes from Tiflis. The mouth-organ, which represents but one of two chief and very different types, is the cheng in China, and goes by a different name in Siam and adjacent countries. Very many of the savage pipes compassed the principle and use of harmonics in the playing.

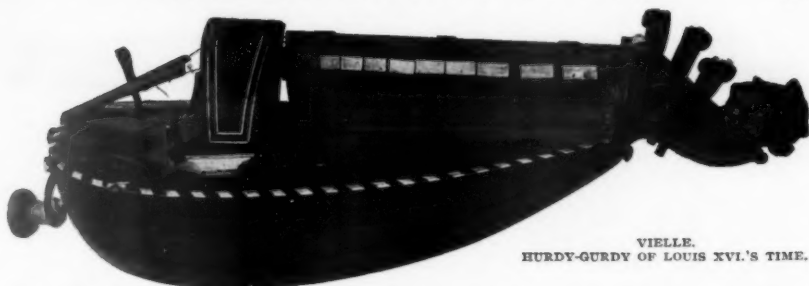
In stringed instruments, the collection is very rich, exhibiting almost every family in type and practical modification. Classic tradition makes the lyre the first and chief of these; and, though the original tortoise-shell instrument of the collection happens not to be a lyre, the indescribably rude African kissar, in whose name we certainly see the original Greek kithara (lyre), pretty well represents the original, and that in several forms. The angra-ockwena of Africa is a chair-shaped block, from the back of which spring the bent sticks that hold the strings. This rude type is the parent of many, even, to all appearances, of the finely-wrought soung, or boat-shaped harp of Burmah.

The lyre and its modifications, under various names, come chiefly from Italy and the North Mediterranean coast. Of æolian harps, the only specimens are two musical kites from China, selected for their moderate size out of an amazing collection owned by the donor.

In the stringed instruments names begin to fail us, because of the diversities of structure. The violins pass into the guitars, employing frets



SOUNG. THE BOAT-SHAPED BURMAH HARP.



and plectra, while retaining the bow. Primitive for either is the rabâb, originally a one-stringed violin, of Arab invention; but it has spread throughout all Africa, and to India, not escaping marked changes. Next in development seems to be the ehr-hsien of China, which, again, appears all along Eastern Asia, in Siam obtaining very costly ivory ornaments. In Siam, we have the violin with non-removable bow, the strings passing between its wand and scraper. In India, the rabâb becomes a real guitar or lute; where, also, it seems to get the name of zithar. Not that the guitars and banjos do not exhibit their specific distinction, for they do it abundantly; the

illustration by the heike-biwa, is a beautiful instrument, and not so harsh as might be supposed from its plectrum. The Chinese moon-guitar, or yue-kin, seems to be the type of a number of Asiatic national affairs. The original has two pairs of strings, each pair tuned in unison, and an interval of a fifth between the pairs. Its capabilities are at once seen to be great. To this family properly belongs the hurdy-gurdy; and that species is well represented by a fine old vielle of the time of Louis XVI., with a beautifully carved head for the scroll.

From the lute to the Japanese koto is but a step, though the Siamese horizontal harp comes in between. The koto—takikoto for the ladies, sono-koto for male performers—with its fourteen strings and movable bridges, is the national favorite of Japan. Long practice is needed to master it, and its music is as good as it is fashionable. A step away from this brings us to the dulcimers and zithers, favorites in all countries where they are native, from China, through Turkey and Persia, especially, to Spain. With all these the collection is well supplied from their native homes.

Of all the Asiatic collections, none strikes the eye more strongly than the exhibit from India. As this exhibit fills more than six cases, we must choose for notice merely the family of the vina, or "been," as the older books called it. This is the national instrument, and the one deemed most ancient. About it has gathered a vast deal of anecdote

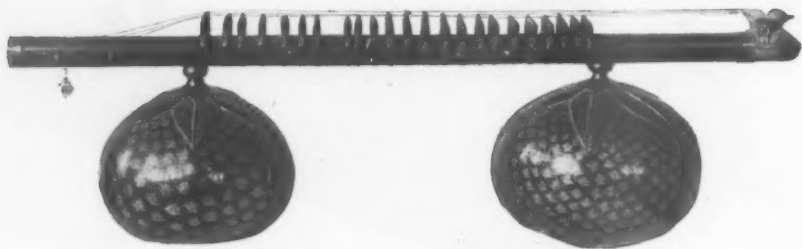


HEIKE-BIWA.
A JAPANESE LUTE PLAYED
WITH A PLECTRUM.



RABÂB.
INDIAN LUTE.

passion for making their membrane of snake-skin extending from Africa to China. A specimen from Mexico, on the other hand, has its back or body of armadillo hide, and is a really fine affair. With the eastern banjos, and the intermediaries between them and the guitar, the plectrum plays a conspicuous part. The instruments themselves might give many a useful hint to the American lover of the banjo, being often of a finer quality in points least to be expected. The biwa of Japan, represented in the il-



VINA, FROM CALCUTTA. THE NATIONAL INSTRUMENT OF INDIA.

and literature. The illustration of a vina, from Calcutta, serves to show its form, except that it sometimes has three gourd sounding-bodies, instead of two, the long bar being a piece of bamboo. The invention of the vina is ascribed to the Mooni Narud. When played, one gourd rests on the performer's left shoulder, the other under his right arm; the seven strings are played with both hands. It is often styled "the lyre of India," but it belongs rather to the guitar family. Usually the frets, nineteen in number, are fixed on by the performer with wax, the intervals being determined entirely by the ear. The specimens in the collection are elaborately decorated.

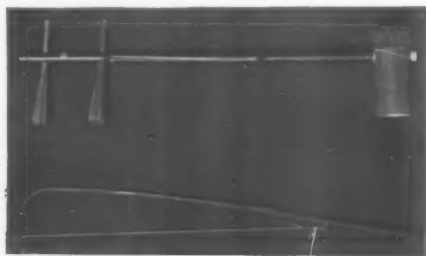
Other instruments derive their name from the vina, though little resembling it, except in having strings and frets. The kachapi-vina, for instance, is almost a lute; while the "zithars" and "rabâbs" seem to differ from the lute or guitar only in adopting foreign names.

But to do more here than touch the sur-

face of this magnificent collection is out of the question. Its value will not be gainsaid or questioned by any one.

The romance of its collection—for many an instrument was parted with only with a severe wrench to religious association, family feeling, or patriotic regard—cannot here be told, nor will it probably survive in the minds of the next generation, interesting and varied though it be.

But the patient search for instruments typical of the popular and the cultured music of all nations, for specimens that make manifest the world-wide variations of musical ideas, and the expedients for giving them a voice; the outwitting of oblivion in so many instances; and the presentation and vivifying of the whole ascertainable history of musical progress and achievement, deserve the gratefullest thanks of every man that hath music in his soul, and especially of the community in the midst of which the treasures of this collection are made available.



EHR HSIEN. CHINESE VIOLIN.



GREAT PASSIONS

OF HISTORY.

IV.

THE first name in romance, the most ancient and the most enduring, is that of Argive Helen. During three thousand years fair women have been born, have lived, and been loved, "that there might be a song in the ears of men of later time," but, compared to the renown of Helen, their glory is dim. Cleopatra, who held the world's fate in her hands, and lay in the arms of Cæsar; Mary Scott (Maria Verticordia), for whose sake, as a Northern novelist tells, peasants have lain awake, sorrowing that she is dead; Agnes Sorel, Fair Rosamond, la belle Stuart, "the Pom-

padour and the Parabère," can still enchant us from the page of history and chronicle. "Zeus gave them beauty, which naturally rules even strength itself," to quote the Greek orator on the

mistress of them all, of her who, having never lived, can never die, the daughter of the swan

While Helen enjoys this immortality, and is the ideal of beauty upon earth, it is curious to reflect on the modernité of the story, the oldest of the love stories of the world. In Homer we first meet her, the fairest of women in the song of the greatest of poets. It might



VENUS, FROM A VASE IN THE MUSEUM AT NAPLES.

almost seem as if Homer meant to justify, by his dealing with Helen, some of the most recent theories of literary art. In the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* the tale of Helen is without a beginning and without an end, like a frieze on a Greek temple. She crosses the stage as a figure familiar to all. The hearers clearly did not need to be told who Helen was, nor anything about her youth.

The famous judgment of Paris, the beginning of evil to Achæans and Ilion men, is only mentioned once, late, and in a passage of doubtful authenticity. Of her reconciliation to her wedded lord, Menelaus, not a word is said; of her end, we are told no more than that for her and him a mansion in Elysium is prepared,

"Where comes not hail,
nor rain, nor any snow."

We leave her happy in Argos, a smile on her lips, a gift in her hands, as we met her in Troy, beautiful, adored despite her guilt, as sweet in her repentance as in her unvexed Argive home. Women seldom mention her, in the epic, but with horror and anger; men never address her but in gentle courtesy. What is her secret? How did she leave her

home with Paris, beguiled by love, by magic, or driven by the implacable Aphrodite? Homer is silent on all of these things; these things, doubtless, were known by his audience. In his poem she moves as a thing of simple grace, courtesy, and kindness, save when she rebels against her doom, after seeing her lover fly from her husband's spear. Had we only Homer, by far our earliest source, we should know little of the romance of Helen; should only know that a lawless love brought ruin on Troy and sorrow on the Achæans; and this is

thrown out, with no moral comment, without praise or blame. The end, we learn, was peace, and beauty was reconciled to life. There is no explanation, no dénouement; and we know how much dénouements and explanations hampered Scott and Shakespeare. From these trammels Homer is free, as a god is free from mortal limitations.

All this, so ancient, so original, is akin, in practice, to recent theories of what art should be, and what art seldom is, perhaps never is, in learned, modern hands.

Modern enough, again, is the choice of

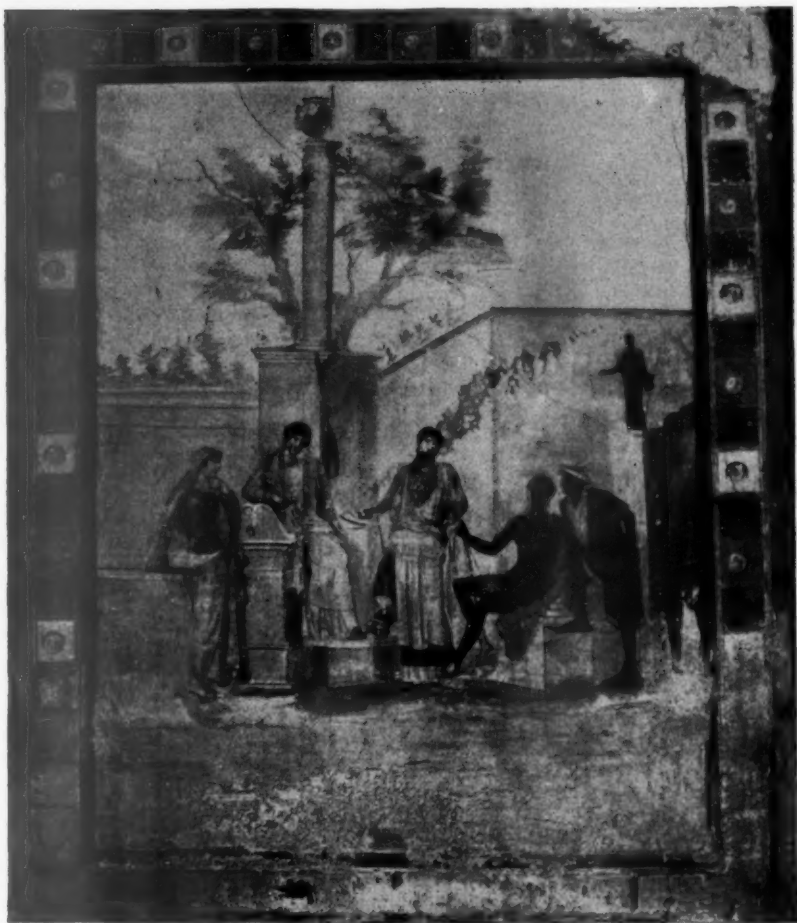
a married woman for the heroine of the earliest love tale. Apollonius Rhodius sings (and no man has ever sung so well) of a maiden's love; Virgil, of a widow's; Homer, of love that has defied law, blindly obedient to destiny, and which dominates even Zeus. Once again, Helen is not a very young girl; ungallant chronologists have attributed to her I know not what age. We think of her as about the age of the Venus of Milo; in truth, she was "ageless and immortal." Homer never describes her beauty; we only see it reflected in the eyes of the old men,



FROM AN ANTIQUE BUST IN THE LOUVRE.

white and weak, thin-voiced as cicalas; but her's is a loveliness "to turn an old man young." "It is no marvel," they say, "that for her sake Trojans and Achæans slay each other."

She was embroidering at a mighty web, working in gold and scarlet the sorrows for her sake, when they called her to the walls to see Paris fight Menelaus, in the last year of the war. There she stands, in raiment of silvery white, her heart yearning for her old love and her own city. Already her thought is far from Paris. Was it ever with Paris? That is her



A FRESCO FROM POMPEII, IN THE MUSEUM AT NAPLES, REPRESENTING THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

secret. A very old legend, mentioned by the Bishop of Thessalonica, Eustathius, tells us that Paris magically beguiled her in the form of Menelaus, her lord, as Uther beguiled Ygerne. She sees the son of Priam play the dastard in the fight; she turns in wrath on Aphrodite, who would lure her back to his arms; but to his arms she must go, "for the daughter of Zeus was afraid." Violence is put upon beauty; it is soiled, or seems soiled, in its way through the world. Helen urges Paris again into the war. He has a heart invincibly light and gay; shame does not weigh on him. "Not every man is val-

iant every day," he says; yet, once engaged in battle, he bears him bravely, and his arrows rain death among the mailclad Achæans.

What Homer thinks of Paris we can only guess. His beauty is the bane of Ilios; but Homer forgives so much to beauty. In the end of the *Iliad*, Helen sings the immortal dirge over Hector, the stainless knight, "with thy loving kindness and thy gentle speech."

In the *Odyssey*, she is at home again, playing the gracious part of hostess to Odysseus's wandering son, pouring into the bowl the magic herb of Egypt,



PARIS AND HELEN, FROM THE PAINTING BY DAVID, IN THE LOUVRE.

"which brings forgetfulness of sorrow." The wanderer departs with a gift for his bride, "to wear upon the day of her desire, a memorial of the hands of Helen," the beautiful hands, that in Troy or Argos were never idle.

Of Helen, from Homer, we know no more. Grace, penitence in exile, peace at home, these are the portion of her who set East and West at war and ruined the city of Priam of the ashen spear. As in the strange legend preserved by Servius, the commentator on Virgil, Helen wore a red star-stone, whence fell goutts of blood, that vanished ere they touched her swan's neck; so all the blood shed for her sake leaves Helen stainless. Of Homer's Helen we know no more.

The later Greek fancy, playing about the shape of beauty, wove a myriad of new fancies, or disinterred from legend old beliefs untouched by Homer. Helen was the daughter of the swan—that is, as was later explained, of Zeus in the shape of a swan. Her loveliness, even in childhood, plunged her in many adventures. Theseus carried her off; her brothers rescued her. All the princes of Achæa competed for her hand, having first taken an oath to avenge whomsoever she might choose for her husband. The choice fell on the correct and honorable, but rather inconspicuous, Menelaus, and they dwelt in Sparta, beside the Eurotas,

"in a hollow of the rifted hills." Then, from across the sea, came the beautiful and fatal Paris, son of Priam, King of Troy. As a child, Paris had been exposed on the mountains, because his mother dreamed that she brought forth a firebrand. He was rescued by a shepherd; he tended the flocks; he loved the daughter of a river god, Cnone. Then came the naked goddesses, to seek at the hand of the most beautiful of mortals the prize of beauty. Aphrodite won the golden apple from the queen of heaven, Hera, and the goddess of war and wisdom, Athena, bribing the judge by the promise of the fairest wife in the world. No incident is more frequently celebrated in poetry and art, to which it lends such gracious opportunities. Paris

was later recognized as of the royal blood of Troy. He came to Lacedæmon on an embassy, he saw Helen, and destiny had its way.

Concerning the details in this most ancient love story, we learn nothing from Homer, who merely makes Paris remind Helen of their bridal night in the isle of Cranae. But from Homer we learn that Paris carried off not only the wife of Menelaus, but many of his treasures. To the poet of the Iliad, the psychology of the wooing would have seemed a simple matter. Like the later vase-painters, he would have shown us Paris beside Helen, Aphrodite standing near, accompanied by the figure of Peithô—Persuasion.

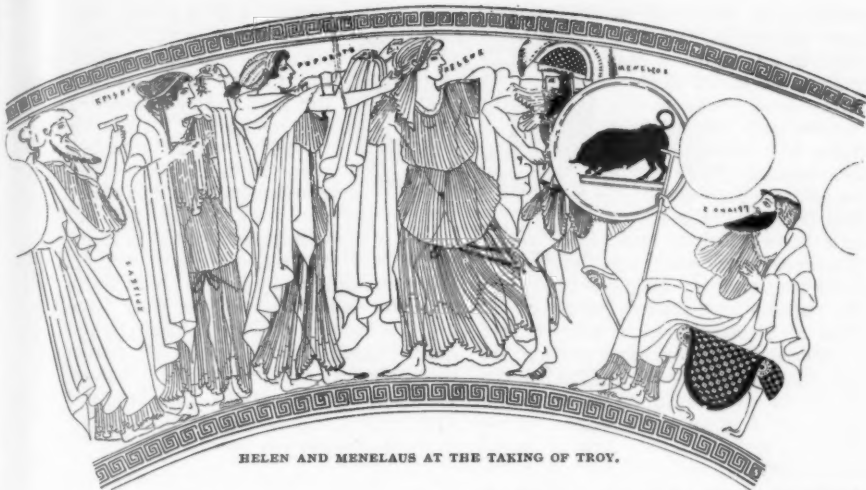
Homer always escapes our psychological problems by throwing the weight of our deeds and misdeeds on a god or a goddess, or on destiny. To have fled from her lord and her one child, Hermione, was not in keeping with the character of Helen as Homer draws it. Her repentance is almost Christian in its expression, and repentance indicates a consciousness of sin and of shame, which Helen frequently professes. Thus she, at least, does not, like Homer, in his chivalrous way, throw all the blame on the immortals and on destiny. The ready acquiescence of Helen in destiny makes part of the comic element in "La Belle



MENELAUS ATTEMPTING TO KILL HELEN. FROM A VASE OF THE PERIOD, NOW AT NAPLES.

Hélène," but the mirth only arises out of the incongruity between Parisian ideas and those of ancient Greece.

Helen is freely and bitterly blamed in the Odyssey by Penelope, chiefly because of the ruinous consequences which followed her flight. Still, there is one passage, when Penelope prudently hesitates about recognizing her returned lord,



HELEN AND MENELAUS AT THE TAKING OF TROY.

IN THE COLLECTION OF BARON SPINELLI AT ACERRA.

of jealousy, finding him with Helen and failing to recognize him. On the death of Paris, perhaps by virtue of the custom of the Levirate, Helen became the wife of his brother, Deiphobus.

How her reconciliation with Menelaus was brought about we do not learn from Homer, who, in the *Odyssey*, accepts it as a fact. The earliest traditional hint on the subject is given by the famous "Coffer of Cypselus," a work of the seventh century, B.C., which Pausanias saw at Olympia, in 174 A.D. Here, on a band of ivory, was represented, among other scenes from the tale of Troy, Menelaus rushing, sword in hand, to slay Helen. According to Stesichorus, the army was about to stone her after the fall of Ilios, but relented, amazed by her beauty.

Of her later life in Lacedæmon, nothing is known on really ancient authority, and later traditions vary. The Spartans showed her sepulchre and her shrine at Therapnæ, where she was worshipped. Herodotus tells us how Helen, as a goddess, appeared in her temple and healed a deformed child, making her the fairest woman in Sparta, in the reign of Ariston. It may, perhaps, be conjectured that in Sparta, Helen occupied the place of a local Aphrodite. In another late story she dwells in the isle of Leuke, a shadowy bride of the shadowy Achilles. The

mocking Lucian, in his "Vera Historia," meets Helen in the Fortunate Islands, whence she elopes with one of his companions. Again, the sons of Menelaus, by a concubine, were said to have driven Helen from Sparta on the death of her lord, and she was murdered in Rhodes, by the vengeance of Polyxo, whose husband fell at Troy. But, among all these inventions, that of Homer stands out preëminent. Helen and Menelaus do not die, they are too near akin to Zeus; they dwell immortal, not among the shadows of heroes and of famous ladies dead and gone, but in Elysium, the paradise at the world's end, unvisited by storms.

"Beyond these voices there is peace."

It is plain that, as a love story, the tale of Paris and Helen must to modern readers seem meager. To Greece, in every age, the main interest lay not in the passion of the beautiful pair, but in its world-wide consequences: the clash of Europe and Asia, the deaths of kings, the ruin wrought in their homes, the consequent fall of the great and ancient Achæan civilization. To the Greeks, the Trojan war was what the Crusades are in later history. As in the Crusades, the West assailed the East for an ideal, not to recover the Holy Sepulchre of our religion, but to win back the living type of beauty and of charm. Perhaps, ere the sun

grows cold, men will no more believe in the Crusades, as an historical fact, than we do in the siege of Troy. In a sense, a very obvious sense, the myth of Helen is a parable of Hellenic history. They sought beauty, and they found it; they brought it home, and, with beauty, their bane. Wherever Helen went "she brought calamity," in this a type of all the famous and peerless ladies of old days, of Cleopatra and of Mary Stuart. Romance and poetry have nothing less plausible than the part which Cleopatra played in the history of the world, a world well lost by Mark Antony for her sake. The flight from Actium might seem as much a mere poet's dream as the gathering of the Achæans at Aulis, if we were not certain that the fatal flight is truly chronicled.

From the earliest times, even from times before Homer (whose audience is supposed to know all about Helen), the imagination of Greece, and later, the imagination of the civilized world, has played about Helen, devising about her all that possibly could be devised. She was the daughter of Zeus by Nemesis, or by Leda; or the daughter of the swan, or a child of the changeful moon, brooding on "the formless and multiform waters." She could speak in the voices of all women, hence she was named "Echo," and we might fancy that, like the witch of the Brocken, she could appear to every man in the likeness of his own first love. The ancient Egyptians either knew her, or invented legends of her to amuse the inquiring Greeks. She had touched at Sidon, and perhaps Astaroth is only her Sidonian name. Whatever could be told of beauty, in its charm, its perils, the dangers with which it surrounds its lovers, the purity which it retains, unsmirched by all the sins that are done for beauty's sake, could be told of



PARIS AND HELEN BESIDE PEN-
THESELEA, QUEEN OF THE AMA-
ZONS. FROM A CAMMO IN THE
CABINET DES MEDAILLES, PARIS.

Helen. Like a golden cup, as M. Paul de St. Victor says, she was carried from lips to lips of heroes, but the gold remains unsullied and unalloyed. To heaven it returns again, to heaven which is its own, and looks down serenely on men slain, and women widowed, and sinking ships, and burning towns. Yet with death it gives immortality by its kiss, and Paris and Menelaus live, because they have touched the lips of Helen. Through the grace of Helen, for whom he fell, Sarpedon's memory endures, and Achilles and Memnon, the son of the Morning, and Troy is more imperishable than Carthage, or Rome, or Corinth, though Helen

"Burnt the topless towers of Ilium."

In one brief passage, Marlowe did more than all poets since Stesichorus, or, at least, since the epithalamium of Theocritus, for the glory of Helen. Roman poets knew her best as an enemy of their fabulous ancestors, and, in the *Æneid*, Virgil's hero draws his sword to slay her. Through the Middle Ages, in the romances of Troy, she wanders as a shining shadow of the ideally fair, like Gwinnevere, who so often recalls her in the Arthurian legends. The chivalrous medieval poets and the Celts could understand better than the Romans the philosophy of the world well lost for love. Modern poetry, even in Goethe's "Sec-

ond Part of Faust," has not been very fortunately inspired by Helen, except in the few lines which she speaks in "The Dream of Fair Women."

"I had great beauty; ask thou not my name."

Mr. William Morris's Helen, in the "Earthly Paradise," charms at the time of reading, but, perhaps, leaves little abiding memory. The Helen of "Troilus and Cressida" is not one of Shakespeare's immortal women, and Mr. Rossetti's ballad



HELEN. FROM A CORNALINE IN THE
MUSEUM AT VIENNA.

is fantastic and somewhat false in tone, —a romantic pastiche. Where Euripides twice failed, in the "Troades" and the "Helen," it can be given to few to succeed. Helen is best left to her earliest-known minstrel, for who can recapture the grace, the tenderness, the melancholy, and the charm of the daughter of Zeus in the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad*? The sightless eyes of Homer saw her clearest, and Helen was best understood by the wisdom of his unquestioning simplicity.

As if to prove how entirely, though so many hands paltered with her legend, Helen is Homer's alone, there remains no great nor typical work of Greek art

which represents her beauty, and the breasts from which were modeled cups of gold for the service of the gods. We have only paintings on vases, or work on gems, which, though graceful, is conventional and might represent any other heroine, Polyxena, or Eriphyle. No Helen from the hands of Phidias or Scopas has survived to our time, and the grass may be growing in Therapnæ over the shattered remains of her only statue.

As Stesichorus fabled that only an eidolon of Helen went to Troy, so, except in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, we meet only shadows of her loveliness, phantasms woven out of clouds, and the light of setting suns.

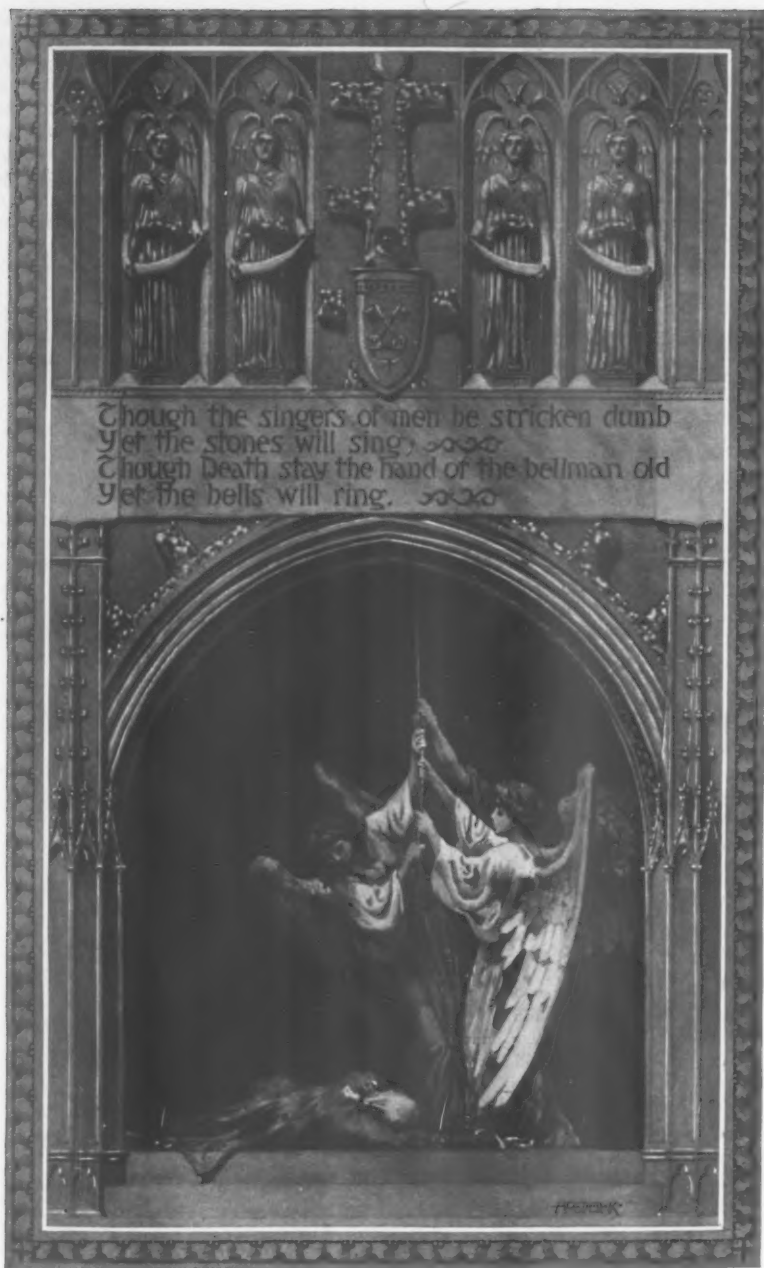


FROM A VASE IN THE MUSEUM AT NAPLES.

FANCY, MY FALCON.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

FANCY, my falcon, from this willing wrist
 Leap forth, and roam the radiant morning weather!
 Float high, till all its halcyon amethyst
 Has bathed thy bold wings to their downiest feather!
 Here, far below thee in the meadow's mist,
 I feel, dear bird, that still we bide together,
 Since back to earth, whene'er the mood may list,
 I lure thee by a touch upon thy tether!



Drawn by Chas. Edw. Hooper.



A PARTING AND A MEETING.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

I.

THEY drove along in the old chaise, with the top down, under the bright forenoon sun. The June warmth had a hint of summer heat in it, but a light wind blew cool in their faces out of the northwest. It had rained over night, and the earth seemed washed as clean as the sky. Where the woods were cut away from the smoothly packed road, the laurel was coming in bloom; where the trees closed upon it the pine tufts purred, and the birch leaves sang in the breeze, so near that she had to put up her hand to keep a bough from switching them in the face, now and then; the horse made snatches at the foliage, and from time to time champed thoughtfully on his bit, as if he fancied he might have caught a leaf in his mouth.

The young man held the lax rein in one hand, while he held closely in the other

the hand of the young girl beside him. She seemed more conscious of what the horse was doing than he, and she returned his long gaze with eyes that made little flights of anxiety away from his, to the right and the left, and then settled back to the joy of dwelling on his face. It was the thin, aquiline face of New England; the cheek-bones were high, and touched with a color that kept itself pure, though his long hands were a country brown; his eyes were blue, and his hair pale yellow. His looks had no aquiline fierceness from his profile, but only a gentle intensity, unless it might better be called a mild rapture.

She was tall and slim, like himself, and she was of his height where she sat beside him, pulled away into the corner of the chaise, and yet drawn toward him in a tender droop. Her face was narrow, and that made the corners of her pretty mouth show far into her cheeks.

Her nose was tilted a little above it, but it was straight and fine from the tip upwards; her eyes were set rather near together, and her forehead had the hair drawn low on it, and close to her mobile brows. A wide-fronted scoop-bonnet flared round her little head, with ribbons that fell to the waist of her very high-waisted green silk dress, made in the fashion of seventy years ago, with a skirt ending in closely-gathered ruffles a foot deep. The young man wore a blue coat with brass buttons, tight sleeves, and a high quilted collar; he had passed, several times, round his throat a cambric cravat; and his pantaloons, closely-fitted to his legs, met his gaiters at the ankles. They were country people, and their costumes, which their figures gave distinction, were not those of the very moment in London and Paris.

II.

He was Roger Burton, and he had taught the academy at Birchfield for the past year. He was twenty-seven, and Chloe Mason was twenty. Her father was the doctor in Birchfield, and when Roger came up from Boston way to take the school, he spent a few days in the doctor's house, until he could find a settled boarding place. Chloe had been the head of the household since her mother's death, and she sat at the head of the table, and poured out Roger's tea without looking toward him, so that it could hardly be called love at sight in her. But they both fell in love with each other at once, and they began keeping company almost from the first.

Before the end of the first year it was known that they were engaged, but they were not really engaged till quite near the close of the spring term. Then she ran away from home for a little visit at her grandfather's in Medbury, to have a chance, she said, to think it over. As soon as the school closed he came over after her; he told her that he came to help her think. She answered him, from the fright and joy his coming gave her, that this was a silly excuse, and she would hardly kiss him; but she let him stay till eleven o'clock, the night he arrived, before she drove him away to the tavern at the cross-roads, where he had put up. She

said she guessed he would get locked out if he was not careful; and, in fact, the landlord came down to let him in with his night-clothes on, but chewing tobacco as if it were high noon. That was Friday night, and this was Saturday morning.

The horse and chaise were her grandfather's, and the squire told the young man that if he was not going anywhere in particular, and not in a hurry to get there, the horse was just the horse he wanted.

They started early, to be alone together as long as they could, and they let the horse loiter over the road at will. They were not always quite certain where they were, but again Chloe thought she knew; she used to be a great deal at her grandfather's when she was little, and every now and then she did really come to a place that she remembered.

As they lingered on the way, they talked without stopping a moment. Their love was yet so newly owned that they were full of delicious surprises for each other, whether they found out that they were alike in a thing, or unlike.

"What are you looking at so hard?" she asked, at one time, and a little quaver came into her voice, which almost died in her throat from emotion.

"What are *you* looking at so hard?" he demanded in turn; and they took a fresh hold upon each other's hands.

"I am not looking at anything," she said, and she let her glance flutter away from him to prove it.

"I am looking at something," he said. "I am looking at your mouth."

"What for?" she tempted him.

"To see why it is so beautiful. I am glad it isn't one of those shallow mouths, that seem just on the surface."

He continued to study her face with a dreamy interest which she bore without blushing. "Features don't seem to mean much of anything if you take them separately; and it's the look in a face that keeps it together. I wonder what it is makes your look? The soul, I suppose; the features don't; and it must be our souls that we care for in one another. Don't you believe so?"

"Yes; of course. It's you I care for; and I should care just as much for you if you were dead and gone, as I do now," said the girl.



Drawn by C. Y. Turner.

"When you went away," he continued, "I tried to picture your face in my mind. But I couldn't. You were just something sweet and true, something dear and lovely; but you had no form."

"Well, I could see *you* as plain as if you stood before me all the time. And you were full as real."

"That is very curious." He resumed

his contemplation of her face, from the muse he had fallen into. "How strange it all is. Is this you, Chloe, or is something else you? When I think of you—when I look at you"—

She suddenly lost her patience. "Well, don't look *so* at me!"

"How?"

"As if you didn't see me!"

"But I do see you!"

"Well, then, *look* as if you did. Oh, look out for that horse!" The horse had turned abruptly out of the road toward a bit of pasturage near the wayside wall: the chaise hung by one wheel at the edge of the gully dividing the road from the grass that had taken his fancy. "In another minute we should have been tipped over. Do be careful, Roger!" she palpitated, after he had recalled the horse from his wanderings, and set out with him again on theirs. "If you can't drive any better than that, you'd better let me."

"Would you like to drive? You may!"

"If I did, I shouldn't go to sleep over it. How absent-minded you are!"

"Don't you like it?"

"I like—you. Oh, don't! There's a carriage coming! I should think you would be ashamed! Well—*there*, then! And I *know* they saw us!"

"I don't believe they did. They were too far off. See! they are turning down another road."

"Well, do behave, anyway!"

"May I put my arm around you?"

"No, I want to talk seriously with you, Roger; and I can't think if you do that."

"How strange that is! I wish you would explain why you can't think if I put my arm around you. What do you do if you don't think?"

"How silly! Feel, I presume."

"Well, why not feel, then? Feeling is better than thinking, if love is feeling, isn't it? But perhaps love is thinking, too."

"It ought to be," she sighed. "Or, at least, we ought to think about it."

"Well, let us think about it, then; I don't know a pleasanter subject. What do you suppose it really is? Why should I care so much for you, and nothing for another person? What is the law of it? For it must have a law. It wasn't blind chance that made us care for each other. You can't imagine our caring for any one else?"

"No. I can't imagine that at all—now."

"Now?"

"Why, I presume if I hadn't ever seen you—if you hadn't ever come to Birchfield—I might have got to caring for somebody else. Ira Dickerman, very

likely." She pulled away to her corner of the chaise, and looked at him with mocking laughter in her eyes.

The young man turned his face away, and she looked forward and peered up into it to see if she had vexed him. But he only said, rather sadly: "Ira is smart. He will make a good lawyer. He is more practical than I am. Your father would rather have had him, Chloe."

"Father can have him yet, if he wants him," said the girl, and they both laughed. "I don't. But I guess you can be practical enough—if you want to."

"You're afraid I shan't want to. Is that what you're going to be serious about?"

"Not unless you wish I should, Roger," she answered fondly.

"I do wish you should. How do you think I could be more practical?"

"Well, grandfather thinks you might study law while you're teaching; *he* did. And I don't believe he cares much for writing poetry—There! I like it! And I presume they all think!"

"What?"

"That you're rather notional."

Roger sighed.

"I presume I shall always be a school-master. I shall never be very well off, nor get into Congress—like Ira."

"Now, if you keep bringing up Ira Dickerman—"

"I won't. But I know they'd rather—Well, I won't say it! And they're right about me. I know I'm notional." He was silent long enough to let her deny that he was notional at all; and then he said: "There is one thing that troubles me, Chloe. Last night I got to thinking—Now, this will make you angry!"

"No, go on!" said the girl, and she took a firmer grip of his hand to reassure him.

"You know what our thoughts are, and how they won't be commanded? Well, last night I didn't sleep much. I got to thinking about love." She blushed a little, and her hand trembled in his. "There's something in me—I don't know how to explain it exactly—that makes me hate to have things fade out, and die out, the way they all seem to do. I should like to get something that would

last. Now, the way I look at married people, their love doesn't seem to have lasted. They're good friends—sometimes, and I don't know but most of the time—but something's gone, and it seems to be their love. How did it go? When did it begin to go? It seems now to be the whole of life, and if life went on anywhere else, love ought to go on with it. If we can't think how it had a beginning—and I can't; it seems to me as if I always cared for you"—

"That's just the way it seems to me, too," she murmured.

"Why, then, it oughtn't to be possible for it to have an end."

"No."

Something in her tone made him look up at her, for he had been talking with a downward glance, in the way he had, and now he saw her chin trembling. He was beginning, "Do you believe;" but he ended, "I don't believe our love will pass away; I can't believe it."

She made two or three trials, before she could harden herself to say: "I don't see how we're different from other folks."

"But we *can* be different. We can say, here and now, that we will love each other so that our love will never die as long as we live, can't we? Let us think. Of course, I know that you are beautiful, and I do love your beauty." She gave a little sob, and he said, "Oh, don't!"

She pulled her hand away to make search for her handkerchief. "It isn't anything. I can't help it. I presume I like *your* looks, too, Roger. Do you think that is wrong?"

She glimmered at him with wet eyes above the handkerchief she held over her quivering mouth.

"Oh, no! It can't be."

"But you think—you think if we care for each other's looks so much, and the looks go—that—that"—

"No, I don't think that."

"Yes, you do, Roger! You must be honest with me. You know you think that! Well, I hope I shall die, then, before my looks go; for if you didn't care for me"—

"Chloe! Do you think it was your looks I fell in love with? You know it wasn't. It was you—*you* behind your looks. Something that was more you

than all your looks are. And I believe that my love for you will last forever, just what it is now."

"You are just *saying* that."

"Indeed, I am not. I believe that if people truly love each other—what is best in each other—as we do, their love *cannot* die. I know that you don't care for my looks, any more than I care for yours."

She had dried her eyes, but she shook her head woefully, with so tragical a droop of the corners of her mouth that when she said innocently, "I don't know," Burton broke out laughing, and dropped the reins altogether to catch her in his arms and kiss the droop out of both the corners. The horse seized a moment favorable for browsing and drew up as skilfully as if he had been driven to a wayside birch, and began a tranquil satisfaction of his baffled appetite for foliage.

"Poor girl. Now I have made you unhappy!"

"No, no!" she said, laughing and crying at once, and struggling as much to keep herself in his hold as to release herself from it. "I am not unhappy at all. I am excited. And I said as much as you did—I was as much to blame—I put you up to it. I presume I'm crying more to think how miserable I should be if I didn't trust you so. But if I trust you, I am not afraid, and you may go on and say anything."

"No," he returned with a sort of serious joy, "I have nothing more to say. And perhaps you have got at the answer to the riddle. If we always have faith we shall have love. Or, turn it the other way; it's true that way, too."

He sat letting her get back her spirits and repair her looks, and he would perhaps not have started of his own motion at all. When she put her handkerchief back into her pocket at last, she said gently: "Don't you think we'd better drive on, Roger? I'm afraid it's getting late."

He pulled out the burly silver watch whose seal dangled by a black ribbon from his fob.

"It's only eleven; we can easily get back by twelve, if we can only find out where we are, and start right."

She looked out to the right and left, and then stood up and peered around. "I don't seem to know anything, here."

It's a judgment on us for talking so, if we're lost!"

"Then yonder's a sign of forgiveness," said Roger, and he pointed with his whip toward the finger-board at the cross-roads a little way in front of them.

"So it is!" she cried joyfully, and she composed herself in her seat again; while Roger prevailed with the old horse to go so much farther as to bring them in reading range of the finger-board. It pointed with one finger toward the little hamlet or group of houses where Chloe's grandfather lived, seven miles away.

"Dear!" she cried. "I don't see how we ever got so far, or how we came. We shall be dreadfully late to dinner."

"Did they expect us back?" asked the young man.

"I don't know. I presume so. I *did* tell grandmother we might go to Louisburg. What does it say on the other side?"

He urged the horse a little way round, so as to read on the reverse of the board: "Shakers, one-half mile."

"Oh, *now* I know where I am!" she exclaimed. "Did you ever go to a Shaker village?" and she hardly waited for him to say no. "Well, then, it's the greatest thing in the world to see; and I can't think why I didn't bring you here in the first place. I can get grandmother's things here just as well, and a great deal better; I told her that if we went to Louisburg, I'd go to the store for her, but now it's all turned out for the best, and I can show you the Shaker village. I used to come here with grandfather when I was little. He did some law business for them. You've surely heard of them, Roger?"

"Oh, yes; but I don't remember what, exactly. Do they have a tavern? Perhaps we could get dinner there."

"Yes; we could. They have no taverns; but they entertain anybody that asks. If you haven't ever been in a Shaker settlement— Drive right straight along, Roger! I guess you'll think it the most curious place you were ever in. They think they're like the early Christians; they live all in two or three big families and own everything together.

They came in here from York State, and they say Mother Ann saw the place in vision before they came."

"Mother Ann?"

"Yes; she's the one that founded them; they believe she had revelations. Folks say they have a little pen on the side of the hill behind the village, and they think they have got Satan shut up in it. Grandfather doesn't believe they think that. They think they are living the angelic life here on earth, and they dance in their meetings."

Roger tried to get the horse in motion.

"Well, let us go there, then! I should like to know what the angelic life looks like!"

"Well, if it's like *that*," said Chloe, and she laughed as if at some grotesque memory.

"Are they so ridiculous?"

"No. Not always. And I can't understand folks going to make fun, the way some do. It isn't dancing exactly, it's more like marching. And they have preaching, and singing of their own kind that the spirits gave them. It's a pity it isn't Sunday, so that we could go to one of their meetings. I don't know as it's right to go to a meeting just out of curiosity, though. Do you think it would be?"

"You seem to have done so."

"Grandfather took me, and I was little; grandmother didn't like it, even then, I guess. I don't know whether we'd better go to the Shakers, after all, Roger!"

"But we can't go to their meeting to-day, you say"—

"No, that's true. I forgot. And I suppose it will be about the best thing we can do. It's rather of an old story to me."

"Then we won't go, Chloe. I don't care for it, unless you do."

"Yes, yes. Go on. I only wanted to know if you really *did* care."

He shook the reins again and said: "Get up," and the horse looked round, as if to assure himself that it was he was meant. He made a final snatch at random among the nearest boughs, and came off with his mouth full of pine-needles.

(To be concluded in the February number.)

On Frenchman's Bay

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON.



Drawn by
C. S. Reinhart.

I.

FROM Maxwell Pollock, Esq., No. —
Fifth avenue, New York, to Stephen
Cranbrooke, Esq., ——— Club, New
York.

"May 30, 189—

"My dear Cranbrooke:

"You will wonder why I follow up our conversation of last evening with a letter. Why, instead of speaking, I should write what is left to be said between us two. But after a sleepless night, of which my little wife suspects nothing, I am impelled to confide in you—my oldest friend, *her* friend, although you and she have not yet grown to the comprehension of each other I hoped for when she married me three years ago—a secret that has begun to weigh heavy upon my soul.

"I do not need to remind you that, since our college days, you have known me subject to fits of moodiness and depression upon which you have often rallied me. How many times you have said that a fellow to whom Fate has given health, strength, opportunity, and fortune—and recently the treasure of a lovely and lov-

ing wife—has no business to admit the word 'depression' into his vocabulary. This is true. I acknowledge it as I have a thousand times before. I am a fool, a coward to shrink from what is before me. But I was still more of a fool and a coward when I married her. For her sake, the prospect of my death before this summer wanes, impels me to own to you my certainty that my end is close at hand.

"In every generation of our family since the old fellow who came over from England and founded us on Massachusetts soil, the oldest son has been snatched out of life upon the threshold of his thirtieth year. I carried into college with me an indelible impression of the sudden and distressing death of my father, at that period of his prosperous career, and of the wild cry of my widowed mother when she clasped me to her breast, and prayed Heaven might avert the doom from me.

"Everything that philosophy, science, common sense could bring to the task of arguing me out of a belief in the transmission of this sentence of a higher power to me, has been tried. I have studied, traveled, lived, enjoyed myself in a rational way, have loved and won the one woman upon earth for me—have reveled in her wifely tenderness. I have tried to do my duty as a man and a citizen,—in all other respects I believe myself to be entirely rational, cool-headed, unemotional,—but I have never been able to down that specter. He is present at every feast, and although in perfectly good health, I resolved yesterday to put the question to a practical test. I called at the office of an eminent specialist, whom I had never met, although doubtless he knows my name, as I know his.

"Joining the throng of waiting folk in Dr. —'s outer office, I turned over the leaves of the last number of *Punch*, with what grim enjoyment of its menu of jocularity you may conceive. When my turn came, I asked for a complete physical examination. But the doctor got no farther than my heart before I was conscious of awakening interest on his part. When the whole business was over, he told me frankly that in what he was pleased to call 'a magnificent physique' there was but one blemish—a spot upon the ripe side of a peach; a certain condition of the heart that 'might or might not' give serious trouble in the future.

"*'Might or might not!'* How I envied the smooth spoken man of science his ability to say these words so glibly. While I took his medical advice,—that between us was not worth a straw, and he knew it, and I knew it,—I was thinking of Ethel. I saw her face when she should know the worst; and I became, immediately, an abject, cringing, timorous thing, that crept out of the doctor's office into the spring sunshine, wondering why the world was all a-cold. Here's where the lash hits me; I should never have married Ethel; I should, knowing my doom, have married no one but some commonplace platitudinous creature, whom the fortune I shall leave behind me would have consoled. But Ethel! High-strung, ardent, simple hearted, worshipping me far beyond my deserts! Why did I condemn her, poor girl, to what is so soon to come?

"On the fifteenth day of the coming August, I shall have reached thirty years. Before that day, the blow will fall upon her, and it is my fault. You know, Cranbrooke, that I do not fear death. What manly soul fears death? It is only to the very young, or to the very weak of spirit, the King appears in all his terrors. Having expected him so long and so confidently, I hope I may meet him with a courageous front. But Ethel! Ethel!

"She will be quite alone with me this summer. Her mother and sisters have just sailed for the other side, and I confess I am selfish enough to crave her to myself in the last hours. But some one she must have to look after her, and whom can I trust like you? I want you to promise to come to us, to spend your August

holiday; to be there, in fact, when—.

"In the meantime, there must be no suggestion of what I expect. She, least of all, must suspect it. I should like to go out to the unknown with her light-hearted, girlish laugh ringing in my ears.

"When we meet, as usual, you will oblige me by saying nothing of this letter or its contents. By complying with this request, you will add one more—a final one, dear old man—to the long list of kindnesses for which I am your debtor; and, believe me, dear Cranbrooke,

"Yours, always faithfully,

"MAXWELL POLLOCK."

"Good heaven!" exclaimed Stephen Cranbrooke, dropping the sheet as if it burnt him, and sitting upright and aghast. "So *this* is the cranny in Pollock's brain where I have never before been able to penetrate."

Later that day, Mr. Cranbrooke received another epistle, prefaced by the house address of the Maxwell Pollocks.

"Dear Mr. Cranbrooke," this letter ran. "Max tells me he has extended to you an invitation to share our solitude à deux in your August holiday. I need hardly say that I endorse this heartily; and I hope you will not regret to learn that instead of going, as usual, to our great, big, isolated country place in New Hampshire, I have persuaded Max to take a cottage on the shore of Frenchman's Bay, near Bar Harbor,—but not too near that gay resort,—where he can have his sailboat and canoe, and a steam-launch for me to get about in. They say the sunsets over the water there are adorable, and Max has an artist's soul, as you know, and will delight in the picturesque beauty of it all. I want to tell you confidentially, that I have fancied a change of air and scene might do him good this year. He is certainly not ill; but is, as certainly, not quite himself. I suppose you will think I am a little goose for saying so; but I believe if anything went wrong with Max, I could never stand up against it. And there is no other man in the world whom I would ask to help me to find out what it really is that worries him,—whether ill-fortune, or what,—certainly not ill-health, for he is a model of splendid vigor, as everybody knows, my beautiful husband!"

"This is what she calls pleasant reading for me," said plain, spare Stephen Cranbrooke, with a whimsical twist of his expressive mouth.

"At any rate," he read, resuming, "you and I will devote ourselves to making it nice for him up there. No man, however he loves his wife, can afford to do altogether without men's society; and it is so hard for me to get Max to go into general company, or to cultivate intimacy with any man but you. There is a bachelor's wing to the cottage we have taken, with a path leading direct to the wharf where the boats are moored; and this you can occupy by yourself, having breakfast alone, as Max and I are erratic in that respect. We shall have a buck-board for the ponies, and our saddle-horses, with a horse for you to ride; and we shall pledge each other not to accept a single invitation to anybody's house unless it please us to go there. Not less than a month will we take from you, and I wish it might be longer. Perhaps you may like to know there is no other man Max would ask, and I should want, to be 'one of us' under such circumstances.

"Always, cordially yours,

"ETHEL, POLLOCK."

"I asked her for bread, and she gave me a stone," he quoted, with a return of the whimsical expression. "Well! neither he nor she has ever suspected my infatuation. I am glad she wrote as she did, though, for it makes the watch I mean to set over Max easier. After looking at his case in every aspect, I am convinced there is a remedy, if I can only find it."

A knock, just then, at the door of Mr. Cranbrooke's comfortable bachelor sitting-room, was followed by the appearance inside of it of a man, at sight of whom Cranbrooke's careworn and puzzled countenance brightened perceptibly.

"Ha! Shepard!" he said, rising to bestow on the newcomer a hearty grip of the hand. "Did you divine how much I wanted to talk to a fellow who has pursued exactly your line of study, and one, too, who, more than any other, I happen to be acquainted with, knows just how far mind may be made to influence matter in preventing catastrophe, when,—but, there, what am I to do? It's another

man's affair, a confidence that must be held inviolable."

"Give me the case hypothetically," said Shepard, dropping, according to custom, in a leathern chair out at elbows, but full of comfort to the spine of reclining man, while accepting one of Cranbrooke's galaxy of famously-tinted pipes.

"I think I will try to do so," rejoined his friend. "Since upon it hangs the weal or woe of two people, in their way more interesting to me than any others in the world."

"I am all ears," said Dr. Shepard, fixing upon Cranbrooke the full gaze of a pair of deep-set orbs that had done their full share of looking intelligently into the mystery of cerebral vagaries. Cranbrooke, as well as he could, told the gist of Pollock's letter, expressing his opinion that to a man of Pollock's temperament, the conviction of approaching death was as good as an actual death-warrant.

Shepard, who asked nothing better than an intelligent listener when launched upon an expression of his favorite theories, kept the floor for fifteen minutes in a brilliant off-hand discourse, full of technicalities intermingled with sallies of strong original thought, to which Cranbrooke listened, as men are wont to do, in fascinated silence.

"But this is generalizing," the doctor interrupted himself, at last. "What you want is a special discussion of your friend's condition. Of course, not knowing his physical state, I can't pretend to say how long it is likely to be before that heart trouble will pull him up short. But the merest tyro knows that men under sentence from heart-disease have lived their full span. It is the obsession of his mind, the invasion of his nerves by that long brooding idea, that bothers me. I am inclined to think the odds are he will go mad if he doesn't die."

"Good God, Shepard," came from his friend's pale lips.

"Isn't that what *you* were worrying about when I came in? Yes—you needn't answer. You think so, too, and we are not posing as wise men when we arrive at that simple conclusion."

"What on earth are we to do for him?"

"I don't know, unless it be to distract his mind, by some utterly unlooked for concatenation of circumstances. Get his

wife to make love to another man, for instance."

"Shepard, you forget; these are my nearest friends."

"And you forget I am a skeptic upon all matters connected with fidelity between the sexes," answered the little doctor coolly.

Cranbrooke had indeed, for a moment, lost sight of his confidant's dark page of life that, years ago, had broken up the doctor's home, and made of him a scoffer against the faith of woman. He was silent, and Shepard went on with no evidence of emotion.

"When that happened to me, it was a dynamite explosion that effectually broke up the previous courses of thought within me, and, naturally, the idea occurs to me as a specific for the case of your melancholy friend. Seriously, Cranbrooke, you could do worse than attack him from some unsuspected quarter, in some point where he is acutely sensitive—play upon him, excite him, distract him, and so carry him past the object of his fears."

"How could I?" asked Cranbrooke of himself.

There was another knock, and upon Cranbrooke's hearty bidding to come in, there entered no less a person than the subject of their late conversation.

Even the astute Shepard finished his pipe and took his leave without suspecting that the manly, healthy, clear-eyed and animated Maxwell Pollock had anything in common with the possessed hero of Cranbrooke's story. Cranbrooke, who had dreaded a reopening of the subject of Pollock's letter, was infinitely relieved to find it left untouched. The visit, lasting till past midnight, was one of a long series dating back to the time of their graduation from the university. There had never been a break in their friendship. The society of Cranbrooke, after that of his own wife, was to Pollock, ever the most refreshing, the most inspiring to high and manly thought. They talked, now, upon topics grave and gay without hinting at the shadow overlying all. Pollock was at his best, and his friend's heart went out to him anew in a wave of that sturdy affection "passing the love of woman"—rare, perhaps, in our material money-getting community, but, happily still existing among true men.

When the visitor arose to take leave, he said in simple fashion: "Then I may count on you, Cranbrooke, to stand by us this summer?"

"Count on me in all things," Cranbrooke answered; and the two shook hands, and Pollock went his way cheerily, as usual.

"Is this a dream?" Cranbrooke asked himself, when left alone. "Can it be possible that sane, splendid fellow is a victim of pitiful hallucination, or that he is really to be cut off in the golden summer of his days. No, it can't be; it must not be. He must be, as Shepard says, 'pulled up short' by main force. At any cost, I must save him. But how? *Anyhow!* Max must be made to forget himself—even if I am the sacrifice! By George, this *is* a plight I'm in! And Ethel, who adores the ground he walks upon! I shall probably end by losing both of them, worse luck!"

The morning had struggled through Cranbrooke's window-blinds before he stirred from his fit of musing, and went into his bedroom for a few hours of troubled sleep.

II.

Mr. and Mrs. Pollock took possession of their summer abiding place on a glorious day of refulgent June, such as, in the dazzling atmosphere of Mount Desert Island, makes other spots of resort on the Atlantic coast seem dull by comparison. To greet them, they found a world of fresh-washed young birches sparkling in the sun; of spice-distilling evergreens, cropping up between gray rocks; of starling white marguerites, and huge, yellow, satin buttercups, ablow in all the clearings; of crisp, young ferns and blue iris, unfolding amid the greenery of the wilder bits of island; haunts that were soon, in turn, to be blushing pink with a miracle of briar-roses.

And what a charmed existence followed! In the morning, they awoke to see the water, beneath their windows, sparkle red in the track of the rising sun; the islets blue-black in the intense glow. All day they lived abroad in the virgin woods, or on the bay in their canoe. And, after sunsets of radiant beauty that sometimes lingered on until the sky was shot with gleams of the northern lights, they would

fall asleep, lulled by the lapping of little waves upon the rock girdle that bound their lawn. It was all lovely, invigorating, healthful. Of the cottagers who composed the summer settlement, only those had arrived there who, like the Pollocks, wanted chiefly to be to themselves. In these early days of the season, Max and Ethel liked to explore on horseback the bosky roads that thread the island, startling the mother partridge, crested and crafty, from her nest, and sending her, in affected woe, in the opposite direction from where her brood was left; lending themselves to the pretty comedy with smiles of sympathy. Or else, they would rifle the ferny combs of dew-laden blossoms, all the while hearkening to the spring chatter of birds that did their best to give utterance to what wind-voice and leaf-tone failed to convey to human comprehension. Then, emerging from green arcades, our equestrians would find themselves now in some rocky haunt of primeval solitude, facing

lonely hilltops and isolated tarns; now, gazing upon a stretch of laughing sea, framed by a cleft in the highlands.

Another day, they would climb on foot to some higher mountain top, and there, whipped by tonic breezes, stand looking down upon the wooded waves of lesser summits, inland; and, seaward, the broad Atlantic, with the ships; and, on the coast, the hundreds of fiords, with their burden of swirling water!

Coming home from these morning expeditions with spirit refreshed and appetite sharpened, it was their custom to repair, after luncheon, to the water, and by the aid of sails, steam, or their own oars or paddles, cut the sapphire bay with tracks of argent brightness, or linger for many a happy hour in the green shadow of the shore.

The month of July was upon the wane before husband and wife seemingly aroused to the recollection that their idyl was about to be interrupted by the invasion of a third person. Ethel, indeed, had pondered regretfully upon the coming of Cranbrooke for some days before she spoke of it to her husband; while Max!

The real purpose of Cranbrooke's visit, dismissed from Pollock's mind with extraordinary success during the earlier weeks of their stay upon the island, had by now assumed, in spite of him, the suggestion of a death-watch set upon a prisoner. He strove not to think of it. He refrained from speaking of it. So delicious had been to him the draft of Ethel's society, uninterrupted by outsiders, in this Eden of the eastern sea; so perfect their harmony of thought and speech; so charming her beauty, heightened by salt air and outdoor exercise, and early hours, Max wondered if the experience had been sent to him as an especial allowance of mercy to the condemned. To the very day of Cranbrooke's arrival, even after a trap had been sent to the evening boat to fetch him, the husband and wife refrained from discussing the expected event.

It was the hour before sunset, following a showery afternoon, and, standing together upon their lawn to look at the western sky, Max proposed to his wife to go out with him for awhile in the canoe. They ran like children, hand-in-hand, to the wharf, where Max lifting the frail



Drawn by
C. S. Reinhart.

birch-bark craft from its rest, set it lightly afloat. Ethel, stepping expertly into her place, was followed by Max, who, in his loose cheviot shirt, barearmed and bareheaded, flashing his red-dyed paddle in the clear water, seemed to her the embodiment of manly grace and strength.

They steered out into the bay, and as they paused to look back upon the shore, the glory of the scene grew to be unspeakable. Behind the village, over which the electric globes had not yet begun to gleam, towered Newport, a rampart of glowing bronze, arched by a rainbow printed upon a brooding cloud. Elsewhere, the multi-colored sky flamed with changing hues, reflected in a sea of glass. And out of this sea arose wooded islands; and, far on the opposite shore of the mainland, the triple hills had put on a vestment of deepest royal purple.

"I like to look away from the splendor, to the side that is in shadow," said Ethel. "See, along that eastern coast, how the reflected sunlight is flashed from the windows, and the blue columns of hearth-smoke arise from the chimneys! Doesn't it make you somehow rejoice that, when the color shall fade, as it soon must, we shall still have our home and the lights we make for ourselves to go back to?"

There was a long silence.

"What has set you to moralizing, dear?" he asked, trying to conceal that he had winced at her innocent question.

"Oh! nothing. Only when one is supremely happy, as I am now, one is afraid to believe it will endure. How mild the air is to-night! Look over yonder, Max, the jeweled necklace of Sorrento's lights has begun to palpitate. Let us paddle around that fishing schooner before we turn."

"Ethel, you are crying."

"Am I? Then it is for pure delight. I think, Max, we had never so fine an inspiration as that of coming to Mount Desert. My idea of the place has always been a lot of rantipole gaities, and people crowded in hotels. While this—it is a little like Norway, and a great deal like Southern Italy. Besides, when before have we been so completely to ourselves, as in that gray stone lodge by the water-side, with its hood of green ivy, and the green hill rising behind it? Let us come every year; better still, let us build our-

selves a summer home upon these shores."

"Should you like me to buy the cottage we now have, so that you can keep it to come to, when you like?"

"When you like, you mean. Max, it can't be you have caught cold in this soft air, but your voice sounds a little hoarse. Well! I suppose we must go in, for Mr. Cranbrooke will be arriving very soon."

Ethel's sigh found an echo in one from her husband at which the April-natured young woman laughed.

"There, it's out! We don't want even Cranbrooke, do we? To think the poor, dear man's coming should have been oppressing both of us, and neither would be first to acknowledge it. After all, Max darling, it is your fault. It was you who proposed Cranbrooke. I knew, all along, that I'd be better satisfied with you alone. Now, we must just take the consequence of your overhasty hospitality, and make him as happy as we are—if we can!"

"If we can!" said Max, and she saw an almost pathetic expression drift across his face, an expression that bewildered her.

"Why do you look so rueful over him?"

"I am thinking, perhaps, how hard it will be for him to look at happiness through another man's eyes."

"Nonsense! Mr. Cranbrooke is quite satisfied with his own lot. He is one of those self-contained men who could never really love, I think," said Mrs. Pollock, conclusively.

"He has in some way, failed to show you his best side. He has the biggest, tenderest heart. I wish there was a woman fit for him, somewhere! But Stephen will never marry, now, I fear. She who gets him will be lucky—he is a very tower of strength to those who lean on him."

"As far as strength goes, Max, you could pick him up with your right hand. It may be silly, but I do love your size and vigor; when I see you in a crowd of average men, I exult in you. Imagine any woman who could get *you*, wanting a thin, shallow person like Cranbrooke."

"He can be fascinating when he chooses," said Max.

"The best thing about Cranbrooke, Max, is that he loves you," answered his wife, wilfully.

"Then I want you henceforth to try to like him better, dear; to like him for himself. He is coming in answer to my urgent



*Drawn by
C. S. Reinhart.*

"CRANBROOKE HAD GONE OVER TO STAND BESIDE HIS HOSTESS."

request, and I feel certain the more you know of him, the more you will trust in him. At any rate, give him as much of your dear self as I can spare, and you will be sure of pleasing me."

"Max, now I believe it is you who are crying because you are too happy. I never heard such a solemn cadence in your voice. I don't want a minute of this lovely time to be sad. When we were in town, I fancied you were down—about something; now, you are yourself again; let me be happy without alloy. I am determined to

be the *cigale* of the French fable, and dance and sing away the summer. Between us, we may even succeed in making that sober Cranbrooke a reflection of us both. There, now, the light has faded, quicken your speed; we must go ashore and meet him. See, the moon has risen—oh! Max, darling, to please me, paddle in that silver path."

This was the Ethel her husband liked best to see; a child in her quick variations of emotion, a woman in steadfast tenderness. Conquering his own strongly-

excited feeling, he smiled on her indulgently, and when, their landing reached, Cranbrooke's tall form was descried coming down the bridge to receive them, he was able to greet his friend with an unshadowed face.

The three went into dinner, which Ethel, taking advantage of the soft, dry air, had ordered to be served in a loggia opening upon the water. The butler, a sympathetic Swede, had decked their little round table with wild roses in shades of shell-pink, deepening to crimson. The candles, burning under pale-green shades, were hardly stirred by the faint breeze. Hard, indeed, to believe that, upon occasion, that couchant monster, the bay, could break up into huge waves, ramping shoreward, leaping over the rock-wall, upon the lawn, up to the loggia floor, and there beat for admission to the house upon storm shutters hastily erected to meet its onslaught!

To-night, aswimming lantern of wrought-iron sent down through its panels of opal glass a gentle illumination upon three well-pleased faces gathered around the dainty little feast. Ethel, who, in the days of gypsying, would allow no toilets of ceremony, retained her sailor hat, with the boat-gown of white serge, in which her infantile beauty showed to its best advantage. Cranbrooke was dazzled by the new bloom upon her face, the new light in her eye.

Pollock, a tall, broad-shouldered blond, clean-shaven, save for a mustache, his costume of white flannels enhancing duly the transparent healthiness of his complexion, looked, also, wonderfully well—so Cranbrooke thought and said.

"Does he not?" cried Ethel, exultingly. "I knew you would think so. Max has been reconstructed since we have lived outdoors in this wonderful air. Just wait, Mr. Cranbrooke, till we have done with you, and you, too, will be blossoming like the rose."

"I, that was a desert, you would say," returned Cranbrooke, smiling. Involuntarily it occurred to him to contrast his own outer man with that of his host. Somehow or other, the fond, satisfied look Ethel bestowed upon her lord, aroused anew in their friend an old, teasing spirit of envy of nature's bounty to another, denied to him.

As the moon transmuted to silver the stretch of water east of them, and the three sat over the table, with its carafes, and decanters, and egg-shell coffee cups, till the flame of a cigar-lighter, fed by alcohol, died utterly in its silver beak, their talk touching all subjects pleasantly, Cranbrooke persuaded himself that he had indeed been dreaming a bad dream. The journey thither, of which every mile had been like the link of a lengthening chain, was, for him, after all, a mere essay at pleasure-seeking. He had come on to spend a jolly holiday with a couple of the nicest people in the world—nothing more! His fancies, his plans, his devices, conceived in sore distress of spirit, were relegated to the world of shadows, whence they had been summoned.

When Ethel left the two men for the night, and the butler came out to collect his various belongings, Pollock rose and bade Cranbrooke accompany him to see the mountains from the other side of the house. Here, turning their backs on the enchantment of the water view, they looked up at an amphitheater of hills, dominated in turn by rocky summits gleaming in the moon. But for the lap of the water upon the coast, the stir of a fresh wind arising to whisper to the leaves of a clump of birches, Mother Earth around them was keeping silent vigil.

"What a perfect midsummer night!" said Cranbrooke, drawing a deep breath of enjoyment. "After the heat and dust of that three hundred miles of railway journey from Boston, this *is* a reward!"

"We chose better than we knew the scene of my euthanasia," answered Pollock, without a tremor in his voice.

A thrill ran through Cranbrooke's veins. He could have sworn the air had suddenly become chill, as if an iceberg had floated into the bay. He tried to respond, and found himself babbling words of weak conventionality; and all the while the soul of the strong man within him was saying: "It must not be. It shall not be. If I live, I shall rescue you from this ghastly phantom."

"Don't think it necessary to give words to what you feel for me," said Pollock, smiling slightly. "You are not making a brilliant success of it, old man, and you'd better stop. And don't suppose I mean to continue to entertain my guest by lugubri-

ous discussions of my approaching finale. Only it is necessary that you should know several things, since the event may take us unawares. I have made you my executor, and Ethel gets all there is; that's the long and short of my will, properly signed, sealed, and deposited with my lawyer before I left town. Ethel's mother and sisters will be returning to Newport in a fortnight, and they will, no doubt, come to the poor child when she needs them. There *must* be some compensation for a decree of this kind, and I have it in the absolute bliss I have enjoyed since we came here. That child-wife of mine is the most enchanting creature in the world. If I were not steeped in selfishness, I could wish that she loved me a little less. But all emotions pass, and even Ethel's tears will dry."

"Good heaven, Max, you are talking like a machine! One would think this affair of yours certain. Who are you, to dare to penetrate the mystery of the decrees of your maker—"

"None of that, if you please, Cranbrooke," interrupted Pollock; "I have fought every inch of the way along there, by myself, and have been conquered by my conviction. Did I tell you that my father, before me, struggled with similar remonstrances from *his* friends? The parsons even brought bell and book to exorcise his ghost; and all in vain. He was snuffed out in full health, as I shall be, and why should I whine at following him? Come, my dear fellow, I am keeping you out of a capital bed, from sleep you must require. There's but one matter in which you can serve me—take Ethel into your care. Win her fullest confidence, let her know that when I am not there, *you will be*."

Cranbrooke went to his room, but not to rest. When his friends next saw him, he was returning from a solitary cruise about the bay in a catboat Pollock kept at anchor near their wharf.

"Why, Mr. Cranbrooke," cried Ethel, lightly. "The boatman says you have been out ever since daybreak. But that we espied the boat tacking about beyond that far rock I should have been for sending in search of you."

"Cranbrooke is an accomplished sailor," said Max. "But just now, breakfast's the thing for him, Ethel. See that

he is well fed, while I stroll out to the stable and look after the horses."

As he crossed the greensward, Ethel's gaze followed him, till he disappeared behind a clump of trees. Then she turned to her guest.

"Let me serve you with all there is, until they bring you something hot," she said, with her usual half-flippant consideration of him. "Do you know you look very seedy? I have, for my part, no patience with these early morning exploits."

"If you could have seen the world awakening as I saw it, this morning, you would condone my offense," he answered, a curious expression Ethel thought she had detected in his eyes, leaving them unclouded as he spoke.

III.

No one who knew Stephen Cranbrooke well, could say he did anything by halves. In the days that followed his arrival at Mt. Desert, Max Pollock saw that his friend was lending every effort to the task of establishing friendly relations with his wife. From her first half-petulant, half-cordial manner with him,—the manner of a woman who tries to please her husband by recognition of the claim of his nearest male intimate,—Ethel had passed to the degree of manifestly welcoming Cranbrooke's presence, both when with her husband and without him.

As Max saw this growing friendship, he strove to increase it by absenting himself from Ethel, instead of, as heretofore, spending every hour he could wring from the society of other folk, in the light of her smiles. His one wish that Ethel might be insensibly led to find another than himself companionable; that she might be ever so little weaned from her absolute dependence upon him for daily happiness, before the blow fell that was to plunge her in darkest night, kept him content in these acts of self-sacrifice.

But, as was inevitable, his manner toward them both underwent a trifling change. His old buoyancy of affection was succeeded by a quiet, at times wistful, recognition of the fact that his friend and his wife had now found another interest beside himself. But he was proud to see Cranbrooke had justified his boast that he "could be fascinating when he

chose;" and he was glad to think Cranbrooke at last realized the charm Ethel, apparently a mere bright bubble upon the tide of society, had to a man of intellect and heart. "It was as I said," the poor fellow repeated to himself, trying to find comfort in the realization of his prescience; and when Ethel, alone with him, would break into pæans of his friend, and wonder how she could have been so blind to the "real man" before, Max answered her loyally that his highest wish for both of them was at last gratified.

Then the day came, when there was question of a companion for Ethel in a sailing party to which she had accepted an invitation—and for Max, was destined an emotion something like distaste.

They were sitting over the breakfast table,—a meal no longer exclusive to wife and husband, as had been agreed, but shared by Cranbrooke with due regularity,—when Ethel broached the subject.

"You know, Max, I was foolish enough to promise that irresistible Mrs. Clayton—when she would not take no for an answer yesterday,—that *some* of us would join her water party to-day. It is to be an idle cruise; with no especial aim—luncheon on board their schooner-yacht; the sort of thing I knew would bore you to extinction, being huddled up with the same people half the day."

"It is the opening wedge—if you go to this, you will be booked for others, that's all," said Max, preparing to say in a martyrized way that he would accompany her, if she liked.

"Oh! I knew you would feel that, and so I told her she must really excuse my husband; but that I had no doubt Mr. Cranbrooke would accept with pleasure. You see, Mr. Cranbrooke, what polite inaccuracies you are pledged by friendship to sustain."

"I *will* go with pleasure," Stephen said, with what Max thought almost unnecessary readiness.

"Bravo!" cried Ethel. "This is the hero's spirit. And so, Max dear, you will have a long day to yourself while I am experimenting in fashionable pleasuring, and Mr. Cranbrooke is representing you in keeping an eye on me."

"You will, of course, be at home to dinner?" said her husband.

"Surely. Unless breezes betray us, and

we are driven to support exhausted nature upon hardtack and champagne; for, of course, all of the Clayton's luncheon will be eaten up, and there are no stores aboard a craft like that. Will you order the buckboard for ten, dear? We rendezvous at the boat-wharf. And, as there is no telling when we shall be in, don't trouble to send to meet me. Mr. Cranbrooke and I will pick up a trap to return in."

Max saw them off in the buckboard, and as Ethel turned at some little distance and looked back at him, where he still stood on the gravel before their vine-wreathed portal, waving her hand with a charming grace, then settling again to a tête-a-tête with Cranbrooke, he felt vaguely resentful at being left behind.

The clear, dazzling atmosphere—the sense of youthful vitality in his being, made him repel the idea of exclusion from any function of the animated world. He almost thought Ethel should have given him a chance to say whether or no he would accompany her. Was it not, upon her part, even a little bit—a *very* little bit, lacking in proper wifely feeling, to be so prompt in disposing of his society, to accept that of others for a whole, long, bright summer's day of pleasuring?

This suggestion he put away from him as quickly as it came. He was like a spoiled child, he said to himself, who does not expect to be taken at his word. Ethel well knew his dislike of gossiping groups of idle people; equally well she remembered, no doubt, his frequent requests that she would mingle more with the world, take more pleasure on her own account; and Cranbrooke,—dear old Cranbrooke,—of course, he was ready to punish himself by going off on such a party, when it was an opportunity to serve his friend!

So Max put his discontent away, and, mounting his horse, went off alone for a ride half around the island, lunching at North-East Harbor, and returning through devious ways by nightfall.

Restored to healthy enjoyment of all things by his day in the saddle, he turned into the avenue leading to their house, buoyed up by the sweet hope of Ethel returned—Ethel on the watch for him. Already, he saw in fancy the gleam of her jaunty white yachting costume between the tubs of flowering hydrangeas ranged on either side the walk before their door.

The lamps inside—the "home lights" of which she had once fondly spoken to him, were already lighted. She would, perhaps, be worrying at his delay. He quickened his speed, and rode down the avenue to the house at a brisk trot. The groom who, from the stable, had heard the horse's feet, started up out of the shrubbery to meet him. But there was no other indication of a watch upon the movements of the master of the house.

"Mrs. Pollock has not returned, then?" he asked, conscious of blankness in his tone.

"No, sir; not yet. Our orders were, not to send for her, sir, as there was no knowing when the party would get in."

"Yes, the breeze has pretty much died out since sunset," said Pollock, endeavoring to mask his disappointment by commonplace.

He went indoors, and the house, carefully arranged though it was, with flowers and furniture disposed by expert hands to greet the returning of the master, seemed to him dull and chill. He ordered a cup of tea for himself, and, bending down, put a match to the little fire of birch-wood always kept laid upon the hearth of their picturesque hall sitting-room.

In a moment, the curling wreaths of pale azure that arose upon the pyre of silvery-barked logs was succeeded by a generous flame. The peculiarly sweet flavor of the burning birch was distilled upon the air. Sipping the

cup of tea, as he stood in his riding clothes before the fire, Max felt a consoling warmth invade his members and expand his heart.

"They will be in directly," he said; "and, by George, I shall be as ready for my dinner as they for theirs."

In one corner of the hall stood a tall, slender-necked vase, where he had that morning watched Ethel arranging a sheaf of goldenrod with brown-seeded marsh-grasses, a combination her touch had made individual and artistic to a striking degree. He recalled how, as she



Drawn by
C. S. Reinhart.

"SHE WAS SITTING IN THE STERN OF THE ROWBOAT, CRANBROOKE BESIDE HER."

had finished it, she looked around, calling Max and Stephen from their newspapers to admire her handiwork. He, the husband, had admired it lazily from his divan of cushions in the corner. Cranbrooke had gone over to stand beside his hostess, and thence they had passed, still in close conversation, out to the grassy terrace above the sea.

Now, why should this recollection awaken in Max Pollock a new sense of the feeling he had been doing his best to dispose of all day? He could not say; but there it was, to prick him with its invisible sting. Then, too, the dinner hour was past, and he was hungry.

He went out upon the veranda at the rear, and surveyed the expanse of water. Far off, between the electric ball that hung over the wharf of the village, and the point of Bar Island, opposite, he saw a bridge of lights from yachts of all sorts, with which the harbor was now full. He fancied a little moving star of light, that seemed to creep beneath the large ones, might be the Claytons' boat on her return; and, after another interval of watching, called up a wharf authority by telephone, and asked if the Lorelei was in.

"Not yet, sir," was the reply. "Probably caught out when the wind fell. Will let you know the minute they are in sight." With which assurance Mr. Pollock was finally driven by the pangs of natural appetite to sit down alone to a cheerless meal.

There was a message by telephone, as he finished his repast. The Lorelei was in, and Mrs. Pollock desired to speak with her husband.

"We're all right" (Ethel's voice said), "and I hope you haven't been worried. They *insist* on our going to dinner at a restaurant, and, of course, you understand, I can't spoil the fun by refusing. *Couldn't* you come down and meet us?"

His first impulse was to say yes; but a second thought withheld him. He gave her a pleasant answer, however, bidding her enjoy herself without thought of him, and adding: "Cranbrooke will look out for you and bring you home."

It was quite ten o'clock when they arrived at the cottage. Ethel, in high spirits, flushed with the excitement of a merry day, full of chatter over people and things in which Max had no interest, ap-

pealing to Cranbrooke to enjoy her retrospects with her. She was "awfully sorry" about having kept Max from his dinner; "awfully sorry" not to have come home at once, but there was no getting out of the impromptu dinner; and, of course, they had to wait for it; and she was the first, after dinner, to make the move to go; Mr. Cranbrooke would certify to that.

"I don't need any certification, dear," said Max, gently, but he did not smile. Cranbrooke, who sat with him after sleepy Ethel had retired from the scene, felt his heart wrung at thought of certain things that never entered into Ethel's little head. But he made no effort to dispel the cloud that had settled over his friend's face.

By-and-by, Cranbrooke, too, said good-night, and went off into his wing, and Max was left alone with his cigar.

The day on the water had verified Max's prediction that it would prove "an opening wedge." Ethel, caught in the tide of the season's gaieties, found herself impelled from one entertainment to the other; their cottage was invaded by callers, their little informal dinners were transformed into banquets of ceremony, as choice and more lively than those of their conventional life in town. The only persons really satisfied by the change of habits in the house were the servants, who, like all artists, require a public to set the seal upon their worth.

Max, bewildered, found himself sometimes accompanying his wife to her parties; oftener—struck with the ghastly inappropriateness of his presence in such haunts—stopping at home and deputing to Cranbrooke the escort of his wife. To his surprise, he perceived that Cranbrooke was not only ready, but eager, on all occasions, to carry Ethel away from him. But then, of course, this was precisely what he had wished.

And Ethel, who lost no opportunity to tell Max how "good," how "lovely" Cranbrooke had been to her, was she not carrying out to the letter her husband's wishes? He observed, moreover, that Ethel was even more impressed than he had expected her to be with that quality of "fascination." Cranbrooke's mind was like a beautiful, new country into which she was making excursions, she said once; and Max, after a moment's

hesitation, agreed with her very warmly.

At last, Maxwell Pollock awoke one morning with a start of disagreeable consciousness to the fact that this was the eve of his thirtieth birthday. Occupied as he had been with various thoughts that had to do with his transient relations to this sublunary sphere, he had actually allowed himself to lose sight of the swift approach of what he believed to be his day of doom. Now, he arose, took his bath, dressed, and without arousing his wife, who, in the room adjoining, slept profoundly after a gay dance overnight, went alone to the waterside with the intention of going out in his canoe.

Early as he was, Cranbrooke was before him, carrying the canoe upon his head, moving after the fashion of some queer shelled creature down to the float.

Max realized, with a sense of keen self-rebuke, that the spectacle of his friend was repellant to him, and the prospect of a talk alone with Stephen on this occasion, the last thing he would have chosen!

And—evidently a part of the latter-day revolution of affairs—Cranbrooke seemed to have forgotten that this day meant more than another to Pollock. He greeted him cheerily, in commonplace terms, commented on their identity of fancy in the matter of a paddle at sunrise, and offered to relinquish the craft in favor of its owner.

"Of course not. Get in, will you," said Max, throwing off his coat; and, taking one of the paddles, while Cranbrooke plied the other, their swift, even strokes soon carried them far over toward the illuminated east.

When well out upon the bay, they paused to watch the red coming of the sun. Beautiful with matin freshness was the sleeping world around them; and, inspired by the scene, Max, who was kneeling in the bow, turned to exclaim to Cranbrooke, with his old, hearty voice, upon the reward coming to early risers in such surroundings.

"Jove, a man feels born again when he breathes air like this!"

Cranbrooke started. It was almost beyond hope that Max should use such a phrase, in such accents, at such a juncture. Immediately, however, the exhilaration died out of Pollock's manner; and, again turning away his face, he

showed that his thoughts had reverted to the old sore spot. He did not see the expression of almost womanly yearning in Cranbrooke's face when the certainty of this was fixed upon his anxious mind.

The two men talked little, and of casual things only, while abroad. As they returned to the house, Cranbrooke made a movement as if to speak out something burning upon his tongue, and then, repressing it, walked with hasty strides to his own apartment.

The day passed as had done those immediately preceding it. Calls, a party of guests at luncheon, a drive, absorbed Ethel's hours from her husband. When she reached home, at tea-time, he had come in from riding, and was standing alone in the hall, awaiting her.

"How nice to find you here alone!" she cried, going up to kiss him, and then taking her place behind the tea-tray. "Do sit down, and let us imagine we are back in those dear, old days, before we were overpowered by outsiders. Never mind! The rush will soon be over, we shall be to ourselves again, you and I and—How stupid I am!" she added, coloring. "You and I, I mean, for he must go back to town."

"You mean Cranbrooke?" he said, as she thought, absent-mindedly, but in reality with something like a cold hand upon his heart, that for a moment gave him a sense of physical apprehension. Had it come, he wondered?

But no, this was not physical, this was a shock of purely emotional displeasure. Could he believe his ears, that Ethel, his wife, had indeed blended another than himself with her dream of returning solitude?

"Yes, it will be all over soon," he said, mechanically. "Had you a pleasant drive? And did you enjoy the box-seat with Egmont?"

"Oh! Egmont can, fortunately, drive—if he *can't* talk," she answered, lightly. "I suppose I am fastidious, or else spoiled for the conversation of ordinary men, after what I have had recently from Cranbrooke. By the way, Max dear, are you relentless against going with us to-night, to the fête at the canoe club? You needn't go inside the clubhouse, you know. It will be lovely to look at, from the water.

"With *us*? Then Cranbrooke has already promised?"

"Yes, of course; he could not leave me in the lurch, could he, when my husband is such an obstinate recluse?"

"And how do you intend to get there?"

"By water, stupid, of course; how else? I will be satisfied with the row-boat, if you won't trust me in the canoe; but Mr. Cranbrooke is such an expert with the paddle, I shouldn't think you would object to letting me go with him. It will be perfectly calm water, and the air is so mild. Do say I may go in the canoe, dear; it's twice the fun."

"I think you know that unless I take you, it is my wish you go nowhere at night in a canoe," he answered coldly.

Ethel was more hurt at his tone, than disappointed by his refusal. She could not think what had come over her husband, of late, so often had this constrained manner presented itself to her advance. She set it down to her unwonted indulgence in society, and promised herself, with a sigh of relinquishment, that, after this summer, she would go back to her life lived for Max alone.

Then, Cranbrooke coming in with two or three visitors who lingered till almost dinner time, and were persuaded easily to stop for dinner, there was no chance to indulge in meditations, penitential or otherwise. When her guests took their departure, it was in the little steam-launch—she and Cranbrooke accompanying the party, and all bound for the fête, to be given on a wooded island in the bay. As they were leaving the house, something impelled her to run back and, in the semi-darkness of the veranda, seek her husband's side.

"Max, darling, kiss me good-by. Or, if you want me, let me stay with you."

"No, no, I want you to enjoy every moment while you can," he said, withdrawing from her gaze to the shadow of a vine-wreathed column.

"Max, your voice is strange. And once, at dinner, I saw you looking at me, and there was something in your eyes that frightened me. If you hadn't smiled, and lifted your glass to pledge me, I should not have known what to think."

"Ethel! Wife! Do you love me?" he said, catching her to his heart.

"Max! Why, Max! You foolish boy, we shall be seen."

"Tell me, and kiss me once more, my own, my own!"

"They are all aboard, except you, Mrs. Pollock," a voice said; and, from the dew of the lawn, Cranbrooke stepped upon the veranda.

Max started violently, and let his wife go from his embrace.

"You see how rude you are making me toward our guests," said Ethel. "You have my wrap, Mr. Cranbrooke? Good-night, Max; and to-morrow I'll tell you all about it. Better change your mind and come after us, though."

"Max need not trouble to do so," said Cranbrooke, in a muffled voice. "As usual, I will fill his place."

Max thought he almost hurried her away. They went down the slope of the lawn together; and at the steep descent leading to the bridge he saw Ethel stumble, and Cranbrooke throw his arm around her to steady her.

And now, a passion took possession of Maxwell Pollock's being that impelled him to the impetuous action of following them to the wharf, and gesticulating madly after the swift little steamer that bore them away from him.

"He dared take her, did he, when she would have staid at a word from me? I see all, now. Specious, false, damnably false, he has snared her fancy in his net. But she loves me, I'll swear she loves me, and I'll snatch her from him, if it is with the last effort of my strength. Is there time? Well, what is to come, let it come! While there's life in me, she is mine."

A moment, and he was afloat in the canoe, no sign of weakness in his powerful stroke, no thought in his brain but the one intense determination of the male creature to wrest his beloved from the hands of his rival.

Every one conceded this to be quite the prettiest and most taking event of the season. The rustic club-house, its peaked gable and veranda defined with strings of colored lanterns, sent forth the music of a band, while to its portal trooped maidens and cavaliers, landing at the wharf from every variety of craft. The woods behind were linked with chains of light, the shores below lit with bonfires, and more

evanescent eruptions of many-hued fireworks. Rockets hissed through the air, and broke in a rain of violet, green, and crimson stars, till the zenith was streaked with the trail of them; fire-balloons arose and were lost among the stars; little fire-boats, launched from vessels stocked for the purpose, bore their blazing cargoes out upon the current; other unnamed monsters were let loose to carry apparent destruction zigzag through the waves. Every attendant yacht, sloop, launch, rowboat, or canoe, with which the water about the island was covered, carried

quaint decoration in the guise of Chinese lanterns. Some of the smaller boats were arched with these; others tossed bouquets of fiery bubbles into the air. Creeping about at a snail's pace among the crowded boats, invisible canoes carried silent passengers; an occasional "oh!" of exclamation at the beauty of the scene the only contribution people felt inclined to make to conversation. It was a pageant of bedazzlement, as if witches, gnomes, spirits of earth, air, and the underworld, had mingled their resources to enchant the eyes of mortals. And over all, sailed



Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.

"FORGIVE HIM, HE IS NOT HIMSELF!" PLEADED ETHEL.

the lady moon serenely, forgotten, but sure that her time would come again!

Max found his launch without difficulty on the outer circle of the amphitheater of light. As he had divined, it was empty, save for the two boatmen.

"The ladies went ashore, sir," one of his men said, in answer to his inquiry. "All but Mrs. Pollock, sir."

"Mrs. Pollock? Where is she, then?" he asked, briefly.

"She took our rowboat, sir, and went off on the water with one of the gentlemen. Mr. Cranbrooke, I think it was; and they ordered us to wait just here. No good going ashore, sir, if you want to see. It's better from this point, even, than nearer in."

"Very well," said the master, and at once his canoe moved off to be lost in the crowd.

He had sought for them in vain, peering into all the small boats whenever the flash-light of the rockets, or the catharine-wheels on the coast, lit the scene. Many a tender interlude was thus revealed; but of the two people he now longed with the fever of madness to discover, he saw nothing.

At last, in a burst from a cannon rocket, there was a glimpse of Ethel's red boat-cloak, her bare, golden head rising above it. She was sitting in the stern of the rowboat, Cranbrooke beside her, their bow above water, their oars negligently trailing. Ethel's eyes were fixed upon the glittering panorama; but Cranbrooke's eyes were riveted on her.

With an oath, Max drove his paddle fiercely into the sea. The canoe sped forward like an arrow. Blind with anger, he did not see that he was directly in the track of a little steamer laden with new arrivals, turning in toward the wharf.

* * *

A new day dawned before the doctors, who had been all night battling for Maxwell Pollock's life, left him restored to consciousness, and reasonably secure of carrying no lasting ill effect from the blow on his head received by collision with the steamer.

Carried under with his canoe, he had arisen to full view in the glare from a

"set piece" of fireworks on the shore, beside the boat containing Cranbrooke and his wife. It was Cranbrooke, not Ethel, who identified the white face coming to the surface within reach of his hand, then sinking again out of sight. It was Cranbrooke, also, who sprang to Pollock's rescue, and, floating with his inert body, was dragged with him aboard the launch.

As the rosy light of the east came to play upon Pollock's features, he opened his eyes for the first time intelligently. At his bedside, Ethel was kneeling, her whole loving soul in her gaze.

"Is this—I thought it was heaven," he said, feeling for her hand.

"It is heaven for me, now that I have you back, my own darling," she answered, through happy tears.

"Have I been here long?"

"A few hours since the accident. The doctors say you will be none the worse for it. And, Max dear, only think. This is your birthday! Your thirtieth birthday! Many, many, *many* happy returns!" and she punctuated her wish with warm kisses.

At that juncture, Cranbrooke came into the room and stood on the side of the bed opposite Ethel, who had no eyes for him, but kept on gazing at her recovered treasure as if she could never have enough.

Max, though aware of Stephen's presence, made no movement of recognition, till Ethel spoke in playful chiding.

"Darling! Where are your manners? Aren't you going to speak to our friend, and thank him for saving you—saving you for *me*, thank God!"

She buried her face in the bedclothes, overcome with the recollection; but even with the exquisite tenderness of her accents thrilling in his ear, Max remained obstinately dumb to Stephen Cranbrooke.

"Forgive him, he is not himself!" pleaded Ethel, as she saw Cranbrooke about dejectedly to go out of the room.

"Some day he will understand me," answered Stephen, with a gallant effort at self-control. Then, withdrawing, he murmured to himself: "But he will never know that, in playing with his edged tools, it is I who have got the death-blow."



ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN HIS RELATIONS TO WOMEN.

BY JULIEN GORDON.

WHAT peculiar characteristic it may be which endears certain men to women remains one of the problems hidden five fathom deep in the breast of the mysterious sex itself. When every qualification which can rouse sentiment or fire imagination has been duly weighed, balanced, eagerly accepted or disdainfully discarded, the "il me plait" remains the keynote of the whole matter. At least, so says La Bruyère, who was undoubtedly a keen observer. "You imagine," says to us the subtle Frenchman, "that this lovely lady will worship a hero of chivalry, a knight of the golden locks, clad in armor of silver, with jeweled breastplate; she, in fact, loves this hideous,

ill-shapen dwarf, repellant to men, who laugh at and deride him."

If such odd vagary be not of daily occurrence, it is, nevertheless, not infrequent. The power that some men possess of attaching women to them has been found to lie deeper than a mere trick of personal beauty, imposing presence, manner, or accoutrement.

Misjudged as women frequently are,—it is the fashion with men to assert that women are charmed by a form of coxcombery,—the fact remains alive that no rules can explain their vagabond predilections.

It may be depended upon that the fop who finds favor with women is something

more than a fop,—or less, possibly,—but that it is not his foppery alone which inflames their fancy, enchains their caprice.

The trait or qualification a woman will most willingly dispense with in her male friend or lover is probably that of humor. It is certainly the one she will least appreciate. Humor is not a feminine attribute; its levity may jar upon her nerves,—ruffle her sensibilities. Who shall say that this capability of ridicule does not secretly agitate her,—give her vanity and egoism food for distress? What if this vein of irony should some day be diverted, if not upon herself, at least against the sentiment which she inspires? Are not the priests of the god of laughter secretly suspected of poverty in emotion, lack of ardor, swift revulsions of feeling?

Abraham Lincoln, we are told, possessed a sense of humor bordering on extravagance. His love of fun, which gave sometimes an unexpected turn of the comic to his more serious moods, pressed closely upon the limits of good taste. Yet it is evident that in his dealings with women it did not rob him of singleness and earnestness of purpose.

A proof of the extreme seriousness with which he accepted his responsibilities toward feminine creatures is the phenomenal sense of honor which prompted him, because he had flirted with a certain maiden,—at the instigation, be it said, of her married sister,—to offer her his hand at a time when she had become to him not only repellant, but actually grotesque. And we are safe in asserting that such impressions were peculiarly painful and oppressive to him, owing to his delicate, highly strung nervous organization.

It is at the bedside of his dying mother,—the pale, poverty-stricken Nancy Hanks, "stoop-shouldered, thin-breasted, sad—at times miserable," yet taking "her place in the story of the nations as the mother of a son whose word liberated a race of men,"—that we first catch sight of "Little Abe."

"Be good to one another," she murmured, placing her trembling hand on the head of the sunken-eyed, ragged urchin, and of his forlorn sister. The words bore fruit; the charge, we are told, was generously kept.

It was not long afterwards that the new

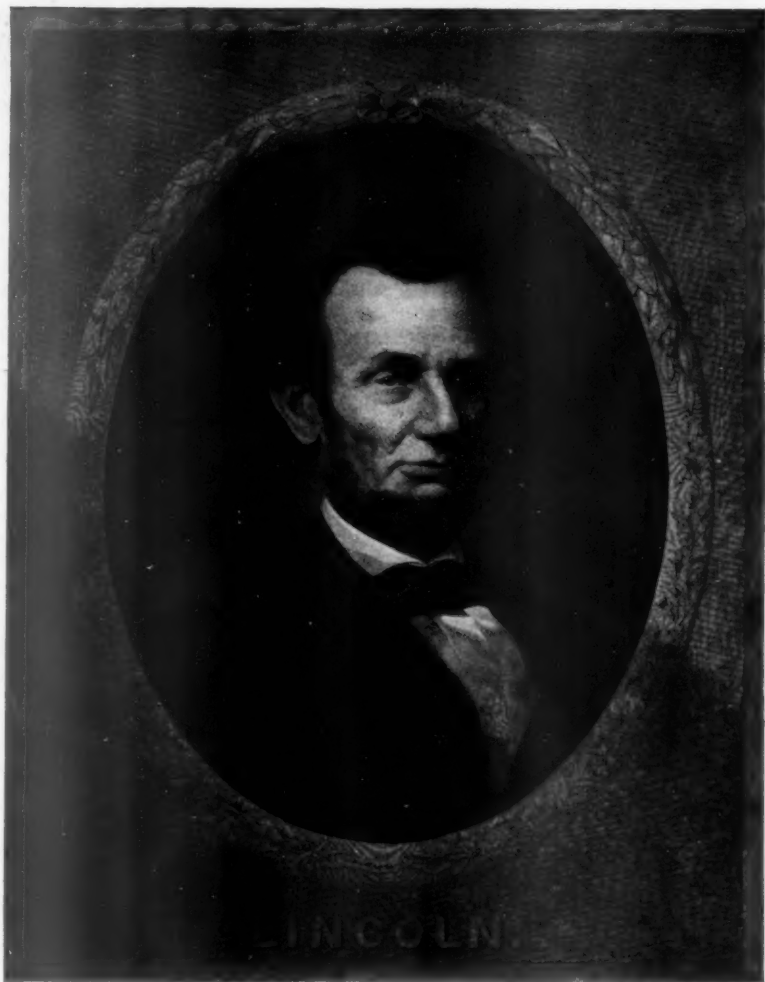
mother came. When he crept down from the garret where he slept on his mattress of dried leaves, under his blanket of skins, stepping cautiously upon the pegs driven into the wall,—the only steps which led from his loft chamber,—his hungry glance lit, one morning, upon the rosy, kindly face of the good stepmother. How she washed, combed, and dressed the motherless pair, who watched curiously, from their cheerless doorway, her arrival and that of her happy children, in their well-filled wagon, is a matter of history. "Of young Abe," we are told, "she became especially fond." The second Mrs. Thomas Lincoln bears testimony that to the hour of his death her early solicitude was warmly, nay bountifully returned.

At the age of seventeen, a girl school-mate describes him. She tells us that he weighed one hundred and sixty-five pounds, was wiry, vigorous, and had enormous muscular strength. He had large feet and hands; long limbs and arms. He was slender, his head small. His skin was shriveled and yellow. His shoes—when he had any—were low.

He wore buckskin breeches, a linsey-woolsey shirt, and a cap made of a coon or squirrel skin. His breeches were baggy, and lacked by several inches meeting the tops of his shoes, thus exposing his shin-bones, sharp, blue, and narrow. Yet, in gratitude for assistance given her in the spelling class by this rough and awkward gallant, pretty Kate Roby takes evident pleasure in an occasional evening stroll upon the moonlit river's bank with the clumsy, gawky rail-splitter.

Here, on starry nights, dangling their feet over the water's edge, looking up at the clear heavens, they talked out their innocent, wistful young hearts. Here Lincoln gave his first lessons in astronomy. Friendship, not love, it seems, bound them.

It was about this time, we are told, that Schoolmaster Crawford introduced among his scholars lessons in deportment. One was required to go outside and reënter the room as a lady or gentleman would enter a drawing-room. Abe's gaunt performance must have held something of pathos. His schoolmates did not laugh at him; at any rate, if they did so, it is not recorded.



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During the whole of his life Lincoln was singularly deficient in social graces. As an equivalent we are informed that, if he did not meet women with ease and elegance, he never, at any age, gossiped of them. No grand seigneur could have been more chary of foolish talk about the other sex than this unsophisticated backwoodsman, none freer from those allusions which incriminate, those slanders

which smirch. We can believe the heart supplied that in which the manners were deficient. Where, indeed, should the lonely young Westerner, with hayseeds in his hair, have mastered the arts of the salon, for which the natural ungainliness of his person had so ill fitted him?

But nature, who had created him in one of her more rugged moods, had failed to make his soul harsh, like his hand and

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voice. He had an unflinching disposition to succor the unfortunate and the oppressed. The weak were safe with him,—mark of a princely nature.

It was, perhaps, some note of this passionate pity which seems to have lurked in the inner recesses of Lincoln's character that drew him, in early manhood, to the intense attachment whose brief romance was to prove so unfortunate. One, at least, of his biographers,—and the one who knew him most intimately,—tells us that it was the great one of his life, permeating its later years with a recurrent sadness.

Ann Rutledge had been forsaken by the lover to whom she was plighted; Lincoln whispered into her ear the timid story of his own hopeless devotion, and we are told that "she listened." A simple country lassie, no doubt, but "of exquisite beauty, with a quick, philosophic mind." She listened; and the young man's words awoke in her such ecstasy that the older women noted, at the quilting, that Ann's nimble fingers, under the spell of his whispered wooing, made irregular and uneven stitches. Strongly conscientious, hers was a deep and serious nature. The struggle between the dear dead love and the burning new one was too much for the frail envelope of her pure young spirit.

To women of the world, who make of coquetry their pastime, of men's hearts their playthings, to men whose lips a hundred times have been polluted by false vows, the supersensitiveness of poor Ann Rutledge may appear morbid and diseased, a subject of wonder, if not of ridicule. Who shall say, however, that their point of view is not the more unhealthy? If to them the throbs of conscience beat with an ephemeral and feeble pulse; if to them the sleuth-hounds of memory are dumb and placable beasts enough, to this simple child they were relentless. They robbed her, first, of peace, and then of life. To the thinly scattered residents about New Salem, to the shore dwellers of the Sangamon, the dullness of existence,—perhaps its hardships,—made of the emotions, when once awakened, very tangible and terrible realities. At any rate, little Ann Rutledge succumbed to hers. Possibly the perverted thrive on poisons that kill the innocent.

What passed between these two when he was left alone, at last, at the maiden's bedside, none ever knew, save himself and the dying girl.

Lincoln at this period of his life was considered of so calm and strong a mind that his friends were amazed at the disastrous effects of Miss Rutledge's death upon his health. "The impression made upon him," says a friend, "was terrible; he became plunged in despair." His friends feared reason would desert her throne. His extraordinary sorrow was regarded as strong evidence of the extreme tenderness of his sentiment. He wandered by the river and in the forests, a prey to unconquerable woe. The thought that the snows and rains fell upon her grave filled him with indescribable anguish. He was closely and vigilantly watched on gloomy and stormy days, lest he should take his life. His condition became so alarming that he was placed with neighbors, who put him under the strictest surveillance. And this is one who has been accused of coldness and of a guilty indifference!

That Ann loved him is undoubted, since she tore from her heart, for his sake, the image of one who had occupied it for years.

Unversed as he was in the jousts of galantry, in all the adroit parryings of courtship, the girl was swayed, no doubt, by the power of his quaint and unique personality. She may have felt, without fully fathoming, his genius. But the old love had been strong, and in certain soils, with the uprooting of certain growths, tendrils are torn on which repose the very springs of life. Though made of stronger stuff, it is evident that at this time Lincoln's sufferings were no less violent than hers.

With women, in general, Lincoln was extremely shy. His friend Ellis attributes this attitude to the consciousness of his ungainly appearance and the conspicuous shabbiness of his habitual apparel.

"On one occasion," writes this same Ellis, "there stopped at our tavern a lady, her son, and three stylish daughters." They were Virginians, whom a chance of travel had detained for a season at the modest hostelry which was then Lincoln's home. During their stay he

never appeared at the table; his mauvaise honte leading him to prefer the eating of his bread and cheese under a neighboring tree, or on the counter of the village shop.

At no time did Lincoln rise to greater heights of oratory than when defending some wronged woman. It was upon one of his trips down the Mississippi that the sight of a slave-girl exposed in the marketplace, and made to go through her paces like a mare at an auction, shot through him that thrill of divine horror which became the unconscious lodestar of his destiny.

One of his finest flights of eloquence was reached on the occasion when defending the case of the widow of a soldier, who, defrauded of her meager means of subsistence, had hobbled one morning into his law office. "Time rolls on," he said, as he concluded his address in her behalf to the jury. "The heroes of '76 have passed away, and are encamped on the other shore. The soldier has gone to his rest. Crippled, blinded, broken, his widow comes to you and to me, gentlemen of the jury, to right her wrongs. She was not always thus; she was once beautiful as the morning; her step was as light, her face as fair, her voice as sweet as ever rung in the lanes of old Virginia. Now she is poor and defenseless. Shall we, too, cast her off?"

The court-room was in tears; the suit was won.

Again he awakens enthusiasm; he has his triumphs of vanity: from Mattoon to Charleston, all along the highway, in one of his campaigns, he is attended by a chariot, in which thirty-two young women represent the thirty-two stars of the Union; while a girl on horseback bears aloft a banner inscribed: "Kansas; I will be free!"

The muses, too, sing for him: the chariot flaunts the legend:

"Westward the star of empire takes its way:
The girls link on to Lincoln as their mothers did to
Clay."

On the subject of woman's suffrage Lincoln had broad views. All such questions, he observed, might find lodgment in the most enlightened souls. . . . In God's own time they might be organized into law, and thus woven into the

fabric of our institutions. He had faith in the sagacity of women, in their quick reading of motive and of physiognomy, and thus believed in their efficiency to meet and face the problems of political dilemma.

That Lincoln's constitutional melancholy deepened at times into a form of acute melancholia is positive. Thus only can we explain the fateful hallucinations which so overpowered him on the day fixed for his marriage, as to drive him to absent himself at the hour when every consideration of manliness should, at all costs, have brought him to the tryst. We can but touch upon an event which his future sacrifice belied. It lies within the province of pathology.

There are those who insist that revenge alone prompted the handsome and high-spirited girl, whom he had so grievously wounded in her pride, her heart, and her vanity, to hold him later to the letter of his contract,—to rivet her claim at the cost of her own dignity. But if strategy is not a salient trait in American character, it seems to us to have been essentially left out of his impulsive fiancée's composition. In the close scrutiny of facts such a surmise seems improbable. There was little room in Mary Todd's excitable, undisciplined temper for so cool and calculated a plan. Far more probable does it seem to us that an overmastering affection, repudiated, but finally triumphant, drove her into the arms of the man who had so deeply offended. And in those frenzied ebullitions which tormented his and her best years, darkening at last a mind unbalanced, may there not have lurked a germ of passionate love,—of a love which Lincoln's fidelity, angelic gentleness, stanch loyalty, could never calm? Love alone can satisfy love. It is not always the most quiet fireside which is the most loving.

Superior to him in the accidents of birth and education, surrounded by more influential and prosperous admirers, it seems to us that Miss Todd might well have afforded to snap her fingers at the small world of Springfield gossipers. Yet she clung to her strange suitor, and, at last, "pale and trembling, as if driven to the slaughter, he was led to the altar."

Lincoln was not sensual. His eye was perhaps too piercing, his sense of humor

too pronounced, for him to fall an easy prey to the wiles of intriguing women. It is recorded of him that an attractive and alluring lady, much bedecked and armed with flatteries, called once upon him at the White House, and asked a favor for a relative. Lincoln listened gravely to her plea. When she had finished he handed her a card, upon which he had scribbled a few words to the Secretary of War: "This woman, dear Stanton," he wrote, "is a little smarter than she looks to be." She had gone too far in her rôle of siren; thus had she failed.

The same day, with a stroke of the pen and a quiet nod of sympathy, he acquiesced in the demands of a plain and humble solicitor, who had told her straightforward story without hypocrisy and without blandishment. So he sifted souls.

He sifted souls, as he did wit,—wit which he adored,—and which he would pick out as a pure jewel from the offal which oftentimes pollutes it. Exalted in purity, poetic in temperament, extremely reserved, there are those who marvel that he could laugh at, and,—shall we say it?—even tell a vulgar story. But he smiled only at the sharp ring of the true metal under the dross. All else fell from him. He delved after the truth, and gave it.

No man could better guard his deep designs and hidden purposes by veiling them in pleasantries, which, to the superficial, always seem frivolous. In this, at least, he was not simple. His outward modesty concealed the self-reliance, self-appreciation, and healthful ambition of true greatness.

"The best man that ever lived!" writes Mrs. Lincoln of him, after his death, adding, that she loved him with "idolatry." Who knows if this was not the secret sting of her storm-tossed and restless life?

Once a woman knelt to him in gratitude. "Get up!" he said, flushing, embarrassed. "Don't kneel to me, but thank God and go." He had pardoned one whom she loved. He turned to a friend: "Say of me that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would thrive." These bloom to-day, a fragrant blossoming, forever fresh, upon that patient, valiant, and unhappy heart.

Was Lincoln's, then, when all is told, a fascinating personality? We think that it was—profoundly so. For the baffling contradictions which make up a character at once so impressive and so human, must, while they confute analysis, hold an element of potent conquering and undying charm.





A FEEL IN THE CHRIS'MAS AIR.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THEY's a kind o' *feel* in the air, to me,
 When the Chris'mas times sets in,
 That's about as much of a mystery
 As ever I've run ag'in!—
 Fer instance, now, whilse I gain in weight
 And ginerall health, I swear
 They's a *goneness* somers I can't quite state—
 A kind o' *feel* in the air.

They's a feel in the Chris'mas air goes right
 To the spot where a man *lives* at!—
 It gives a feller a' appetite—
 They ain't no doubt about *that*!—
 And yit they's *somepin'*—I don't know what—
 That follers me, here and there,
 And ha'nts and worries and spares me not—
 A kind o' *feel* in the air!



They's a *feel*, as I say, in the air that's jest
 As blame-don sad as sweet!—
 In the same ra-sho as I feel the best
 And am spryest on my feet,
 They's allus a kind o' sort of a' *ache*
 That I can't lo-cate no-where;—
 Bu it comes with *Chris'mas*, and no mistake!—
 A kind o' *feel* in the air.

Is it the racket the childern raise?
 W'y, *no*!—God bless 'em!—*no*!
 Is it the eyes and the cheeks ablaze—
 Like my own wuz, long ago?—
 Is it the bleat o' the whistle and beat
 O' the little toy-drum and blare
 O' the horn?—*No*! *no*!—It is jest the sweet—
 The sad-sweet *feel* in the air.

Drawn by E. W. Kemble.

AN ERROR IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.



BEFORE he was thirty, he had discovered that there was no one to play with him. Though the wealth of three toilsome generations stood to his account; though his tastes in the matter of books, bindings, rugs, swords, bronzes, lacquer, pictures, plate, statuary, horses, conservatories, and agriculture, were educated and catholic, the public opinion of his country wanted to know why he did not go to his office daily, as his father had before him.

So he fled, and they howled behind him that he was an unpatriotic Anglomaniac, born to consume fruits; one totally lacking in public spirit. He wore an eye-glass; he had built a wall round his country house, with a high gate that shut, instead of inviting America to sit on his flower-beds; he ordered his clothes from England, and the press of the land cursed him from his eye-glass to his trousers for two consecutive days.

When he rose to light again, it was where nothing short of the tents of an invading army in Piccadilly makes any difference to anybody. If he had money and leisure, England stood ready to give him all that money and leisure could buy. That price paid, she would ask no questions. He took his check-book and accumulated things—warily at first, for he remembered that in America things owned the man. To his delight, he discovered that in England he could put his belongings under his feet, for classes, ranks, and denominations of people rose, as it were, from the earth, and silently and discreetly took charge of his possessions. They had been born and bred for that sole purpose—servants of the check-book. When that was at an end they would depart as mysteriously as they had come.

The impenetrability of this regulated life irritated him, and he strove to learn something of his people. He retired baffled, to be trained by his menials. In America, the native demoralizes the Eng-

lish servant. In England, the servant educates the master. Wilton Sargent strove to learn, as ardently as his father had striven to wreck, before capture, the railways of his native land; and it must have been some touch of the old bandit railway blood that made him buy for a song, Holt Hangars, whose forty-acre lawn, as every one knows, sweeps down in velvet to the quadruple tracks of the Great Buchonian railway. Their trains flew by almost continuously, with a bee-like drone in the day and a flutter of strong wings at night. The son of Merton Sargent had good right to be interested in them. He owned controlling interests in several thousand miles of tracks, built on an altogether different plan, where locomotives eternally whistled for grade-crossings, and bogie-trucks supporting parlor-cars of fabulous expense and unrestful design skated round curves that the Great Buchonian would have condemned as unsafe in a construction line. From the edge of his lawn he could trace the chaired metals falling away, rigid as a bowstring, into the valley of the Prest, studded with the long perspective of the block-signals, buttressed with stone and carried high above all possible risks on a forty-foot embankment.

Left to himself, he would have builded a private car and kept it at the nearest railway station, Amberley Royal, five miles away. But those into whose hands he had committed himself for his English training had little knowledge of railways and less of private cars. The one they knew as something that existed in the scheme of things for their convenience. The other they held "distinctly American;" and with the versatility of his race, Wilton Sargent had set out to be just a little more English than the English.

He succeeded to admiration. He learned not to redecorate Holt Hangars; to leave his guests alone; to refrain from superfluous introductions; to abandon manners of which he had great store, and to hold fast by manner which can be acquired after labor. He learned to let other people, hired for the purpose, attend

to the duties for which they were paid. He learned—this he got from a ditcher on the estate—that every man with whom he came in contact had his position in the fabric of the state, which position he, Wilton, would do well to consult. Last mystery of all, he learned to golf—well: and when an American knows the innermost meaning of “Don’t press, slow back, and keep your eye on the ball,” he is, for practical purposes, denationalized.

His other education proceeded on the pleasantest lines. Was he interested in any conceivable thing in heaven above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth? Forthwith appeared at his table, guided by those safe hands into which he had fallen, the one man who had said, done, written, explored, excavated, built, launched, created, or studied, that one thing—herders of books and prints in the British Museum; specialists in scarabs, cartouches, and dynasties Egyptian; rovers and raiders from the heart of unknown lands; toxicologists; orchid hunters; monographers on flint implements, carpets, prehistoric man, or early renaissance music. They came, and they played with him. They asked no questions; they cared not so much as a pin who or what he was. They demanded only that he should be able to talk and listen courteously. Their work was done elsewhere and out of his sight.

There were also women.

“Never,” said Wilton Sargent to himself, “has an American seen England as I’m seeing it;” and he thought, blushing beneath the bedclothes, of the unregenerate and blatant days when he would steam to office, down the Hudson, in his twelve hundred ocean-going steam yacht, and arrive, by gradations, at Bleeker street, hanging on to an elevated strap between an Irish washerwoman and a German anarchist. If any of his guests had seen him, they would have said: “How distinctly American;” and—Wilton did not care for that tone. He had schooled himself to an English walk, and, so long as he did not raise it, an English voice. He did not gesticulate with his hands; he sat down on most of his enthusiasms, but he could not rid himself of the Shibboleth. He would ask for the Worcestershire sauce, and even Howard, his immaculate butler, could not break him of this.

It was decreed that he should complete his education in a wild and wonderful manner, and, further, that I should be in at that death. Wilton had more than once asked me to Holt Hangars, for the purpose of showing how well the new life fitted him, and each time I had declared it creaseless.

His third invitation was more informal than the others, and he hinted of some matter in which he was anxious for my sympathy or counsel, or both. There is room for an infinity of mistakes when a man begins to take liberties with his nationality, and I went down expecting things. A seven-foot dog-cart and a groom in the black Holt Hangars livery met me at Amberley Royal. I was received by a person of elegance and true reserve, and piloted to my luxurious chamber. There were no other guests in the house and this set me thinking.

Wilton came into my room about half an hour before dinner, and though his face was masked with a drop-curtain of highly embroidered indifference, I could see that he was not at ease. In time, for he was then almost as difficult to move as an Englishman, I extracted the tale. It seemed that Hackman of the British Museum had been staying with him about ten days before, boasting of scarabs. Hackman has a way of carrying really priceless antiquities on his tie-ring and in his trouser pockets. Apparently, he had intercepted something on its way to the Boulak Museum which, he said, was “a genuine Amen-Hotep—a queen’s scarab of the Fourth Dynasty.” Now Wilton had bought from Cassavetti, whose reputation is not above suspicion, a scarab of much the same scarabeousness, and had left it in his chambers in town. Hackman at a venture, but knowing Cassavetti, pronounced it an imposition. They grew heated, and Wilton found it necessary for his soul’s satisfaction to go up to town, then and there—a forty-mile run—and bring back the scarab before dinner. It was at this point that he began to cut corners with disastrous results. Amberley Royal station being five miles away, and the putting in of horses a matter of time, Wilton had told Howard, the immaculate butler, to signal the next train to stop; and Howard, who was more of a man of resource than his master gave

him credit for, had, with the red flag of the ninth hole of the links which crossed the bottom of the lawn, signaled vehemently to the first down train and it had stopped. Here Wilton's account became confused. He attempted, it seems, to get into that highly indignant express and a guard restrained him with more or less force—hauled him, in fact, backwards from the window of a locked carriage. Wilton must have struck the gravel with some vehemence, for the consequences, he admitted, were a free fight on the track, in which he lost his hat, and was at last dragged into the guard's van and set down breathless.

He had pressed money upon the man and very foolishly had explained everything but his name. This he clung to, for he had a vision of scare head-lines in the New York papers, and well knew no son of Merton Sargent could expect mercy that side the water. The guard had, to Wilton's amazement, refused the money on the grounds that this was a matter for the company to attend to. Wilton insisted on his incognito and, therefore, found two policemen waiting for him at St. Botolph terminus. When he expressed a wish to buy a new hat and telegraph to his friends, both policemen with one voice warned him that whatever he said would be used as evidence against him; and this had impressed Wilton tremendously.

"They were so infernally polite," he said. "If they had clubbed me I wouldn't have cared; but it was: 'Step this way, sir;' and, 'up those stairs, please, sir,' till they jailed me—jailed me like a common drunk, and I had to stay in a filthy, little cubby-hole of a cell all night."

"That comes of not giving your name and not wiring your lawyer," I replied. "What did you get?"

"Forty shillings, or a month," said Wilton promptly,—"next morning bright and early. They were working us off, three a minute, like hogs at Chicago. A girl in a pink hat—she was brought in at three in the morning—got ten days. I suppose I was lucky. I must have knocked his senses out of the guard. He told the old duck on the bench that I had told him I was a sergeant in the army and that I was gathering beetles on the track—made me look like a fool. That comes of trying to explain."

"And you?"

"Oh, I said nothing. I wanted to get out as soon as I could, and I paid my fine and bought a new hat and came up here before noon next morning. There were a lot of people in the house, and I told 'em I'd been unavoidably detained; and then they began to recollect engagements elsewhere. Hackman must have seen the fight on the track and made a story of it. I suppose they thought it was distinctly American—confound 'em! It's the only time in my life that I've ever flagged a train, and I wouldn't have done it but for that scarab. 'T wouldn't hurt their old trains to be held up once in a while."

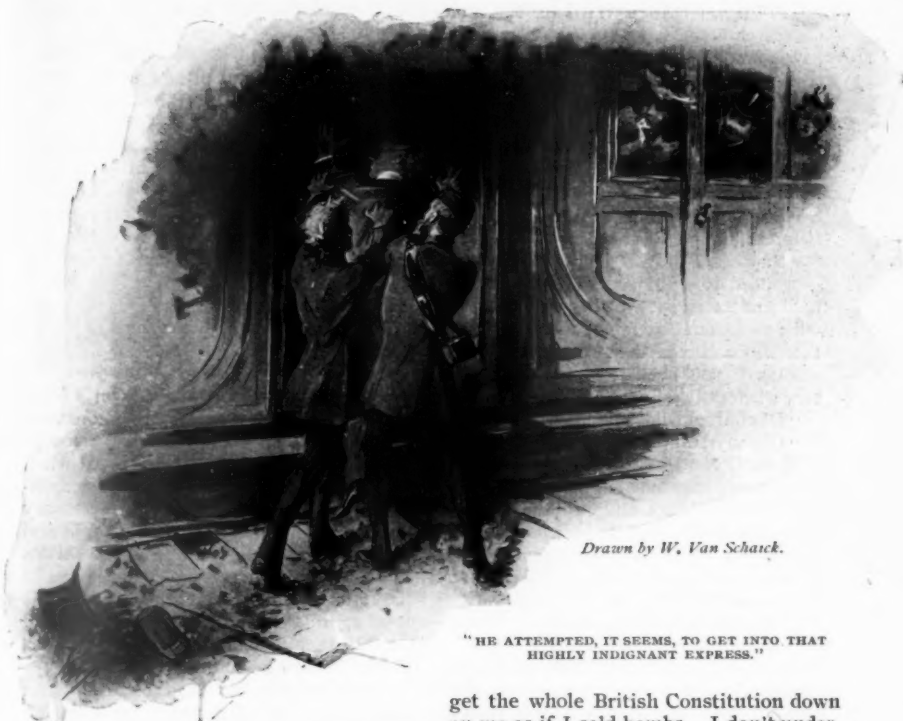
"Well, it's all over now, I said, choking a little. And your name didn't get into the papers. It is rather Transatlantic when you come to think of it."

"Over!" Wilton grunted savagely. "It's only just begun. That trouble with the guard, was just common, ordinary assault—merely a little criminal business. The flagging of the train is Civil, and means something quite different. They're after me for that now."

"Who?"

"The Great Buchonian. There was a man in court watching the case on behalf of the company. I gave him my name in a quiet corner before I bought my hat, and—come to dinner now. I'll show you the results afterwards."

The telling of his wrongs had worked Wilton Sargent into a very fine temper—vulgarily called a wax; and I do not think that my conversation soothed him. In the course of the dinner I dwelt with loving insistence on certain smells and sounds of New York which go straight to the heart of the native in foreign parts, and Wilton began to ask many questions about his associates aforetime—men of the New York Yacht club, Storm King, or the Restigouche, owners of rivers, ranches, and shipping in their playtime, lords of railways, kerosene, wheat, and cattle in their offices. When the green mint came, I gave him a peculiarly oily and atrocious cigar, which they sell in the tessellated, electric-lighted, with expensive-pictures-of-the-nude-adorned bar of the Pandemonium, and Wilton chewed the end for several minutes ere he lit it. The butler left us alone, and the chimney of the oak-paneled dining-room began to smoke.



Drawn by W. Van Schaick.

"HE ATTEMPTED, IT SEEMS, TO GET INTO THAT
HIGHLY INDIGNANT EXPRESS."

"That's another!" said he, poking the fire savagely, and I knew what he meant. One cannot put steam-heat to houses built for Queen Elizabeth to sleep in. The steady beat of a night-mail whirling down the valley, recalled me to business. "What about the Great Buchonian?" I said.

"Come into my study. That's all—as yet."

It was a pile of seidlitz-powders-colored correspondence, perhaps nine inches high, and it looked very businesslike.

"You can go through it," said Wilton. "Isn't it idiotic? Now I could take a chair and a red flag and go into Hyde Park and say the most atrocious things about your Queen, and preach anarchy and all that y'know, till I was hoarse, and no one would take any notice. The police—damn 'em!—would protect me if I got into trouble. But for a little thing like flagging a dirty little sawed-off of a train, running through my own grounds, too, I

get the whole British Constitution down on me as if I sold bombs. I don't understand it."

"No more does the Great Buchonian—apparently." I was turning over the letters. "Here's the traffic superintendent writing that it's utterly incomprehensible that any man should . . . Good heavens, Wilton, you *have* done it!" I giggled, as I read on.

"What's funny now?" said my host.

"It seems that you, or Howard for you, stopped the three-forty Northern down."

"I ought to know that! They all had a shy at me, from the engine-driver up."

"But it's *the* three-forty—the Induna—surely you've heard of the Great Buchonian's Induna!"

"How the deuce am I to know one train from another? They come along about every two minutes."

"Quite so. But this happens to be the Induna—the one train of the whole line. She's timed for fifty-seven miles an hour. She was put on early in the sixties and she has never been stopped—"

"I know! Since William the Conqueror came over, and King Charles hid in her smoke-stack. You're as bad as the rest of these Britishers. If she's been run all that while, it's time she was flagged once or twice."

The American was beginning to ooze out all over Wilton, and his small-boned hands were moving restlessly.

"Suppose you flagged the Empire State Express, or the Western Cyclone?"

"Suppose I did. I know Otis Harvey—or used to. I'd send him a wire and he'd understand it was a ground-hog case with me. That's exactly what I told this British fossil company here."

"Have you been answering their letters without legal advice then?"

"Of course, I have."

"Oh, my sainted country! Go ahead, Wilton."

"I wrote 'em that I'd be very happy to see their president and explain to him in three words all about it; but that wouldn't do. Seems their president must be a god. He was too busy, and—well, you can read for yourself—they wanted explanations. The station-master at Amberley Royal—and he just grovels before me, as a rule—wanted an explanation, and quick, too. The head sachen at St. Botolph's wanted three or four, and the lord high Mukkamuk that oils the locomotives, wanted one every five day. I told 'em—I've told 'em about fifty times—I stopped their holy and sacred train because I wanted to board her. Did they think I wanted to feel her pulse?"

"You didn't say that?"

"Feel her pulse?" Of course not."

"No. 'Board her.'"

"What else could I say?"

"My dear Wilton, what *is* the use of Mrs. Sherborne, and the Clays, and all that lot working over you for four years to make an Englishman out of you, if the very first time you're rattled you go back to the vernacular?"

"I'm through with Mrs. Sherborne and the rest of the crowd. America's good enough for me. What ought I to have said? 'Please,' or 'thanks awf'ly,' or how?"

There was no chance now of mistaking the man's nationality. Speech, gesture, and step so carefully drilled into him had gone away with the borrowed mask of in-



difference. It was a lawful son of the Youngest People, whose predecessors were the Red Indian. His voice had risen to the high, throaty crow of his breed when they labor under excitement. His close-set eyes showed by turns unnecessary fear, annoyance beyond reason, rapid and purposeless flights of thought, the child's lust for immediate revenge, and the child's pathetic bewilderment, who knocks his head against the bad, wicked table. And on the other side, stood the company, as unable as Wilton to understand.

"And I could buy their old line three times over," he muttered, playing with a paper-knife and moving restlessly to and fro.

"You didn't tell 'em *that*, I hope!"

There was no answer; but as I went through the letters, I felt that Wilton must have told them many surprising things. The Great Buchonian had first asked for an explanation of the stoppage of their Induna, and had found a certain levity in the explanation tendered. It then advised "Mr. W. Sargent" to refer his solicitor to their solicitor, or whatever the legal phrase is.

"And you didn't?" I said, looking up.

"No. They were treating me exactly as if I had been a kid playing on the cable-tracks. There was not the *least* necessity for any solicitor. Five minutes' quiet talk would have settled everything."

I returned to the correspondence. The Great Buchonian regretted that, owing to pressure of business, none of their directors could accept Mr. W. Sargent's invitation to run down and discuss the dif-

ficulty. The Great Buchonian was careful to point out that no animus underlay their action, nor was money their object. Their duty was to protect the interests of their line, and these interests could not be protected if a precedent were established whereby any of the Queen's subjects could stop a train in mid-career. Again (this was another branch of the correspondence; not more than five heads of departments being concerned), the company admitted that there was some reasonable doubt as to the duties of express trains in all crises, and the matter was open to settlement by process of law till an authoritative ruling was obtained—from the House of Lords if necessary.

"That broke me all up," said Wilton, who was reading over my shoulder. "I knew I'd struck the British Constitution at last. The House of Lords—my Lord! And, anyway, I'm not one of the Queen's subjects."

"Why, I had a notion that you'd gone and got yourself naturalized."

Wilton blushed hotly, as he explained that very many things must happen to the British Constitution ere he took out his papers.

"How does it all strike you?" he said. "Isn't the Great Buchonian crazy?"

"I don't know. You've done something that no one ever thought of doing before, and the company don't know what to make of it. I see they offer to send down their solicitor and another official of the company to talk things over informally. Then here's another letter suggesting that you put up a fourteen-foot wall, crowned with bottle-glass, at the bottom of the garden."

"Talk of British insolence! The man who recommends *that* (he's another bloated functionary) says: 'I shall derive great pleasure from watching the wall going up day by day! Did you ever dream of gall to match that? I've offered 'em money enough to buy a new set of cars and pension the driver for three generations; but that doesn't seem to be what they want. They expect me to go to the House of Lords and get a ruling and build twenty-

foot walls between times. Are they *all* stark, raving mad? One 'ud think I made a profession of flagging trains. How in Tophet was I to know their old Induna from a way-train? I took the first that came along, and I've been jailed and fined for that once already."

"That was for slugging the guard."

"He had no right to haul me out when I was half-way through a window."

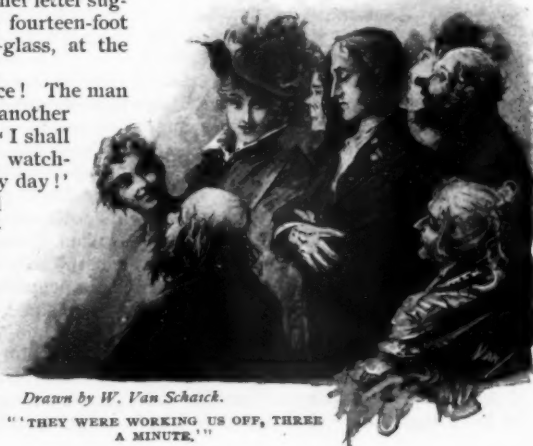
"What are you going to do after all?"

"Their lawyer and the other official (can't they trust their men unless they send 'em in pairs?) are coming here to-night. I told 'em I was busy, as a rule, till after dinner, but they might send along the entire directorate if it eased 'em any."

Now after-dinner visiting, for business or pleasure, is the custom of the smaller American town and not that of England, where the end of the day is sacred to the owner, not the public. Indeed, Wilton Sargent had hoisted the red flag of rebellion!

"Isn't it time that the humor of the situation began to strike you, Wilton?" I asked.

"Where's the humor of baiting an American citizen just because he happens to be a millionaire—poor devil." He was silent for a little time and then went on: "Of course. *Now* I see!" He spun round and faced me excitedly. "It's as plain as mud. These ducks are laying their pipes to skin me."



Drawn by W. Van Schaick.

"THEY WERE WORKING US OFF, THREE A MINUTE."

"They say explicitly they don't want money!"

"That's all a blind. So's their addressing me as W. Sargent. They know well enough who I am. They know I'm the old man's son. Why didn't I think of that before?"

"One minute, Wilton. If you climbed to the top of the dome of St. Paul's and offered a reward to any Englishman who could tell you who or what Merton Sargent had been, there wouldn't be twenty men in all London to claim it."

"That's their insular provincialism then. I don't care a cent. The old man would have wrecked the Great Buchonian before breakfast for a pipe-opener. My God, I'll do it in dead earnest! I'll show 'em that they can't bulldoze a foreigner for flagging one of their little tin-pot trains, and—I've spent fifty thousand a year here, at least, for the last four years."

I let the steam blow off without interruption. He had committed himself by many oaths to a scheme of revenge which he might follow through a course of years or lightly lay aside with to-morrow's sun. He came of the people to whom words have very little meaning and absolutely no weight; for why should a free man be shackled by the breath of his own mouth? None the less, it was curious to hear the strong and solemn English syllables flung down crackling like cards at the end of a losing game. In the height of his rage he confined himself strictly to English.

"And I shouldn't be surprised," he wound up, "if my lawyer and their lawyer weren't standing in on the deal."

I was glad I was not his lawyer. I re-read the correspondence, notably the letter which recommended him to build a fourteen-foot brick wall at the end of his garden, and half-way through it a thought struck me which filled me with pure joy.

The footman ushered in two men, frock-coated, gray trousered, smooth shaven, heavy of speech and gait. It was nearly nine o'clock, but they looked but newly come from a bath. I could not understand why the elder and taller of the pair glanced at me as though we had an understanding; nor why he shook hands with un-English warmth.

"This simplifies the situation," he said in an undertone, and as I stared, he said to his companion: "I fear I shall be of

very little service at present. Perhaps Mr. Folsom had better talk over the affair with Mr. Sargent."

"That is what I am here for," said Wilton.

The man of law smiled pleasantly, and said that he saw no reason why the difficulty should not be arranged in two minutes' quiet talk. His air, as he sat down opposite Wilton, was soothing to the last degree, and his companion drew me up-stage. The mystery was deepening, but I followed meekly, and heard Wilton say, with an uneasy laugh:

"I've had insomnia over this affair, Mr. Folsom. Let's settle it one way or the other, for heaven's sake!"

"Ah! Has he suffered much from this lately?" said my man.

"I really can't say," I replied.

"Then I suppose you have only lately taken charge here?"

"I came this evening. I am not exactly in charge of anything."

"I see. Merely to observe the course of events in case—". He nodded.

"Exactly." Observation, after all, is my trade.

He coughed slightly, and then came to business.

"Now, I am asking solely for information's sake, do you find the delusions persistent?"

"Which delusions?"

"They are variable then? That is distinctly curious, because—but do I understand that the *type* of the delusion varies? For example, Mr. Sargent believes that he can buy the Great Buchonian."

"Did he write you that?"

"On a half-sheet of note-paper. Now, has he by chance gone to the other extreme, and believed that he is in danger of becoming a pauper? The half-sheet of note-paper shows that some idea of that kind might have flashed through his mind, and the two delusions can co-exist, but it is not common; for, as you know, the delusion of vast wealth—the folly of grand-*eurs*, I believe the French call it—is, as a rule, persistent, to the exclusion of all others."

The vanity of man is inextinguishable. That Wilton Sargent's sanity should be doubted struck me as a delightful jest, but it was no joke that I, whose ambition it is to pass for a flaneur of irreproachable



Drawn by W. Van Schaick.

"HOW CHARACTERISTIC!" MURMURED THE LAWYER."

dress and deportment, the veriest and giddiest of butterflies, should have been mistaken for a doctor. But this has ever been my fate, except when I have been taken for a clergyman. I was wondering whether it would be wise to cut my hair short and wear tennis-flannels day and night for the future, when I heard Wilton's best English voice at the end of the study.

"My dear sir, I have explained twenty times already, I wanted to get that scarab in time for dinner. Suppose you had left an important legal document in a similar fashion?"

"That touch of cunning is very significant," my fellow-practitioner, since he insisted on it, muttered.

"I am very happy, of course, to meet you; but, if you had only sent your president down to dinner here, I could have settled the thing in half a minute. Why, I could have bought the Buchonian from him while your clerks were sending me this." Wilton dropped his hand heavily on the blue and white correspondence, and the lawyer started.

"But speaking frankly," the lawyer replied, "it is, if I may say so, perfectly inconceivable, even in the case of the most important legal documents, that any one

should stop the three-forty express—the Induna—Our Induna, my dear sir."

"Absolutely!" my companion echoed. "You notice, again, the persistent delusion of wealth. I was called in when he wrote us that. You can see it is utterly impossible for the company to continue to run their trains through the property of a man who might at any moment fancy himself divinely commissioned to stop all traffic. If he had only referred us to his lawyer—but, naturally, *that* he would not do, under the circumstances. Pity—great pity. He is so young. By the way, it is curious, is it not, to note the absolute conviction in the voice of those who are similarly afflicted,—heartrending, I might say,—and the inability to follow a chain of connected thought."

"I can't see what you want," Wilton was saying to the lawyer.

"It need not be more than fourteen feet high,—a really desirable structure, and it would be possible to grow pear-trees on the sunny side." The lawyer was speaking in an unprofessional voice. "There are few things pleasanter than to watch, so to say, one's one vine and fig-tree in full bearing. Consider the profit and amusement you would derive from it. If *you* could see your way to doing

this *we* could arrange all the details with your lawyer, and it is possible that the company might bear half the cost. I have put the matter, I trust, in a nutshell. If you, my dear sir, will interest yourself in building that wall, and will kindly give us the name of your lawyers, I dare assure you that you will hear no more from the Great Buchonian."

"But why am I to disfigure my lawn with a raw red brick wall—"

"Gray flint is extremely picturesque."

"Gray flint, then, if you put it that way. Why the dickens must I go building towers of Babylon just because I have held up one of your trains once?"

"The expression he used in his third letter was that he wished to board her," said my companion in my ear. "That was very curious,—a marine delusion, impinging, as it were, upon a terrestrial one. What a marvelous world he must move in, and will before the curtain falls. So young, too—so very young!"

"Well, if you want the plain English of it, I'm damned if I go wall-building to your orders. You can fight it all along the line into the House of Lords and out again, and get your rulings by the running foot if you like," said Wilton hotly. "Great heavens, man, I only did it once!"

"We have at present no guarantee that you may not do it again, and, with our traffic, we must, in justice to our passengers, demand some form of guarantee. It must not serve as a precedent. All this might have been saved if you had only referred us to your legal representative." The lawyer looked appealingly around the room. The deadlock was complete.

"Wilton," I asked, "may I try my hand now?"

"Anything you like," said Wilton. "It seems I can't talk English. I won't build any wall, though." He threw himself back in his chair.

"Gentlemen," I said, slowly and deliberately, for I perceived that the doctor's mind would turn slowly, "Mr. Sargent has very large interests in the chief railway systems of his own country."

"His own country?" said the lawyer.

"At that age?" said the doctor.

"Certainly. He inherited them from his father, Mr. Sargent, who is an American."

"And proud of it," said Wilton, as though he had been a United States Senator let loose on the Continent for the first time.

"My dear sir," said the lawyer, half rising, "why did you not acquaint the company with this fact—this vital fact—early in our correspondence? We should have understood. We should have made allowances."

"Allowances be damned. Am I a Hot-tentot or a lunatic?"

The two men looked guilty.

"If Mr. Sargent's friend had told us as much in the beginning," said the doctor very severely, "much might have been saved." Alas! I had made a life's enemy of that doctor.

"I hadn't a chance," I replied. "Now, of course, you can see that a man who owns several thousand miles of line, as Mr. Sargent does, would be apt to treat railways more casually than other people."

"Of course, of course. He is an American. That accounts. Still it *was* the Indiana; but I can quite understand that the customs of our cousins across the water differ in these particulars from ours. And do you always stop your trains in this way in the States, Mr. Sargent?"

"I should if occasion ever arose; but I've never had to yet. Are you going to make an international complication of the business?"

"You need give yourself no further concern whatever in the matter. We see that there is no likelihood of this action of yours establishing a precedent, which was the only thing we were afraid of. Now that you understand that we cannot reconcile our system to any sudden stoppages, we feel quite sure that —"

"I shan't be staying long enough to flag another train," Wilton said pensively.

"You are returning, then, to our fellow kinsmen across the—ah—big pond, you call it?"

"No, sir. The ocean—the North Atlantic Ocean. It's three thousand miles broad, and three miles deep in places. I wish it were ten thousand."

"I am not so fond of sea-travel myself; but I think it is every Englishman's duty once in his life to study the great branch of our Anglo-Saxon race across the ocean."

"If ever you come over and care to flag any train on my system, I'll—I'll see you through," said Wilton.

"Thank you,—ah, thank you. You're very kind. I'm sure I should enjoy myself immensely."

"We have overlooked the fact," the doctor whispered to me, "that your friend proposed to buy the Great Buchonian."

"He is worth anything from twenty to thirty million dollars—four to five million pounds," I answered, knowing that it would be hopeless to explain.

"Really! That is enormous wealth, but the Great Buchonian is not in the market."

"Perhaps he does not want to buy it, now."

"It would be impossible under any circumstances," said the doctor.

"How characteristic!" murmured the lawyer, reviewing matters in his mind. "I always understood from books that your countrymen were in a hurry. And so you would have gone forty miles to town and back—before dinner—to get a scarab? How intensely American! But you talk exactly like an Englishman, Mr. Sargent."

"That is a fault that can be remedied. There's only one question I'd like to ask you. You said it was inconceivable that any man should stop a train on your system?"

"And so it is. Absolutely inconceivable."

"Any sane man, that is?"

"That is what I meant, of course, I mean with excep—"

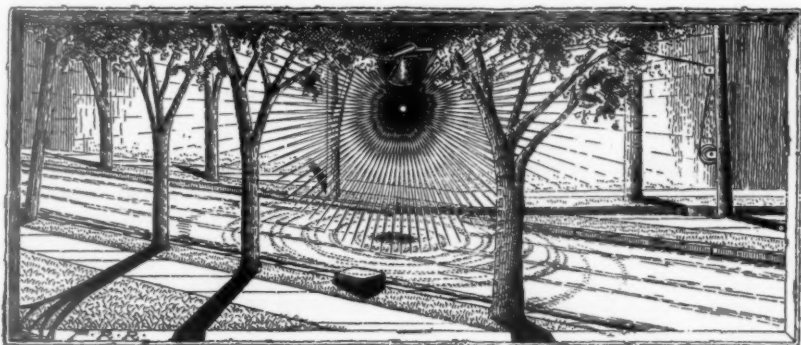
"Thank you."

The two men departed. Wilton checked himself as he was about to fill a pipe, took one of my cigars instead, and was silent for fifteen minutes.

Then said he: "Got a list of the Southampton sailings about you?"

* * *

Far away from the gray-stone wings, the dark cedars, the faultless gravel drives, and the mint-sauce lawns of Holt Hangars, runs a river, called the Hudson, whose banks are covered with the palaces of those wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice. Here, where the toot of the Haverstraw brick-barge-tug answers the howl of the locomotive on either shore, you shall find, with a complete installation of electric light, nickel-plated binnacles, and a calliope attachment to her steam-whistle, the twelve-hundred-ton ocean-going steam yacht, *Baraondah*, lying at her private pier to take to his office, at an average speed of seventeen knots an hour, and the barges can look out for themselves, Wilton Sargent, American.



FATHER JARDINE.

TRINITY CHURCH, ST. LOUIS.

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

AROUND his loins, when the last breath had gone
From the gaunt frame—and death's encroaching mist,
A veil betwixt earth left and heaven won,
Told naught of all it wist—

Close to the flesh, sore-lashed by waves of pain,
They found the iron girth that ate his side,
Its links worn bright: the cruel, secret chain,
They found it when he died.

Son of the Church, though worldlings spake her creed
And smiled askance, even in the altar fold,
This man, this piteous soul, believed indeed
With the stern faith of old.

Unquestioning aught, aye, in the eager West,
Surcharged with life that mocks the vague unknown,
His ligature of anguish unconfessed
He wore, alone—alone.

Alone? but trebly welded links of fate
More lives than one are bidden to endure,
Forged in a chain's indissoluble weight
Of agonies more sure.

His torture was self-torture; to his soul
No jest of time irrevocably brought
A woe more grim than underneath the stole
His gnawing cincture wrought.

Belike my garments, — yes, or thine, — conceal
The sorer wound, the pitiabler throe,
Not even the traitor Death shall quite reveal
For his rough mutes to know.

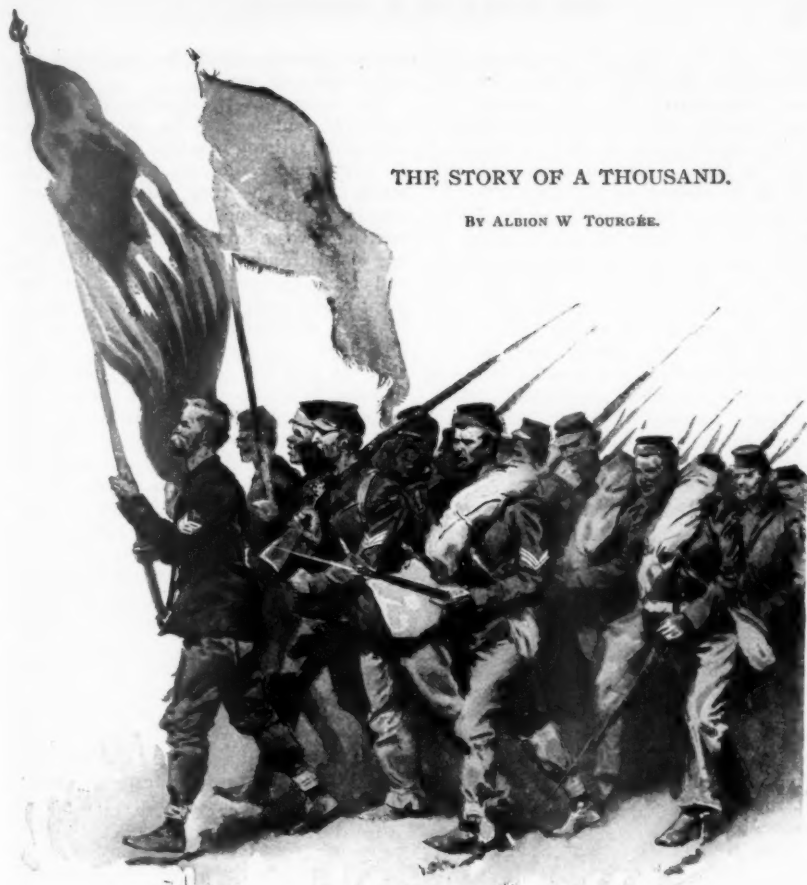
What the heart hungered for and was denied,
Still foiled with guerdons for a world to see
And envy it, — this furrows deep and wide
Its groove, in thee — in me.

Borne, always borne — what martyrdoms assoil
The laden soul from hostile chance and blind?
Nor time can loose the adamantine coil,
Nor Azrael unbind.

Redemption for the priest! but naught their gain
Who forfeit still the one thing asked of Earth,
Knowing all penance light beside this pain —
All pleasure, nothing worth.

THE STORY OF A THOUSAND.

BY ALBION W. TOURGÉE.



Drawn by Frederic Remington.

IV.

THE SWORD-BEARERS.

EVERY modern army is divided into two classes : commissioned officers and enlisted men. The former carry swords and direct ; the latter constitute the fighting strength. The regiment is the unit, and on its quality the value of its components will depend. This regimental character must always be determined in great measure by the fitness of its officers. They are the nerves by which the purpose of the commander is communicated to the mass ; and if they are deficient in spirit, knowledge, or determination, when it stands in the forefront of battle, those who place dependence on it

will be sure to suffer disappointment. The soldier looks to his officer, not merely for orders, but for example. Drill and discipline are only instrumentalities by which the efficiency of men and officers are alike enhanced. Drill merely familiarizes both with their respective functions ; the use of discipline is only to establish confidence between the enlisted man and his officer. If that confidence already exists, it requires very little drill to make the recruit a soldier ; if it has to be created, the habit of obedience must take the place of personal confidence.

Who were they to whom the destiny of the Thousand was committed ? In every case they were the product of the same conditions as the enlisted men, — field.

staff, and line were the neighbors and kinsmen of the rank and file. The colonel, born thirty-one years before in a little country village, had been educated in the public schools, had worked his way to some prominence at the bar, had been elected prosecuting attorney of his county, had gone west to Minnesota, half a score of years before its boom arrived, and had just returned to his old home when the first gun was fired on Fort Sumter. He raised a company for one of the earliest Ohio regiments, the Twenty-fourth, and had distinguished himself five months before in the bloody conflict at Shiloh. Short, compact, resolute, alert, and self-reliant, he possessed in a remarkable degree the qualities which would have secured distinction as a military commander had Fate not cut short his career. Within two months, he rose to the temporary command of a division, not by favor, but by the hap of battle, which, in a single hour, made him its senior officer. He never came to the command of the regiment again, but won deserved fame by his brilliant handling of the brigade of which it was a part. If he did not always win the love of those under his command, there was none who could withhold admiration for his soldierly qualities, or fail to feel a thrill of pride at the thought that he belonged, in a sense, to us.

The lieutenant-colonel, five years older than his superior officer, tall, slender, courteous, with flowing black beard and keen, flashing eye, was an ideal soldier of another type. The counting-room and the village store had been his college. He had left a desolate hearthstone a year before to give what he deemed a shattered life to the service of his country. Never had soldier a nobler ideal. A constant victim of pain, he never shirked a duty or spared himself exposure. Sometimes irascible in camp, he was a model of cheerfulness upon the march; nothing daunted him and no hardship was too great for him to endure. In battle his calmness approached the sublime. If the colonel dreamed of stars as he had good right to do, the lieutenant-colonel's aspiration never went beyond the eagle, which he, no doubt, hoped to wear, the joy of battle, the fame of brilliant achievement, and a

soldier's death—which he neglected no opportunity to win.

The major was twenty-six, of auburn hair, pleasant face, calm, earnest eyes, and quiet, retiring manner. He seemed, at first glance, hardly fitted for command. For a time, the Thousand thought him almost a supernumerary; but there was a firmness about the smiling mouth under the tawny mustache, and a flash that came sometimes into the great brown eyes that served well enough to check familiarity, and there was never any need to enforce obedience. It was thought that the colonel was sometimes inclined to be imperious with his second in command, but he was complacency itself to the sunny-faced major. Was it because that officer was close akin to the governor of the state, whose favor was not a thing to be despised by one ambitious of promotion? Let us not inquire too closely.

The Thousand was composed of men not overburdened with regard for rank. The life from which they came was that stronger phase of New England life found at the West, which retains, perhaps in an aggravated form, the peculiar New England quality of a jealous self-esteem. They obeyed with readiness, because that was a soldier's duty, and treated their officers with respect, because they respected themselves. The quiet major grew in their regard upon a basis of mutual esteem, which was not at all abated when he had held the command longer than both of his superiors. He had no special liking for military life, no desire for promotion, no thirst for glory, no hope for ulterior advantage. Without political aspiration, endowed with sufficient earthly possessions, he simply did his duty because it was his duty, and regarded the Thousand the less honored by his leadership than he by the confidence they bestowed. He had no lack of self-respect, but his orders took as often the tone of request as of command.

Three better types of the citizen soldier it would be hard to find in any army.

The subalterns were simply fair samples of the life from which the regiment was drawn. Of the ten captains, one was a professor in an academy, one a minister, two were students, one was a mining superintendent, three or four had been en-

gaged in mercantile pursuits. They were mostly men approaching middle life, their average age being thirty-three years. Of these only one remained with the regiment until the close of the war—Capt. Charles D. Edwards, of Company A, afterwards major, lieutenant-colonel, and brevet-colonel when mustered out. Two were killed, one died, four resigned, and two were dismissed.

The twenty lieutenants were of the average age of twenty-five years. They were nearly all students or clerks. Six of them were college graduates, or college

The man in the ranks had almost as much pride in his friend who carried a sword as if the emblem of rank had been his own. Perhaps he was his brother or his cousin. Not unfrequently the orderly sergeant messed with the commissioned officers. Why should he not? In education, wealth, and all that society counts essential to gentility, save the accident of temporary rank, he was often their equal; sometimes their superior. Even in rank, he was likely at any time to rise to their level. Of the line and staff officers mustered out with the regiment at the close



Drawn by Frederic Remington.

MILITARY USES OF A FENCE.

students. Seven were mustered out as captains, four died during the service, eight resigned, one was dismissed.

The men these officers commanded had been their neighbors, schoolmates, friends. No wall of exclusion separated them; rank made little difference in their relations. They found it not difficult to command, for the only deference they exacted was the formal one their position required. Save in a few instances, they directed rather than ordered. The enlisted man sought his officer's tent for counsel as freely almost as his comrade's. On the march, they chatted familiarly as they had done at home. The friendships that had existed remained unbroken,

of the war, all but eight had been mustered in as enlisted men.

Few of the officers found it necessary to resort to exclusiveness or punishment to secure the respect of those under their command, and in those cases respect did not always accompany obedience. Obedience, indeed, became habitual, but it was the willing obedience of the intelligent man, not the slavish submission of an inferior based on fear of punishment. Because of this, the Thousand became noted for the parental character of its discipline. It had an enviable reputation for good order and prompt obedience, but was especially distinguished for the mildness and infrequency of its punishments.

From the point of view of the regular army officer, all this was horribly bad form; but the theory of discipline which prevails in our regular army is purely monarchical and aristocratic. Despite the many gallant and noble officers it contains, it is in theory and in practice a disgrace to the republic. When the ranks shall be made the only door to West Point, and every soldier shall have an open field for preferment, it will become the most efficient army in the world; then desertions will cease and the expense of recruiting be avoided, since the best young men of the nation will seek the army as a desirable career. It is a change that is sure to come, since it is dictated by every patriotic consideration. The country cannot afford either to rear aristocrats or to deprive the men in the ranks of the soldier's just reward—the right to wear a sword when he has fitted himself for the duties of command.

Neither the officers nor men of the Thousand were saints; but they were fellow-soldiers, as they had been fellow-citizens, and, in the main, self-respecting soldiers, as they had been self-respecting citizens.

THE THEATER OF WAR.

The theater of war was of almost unprecedented extent, and altogether unique in character. Roughly designated, it may be said to have been bounded by the Potomac, Ohio, and Missouri rivers on the north, and by the Atlantic and Gulf coast upon the east and south. It was divided by the Mississippi. That portion lying east of the great river was marked by certain peculiar combinations of natural conformation and artificial roadway, which were at every stage of the conflict of prime importance, and, in the main, determinative of the strategy of both armies.

Its most important physical feature was a rugged mountain region roughly triangular in form, its base extending from Harper's Ferry, on the Potomac, westward to the neighborhood of Portsmouth, on the Ohio river, and its apex resting at Stevenson, in Alabama. The northern and western sides of this triangle are each about three hundred miles in length, and its southeastern side, more

than five hundred miles. This rugged mountain region embraces nearly all of West Virginia, the western portions of Virginia, North and South Carolina, the northwestern part of Georgia, and Eastern Tennessee and Kentucky. It is composed of a great number of elongated peaks or overlapping ranges, having a general trend from northeast towards the southwest. These are divided into two general groups, separated from each other by a depression, which extends longitudinally from Lynchburg, Virginia, to Stevenson, Alabama.

The northern part of this depression constitutes the bed into which are gathered the tributaries of the James river, flowing eastward through the passes of the Blue Ridge. Almost interlacing with these are the headwaters of the Clinch and Holston rivers, which, uniting, form the Tennessee, which, flowing to the southwestward, bursts through the mountain barrier in the northeastern part of Alabama, where it whimsically abandons its southwestern course, which, continued would lead to the Gulf of Mexico, three hundred miles away, and lazily and uncertainly pursuing the arc of a great circle, falls into the Ohio at Paducah, almost as far to the northward.

This great longitudinal depression divides, not very unequally, this vast mountain region into two parts, each with an eastern and western declivity, both laterally pierced by innumerable narrow and tortuous valleys, lying between irregular and precipitous mountain walls. The eastern portion is termed, indifferently, the Blue Ridge or Alleghany mountains. The western range is called, collectively, the Cumberland mountains, and in its lower part the Cumberland plateau. The eastern range was at that time practically impassable for an armed force throughout its whole extent, from the passes where the James breaks forth in the rear of Lynchburg, Virginia, to the tortuous defiles through which the railroad steals from Chattanooga to Atlanta. The western side of this double-ended trough is pierced with some half dozen intricate and difficult passes, only one of which, known as Cumberland Gap, lying a hundred and eighty miles almost due south from Cincinnati, was supposed at the outbreak of the war to afford a really

feasible route to the valley of the Holston, or East Tennessee. The struggle developed the fact that at least three others were actually available, while the elevated plateau into which the lower part of the Cumberland range expands, was cut by numerous difficult but practicable defiles, between the head of the Sequatchie valley and the debouchment of the Tennessee river. The whole region is sometimes denominated the Appalachian mountains.

Along this median depression which separates the Blue Ridge from the Cumberland range, ran a railroad linking Richmond, the seat of Confederate power, with the southwestern states of Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas. Along the eastern slope of the Alleghanies ran also, other lines of railroad, connecting Richmond with Atlanta and the southeastern states of the Confederacy. The strategic effect of this conformation in conjunction with these railway lines was, first, to make the three northeastern states of the Confederacy unassailable from the northwest, except through the northern outlet of the valley of East Tennessee, in the rear of Lynchburg, or around the southern end of this impervious rocky chain, along the railroad leading from Chattanooga to Atlanta. Because of this, the Confederate forces in Virginia, North and South Carolina had no need to guard against attack from the rear, but could concentrate their whole strength against the enemy in front.

In the second place, this depression with the railroad running through it, served as a covered way by which the forces of the Confederacy might be quickly and safely concentrated on any part of their line which chanced to be threatened and returned before the enemy could take advantage of their absence. It was on these lines, running through Vicksburg, Corinth, Murfreesborough, Chattanooga, Atlanta, and Knoxville, and uniting in the field of operations of the army of North-



Drawn by Frederic Remington.

COMPARING NOTES.

ern Virginia, that nearly all the great battles of the war were fought.

This double-walled, impregnable rampart, extending three hundred miles southward from the Ohio, and five hundred miles southwestward from the Potomac, of necessity greatly enhanced the defensive capacity of the Confederacy. One has only to imagine the Appalachian mountains removed so as to permit access at almost any point on this long line, to realize how easily an army moving through West Virginia or Kentucky might, in connection with an attack in front, have compelled the evacuation of Richmond.

As things were, however, an army operating from the Ohio river as a base, had open to it three lines of approach to the Confederate territory: (1) through the gaps of the Cumberland range into East Tennessee; (2) along the line of the Louisville and Nashville railway to Stevenson or Chattanooga, thereby turning the southern end of the Appalachian mountains; or, (3) along the course of the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers to the same strategic line.

At the outbreak of the struggle, the Confederates seized and held the southern portion of Kentucky, the center of the army of occupation being at Munford-

ville and Bowling Green; its right at Cumberland Ford and Barbourville, under General Zollicoffer, covering the road to Cumberland Gap; and its left at Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland river, which, with Fort Henry, twelve miles away on the Tennessee, was heavily garrisoned and relied upon to hold those rivers against both the Union land and naval forces. These positions were admirable for defense, and equally admirable for an attack by the Confederate center. It was natural, therefore, that the Federal commander in Kentucky, Gen. Robert Anderson, and his successor, Gen. W. T. Sherman, should be apprehensive of such an attack, and desirous of strengthening his own center at Louisville. This policy was continued by General Buell, who was assigned to the command of the Army of the Ohio, embracing the forces in Kentucky and Tennessee east of the mouth of the Cumberland, in November, 1861.

In the meantime, General Thomas, in command of the Federal left at Somerset and Camp Dick Robinson, was urging an advance by Cumberland Gap into East Tennessee, to seize the railroad running from the Confederate capital along the valley of the Tennessee, so as to both interrupt communication with the southwest and turn the right of the Confederate army in Kentucky by demonstrating against Chattanooga. Gen. Ormsby M. Mitchell, who commanded at Cincinnati at that time, was enthusiastically in favor of this movement, declaring that to hold East Tennessee, with its intense Union sentiment, was "equivalent to placing an army of fifty thousand men at the back door of the Confederacy." President Lincoln, with that unerring insight which was the distinguishing quality of his genius, also approved this movement, and recommended to Congress an appropriation to build a military railroad from Lexington to Knoxville, via Cumberland Gap, for the transportation of men and supplies, in order that this all but inaccessible cleft in the mountain wall might be made "an impregnable citadel of liberty." We know now how true were the President's intuitions, and how just were the views of the commanders who urged this course. But the country had not yet learned the wonderful sagacity of Lincoln, and the modest

Thomas and impetuous Mitchell were both distrusted for the very qualities which would have made them of inestimable value to the national cause had they been given the scope and recognition they deserved. The one was doomed to perish in practical exile in a useless command on the South Carolina coast; the other to wait until the very last hour of the great conflict for the recognition of his merit.

The influences which were to shape the action of the army under General Buell were destined to come from other sources than its commander. It may be doubted if he was intellectually capable of a successful initiative. Overestimating always his opponent's power, and dwelling persistently on the strategic advantages the enemy possessed, he forgot everything that made in his own favor, and really allowed the movements of his army to be dependent on those of his opponent to a degree perhaps unprecedented in military history. Such a line of action can never succeed except in a purely defensive warfare; and even a Fabius needs to be able to strike at the proper moment, and to strike with all his force.

By some curious misapprehension of the character of General Thomas who commanded the forces opposed to his right wing, Gen. Albert Sidney Johnstone was induced to sanction an advance under Zollicoffer, an advance justified, perhaps, by political hopes, but wholly indefensible from a military point of view. The result was the battle of Mill Springs, fought on the nineteenth of January, 1862, resulting in the first Federal victory of the war at the West. Zollicoffer's force was not only defeated, but driven across the Cumberland, exposing Johnstone's flanks in a manner, which, if followed up, must have compelled him to fall back to the line of the Cumberland river. Instead of pursuing this advantage, Buell ordered his victorious subordinate to retreat.

Little more than a month later, February 2, 1862, however, events occurred which were, fortunately, beyond the control of the trio of scientific soldiers — McClellan, Halleck, and Buell — who then commanded the three great armies of the Union. The department under control of the latter, though not strictly bounded in his assignment to command,

extended westward only to the mouth of the Cumberland river. Beyond that was the Department of Missouri, with Gen. H. W. Halleck in command. Gen. Geo. B. McClellan, as commander-in-chief of all the armies of the United States, exercised a general supervision and control. These three men were preëminent among the officers of the Federal army as theoretical soldiers. As military critics, they were, perhaps, unexcelled in their day. Their very excellence as theorists, however, not being coupled with that resolution and audacity which are essential to enable a commander to win battles or overcome an enemy, became a source of weakness rather than of strength. The trained imagination, which is the peculiar quality of the strategist, had in them been developed without the modifying influence of actual warfare or a corresponding development of that pugnacious spirit which inclines a commander to make up in celerity of movement, vigor of attack, or stubbornness of resistance, any fortuitous advantage he sees that his opponent might have, but of which it is not certain that he will be able to avail himself. Probably, three men were never before associated in the chief control of a nation's armies who so closely resembled each other in capacity to overrate their opponents, minimize their own advantages, and out of imaginary mole-hills create insuperable obstacles.

It was an instance on an almost unprecedented scale, of an army of lions led by a trio of hinds,—not that either of these men lacked personal courage any more than they lacked military skill, but the fear of failure was with each so great as to overwhelm that dogged determination to win on which success in war must always finally depend. A mere scientific soldier may organize an army, may decide what strategic movements are preferable upon a definite theater of war, or may plan a successful campaign; but the man who commands an army and controls its movements, should be, first of all things, a resolute and determined fighter.

Despite the paucity of troops in the vast department under his control, the Confederate general in Kentucky had posted at Forts Donelson and Henry an army of more than twenty thousand men, which should have been sufficient to hold them against three times their number. This was a matter of supreme importance to General Johnstone, for on the maintenance of this position depended his own ability to hold Southern Kentucky and Middle Tennessee. These works were on the extreme eastern verge of General Halleck's Department of the Missouri, and as such were a part of the District of Cairo, then, fortunately, under the command of a soldier who had no paper reputation to paralyze his impulse, but who had every in-



Drawn by Frederic Remington.

IN THE TRENCHES.

centive, as well as the native resolution, to undertake great things, even when apparently impossible of achievement. This man, then quite unknown to fame, had gotten the idea that, by an unexpected attack, the weaker of these strongholds, Fort Henry, might be taken, and that the other might either be carried by immediate assault, or being fully invested, might be compelled to capitulate before it could be relieved. For a month he had importuned his superior, General Halleck, to allow him to make the attempt.

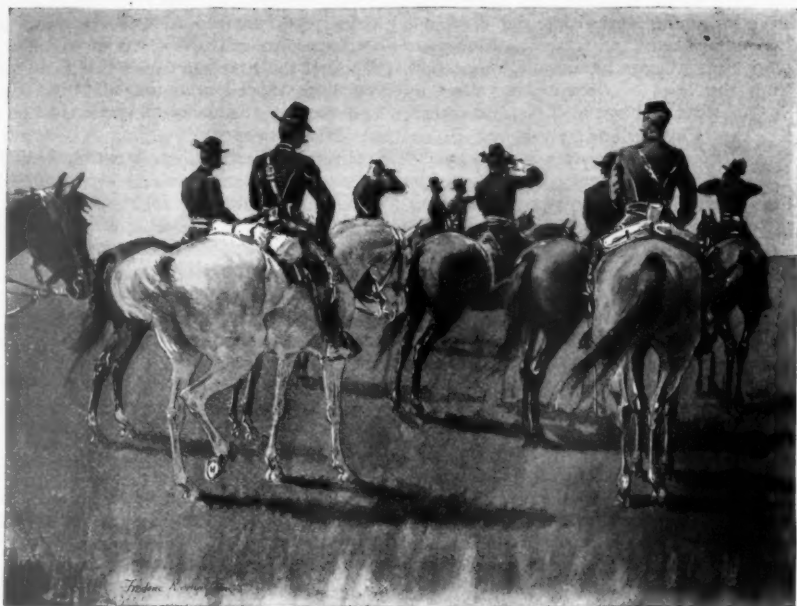
On the first day of February, he received permission to make the attempt; on the second, he started with fifteen thousand men to attack the two strongest military positions west of the Alleghanies, garrisoned by nearly twice as many men as he commanded; on the sixth, Fort Henry surrendered; on the twelfth, Fort Donelson was invested; on the sixteenth, it surrendered. Fifteen thousand prisoners and more guns than the besiegers had were captured. This achievement marked an epoch in the war. Not only had a new man appeared, but Ulyses S. Grant was a new type of soldier in our army,—the type which used the forces he had, instead of waiting for what he might desire. It was the first great victory of a great war, and the army which capitulated at Donelson was the largest armed force ever captured, up to that time, on the continent. Because of these things and the brief time it occupied, it will ever be regarded as one of the most brilliant campaigns in military history. On the nineteenth, Halleck, jealous of Grant's unexpected success, recommended the promotion of one of his subordinates, Gen. C. F. Smith, over him. On that same day, the President, wiser than his scientific advisers, recommended, and the Senate confirmed, the man who first "organized victory" for our arms, to the rank of a Major-General of Volunteers. The junta of military critics had failed; the fighting soldier had achieved the impossible. From that hour his course was upward, every step a victory, until victory culminated in conquest.

The inevitable result of the fall of Donelson was that the forces in front of Buell melted away in a night. Bowling Green was evacuated the day Donelson was invested. On the twenty-fourth of Feb-

ruary, Buell's forces entered Nashville unopposed. He at once began to caution his subordinates not to move too rapidly. Early in March he was ordered to Savannah, on the Tennessee river, to join General Grant in his intended advance on Corinth, Mississippi. So deliberate was his march, however, that only a small portion of his army arrived in time to take part in the first day's battle of Shiloh.

From that time until early in June, preceding the time our story opens, the Army of the Ohio, except one division under Mitchell, a brigade under Negley, and a few scattered outposts in Kentucky, was part and parcel of the roaring farce which Halleck was conducting under the loud-sounding title of "the Siege of Corinth;" not that Corinth was besieged, or even half-invested, but in six weeks the great strategist moved his army fifteen miles, almost without opposition; captured a deserted city; allowed his enemy to escape unhurt, and then—marched back again!

In the meantime, Mitchell, who had been left at Murfreesborough, with only three brigades, had overrun Middle Tennessee, captured Decatur, Huntsville, and Stevenson, in Alabama, and held the line of the Tennessee river to Bridgeport, only twenty-two miles from Chattanooga. This "Gibraltar of the Confederacy" was at that time practically undefended. The highest estimate of the Confederate forces there was "about ten thousand men." As a fact, its garrison was less than half that number. East Tennessee was bare of Confederate soldiers, and the people were clamorous, as they had been from the first, for Federal forces to come and occupy this all-important position, whereby the rear of the Confederate army in Virginia might be threatened, and their most important line of communication between their eastern and western armies wholly destroyed. Negley, with one brigade, was actually in front of Chattanooga; only the Tennessee river lay between his lines and the most important position the Confederates held west of Richmond. Gen. George W. Morgan, with twelve thousand men, was on his way to East Tennessee, via the Cumberland Gap. Mitchell was begging for reinforcements in order that he might in-



Drawn by Frederic Remington.

WATCHING THE ENEMY.

vest Chattanooga before it could be reinforced. General Morgan asked that Negley might continue to demonstrate in its front, to prevent the enemy from throwing a force into East Tennessee.

General Buell's orders on leaving Corinth on the sixth of June, were to march via Decatur and Huntsville, to take Chattanooga and occupy East Tennessee. Unfortunately, he was also ordered to repair the railroads leading thither. To this last work he addressed himself with ardor; the more important task he seems almost to have forgotten. Negley was at once ordered back to McMinnville; Mitchell was directed to repair the Chattanooga and Nashville railroad, and the whole army was scattered in small detachments along the lines of railway converging on Nashville. For two months Buell crept on toward his objective, building railroads, distributing bridge-guards, erecting stockades, returning fugitive slaves, and giving daily advice upon the conduct of the war. He was an officer of inconceivable industry in a literary way, and most unfortunately for his fame, his dispatches have been preserved with unusual completeness.

On the first day of August, McCook was only six miles nearer Chattanooga than Mitchell had been in June, while Thomas was at McMinnville, sixty miles away, to which place Negley had fallen back in June. Both were cautiously feeling their way toward Chattanooga. Gen. G. W. Morgan was entrenched at Cumberland Gap. Bragg had collected an army of fifty thousand men at Chattanooga. Kirby Smith held East Tennessee with thirty thousand. Buell had an invincible belief that Bragg's purpose was to advance upon Nashville, and first made his arrangements to meet and engage him at Altamont, on the summit of the Cumberland plateau, where there was neither forage nor water, and which was all but inaccessible to an army, even with no enemy to overcome. Then he decided to retire his army on Nashville, still confident that his opponent could have no other objective. On the day after the Thousand was mustered in, August twenty-second, Kirby Smith, having turned the Federal position at Cumberland Gap, arrived, with fifteen thousand men, at Barbourville, Kentucky. Buell thought it a feint to divert attention from Bragg's

advance upon Nashville, and hastened his preparations for retreat. Five days later, Bragg began his march, unopposed, from the head of Sequatchie valley, by Sparta, to Carthage and Gainsborough, on the Cumberland river, which he crossed on his way to Kentucky.

Two days after Bragg had started on his march, Buell telegraphed to the commanding officer at Murfreesborough: "Could a good battlefield be chosen about Murfreesborough, affording position for the flanks and rear of a large army. Report in as much detail as possible in cipher."

Having thus advertised for a battlefield, he gave the order to concentrate on Nashville, leaving Bragg to pass undisturbed through a difficult region scarce a score of miles from the left of his army, and cross the Cumberland at his leisure. In this retreat, General Buell displayed his best qualities as a commander. His arrangements were, perhaps, the most perfect ever made for such a movement. As if on review, his army moved in the exact order prescribed for the various divisions and detachments. From Huntsville, Decatur, Bridgeport, Stevenson, Battle Creek, McMinville, Decherd, and all the scattered intervening posts, the retreat began on schedule time, and was conducted with admirable precision. It was one of the most masterly retreats ever planned, as why should it not be, since there was none to oppose or obstruct, to hasten or hinder? In order to secure its complete success, General Buell asked, with urgent importunity, that Grant would send, with all possible haste, two divisions to swell his army, already greater than that of the enemy from whom he fled, while that enemy romped leisurely down the western slope of the Cumberland mountains into the fertile plains of Kentucky. This was done, and the movement was completed without the least variation from schedule time. Not a man or a wagon was lost, as, indeed, none could well be, unless they strayed from the line of march, since there was no enemy in front or rear for half a hundred miles, save one who was marching away from Nashville as eagerly as Buell was pressing toward it.

When his army was finally encamped upon the banks of the Cumberland, Bragg

had already crossed that river, and was preparing to fall upon Munfordville. Whether the commander of the Army of the Ohio stopped in his march to the rear to inspect the battlefield for which he had advertised, near Murfreesborough, or not, is not now ascertainable; but that he still believed that Bragg was merely maturing some fell plan to compass his destruction, there is abundant evidence, as also that it required the whole force of the national administration to start him from Nashville on that leisurely march he finally made so close upon the rear of Bragg's army, that the dust of their passage was hardly settled when his advance guard arrived. Only the most consummate skill could have avoided a collision with the army in his front, and inferior to him in numbers, or delayed his march long enough to permit the junction of the Confederate commander and his lieutenant in the heart of Kentucky.

It was at this juncture of national affairs that the Thousand, the day after they were mustered in, reported to Maj.-Gen. H. G. Wright, commanding the Department of Ohio, at Cincinnati, and were ordered to cross the river to Covington and wait for arms and equipments.

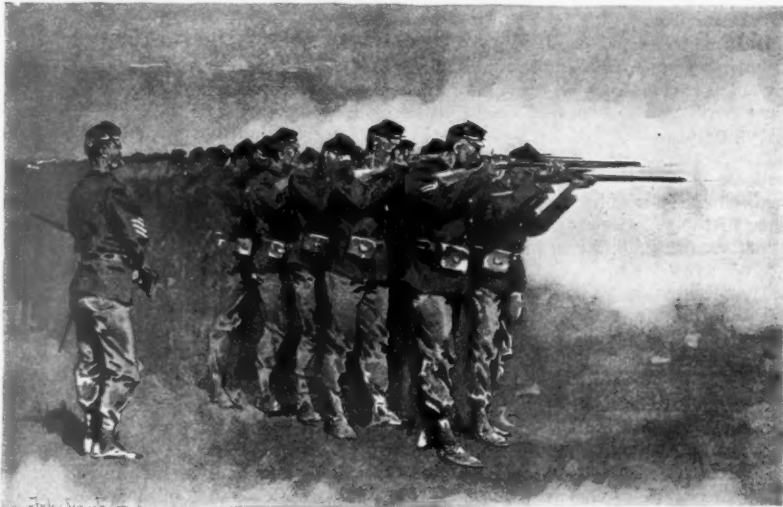
ON SOUTHERN SOIL.

A light, wavering mist hung over the Ohio river, shrunk almost to its lowest stage, when, in the early dawn of its second day of service, the Thousand crossed the Fifth street ferry and clambered up the ungraded hills to the pleasant streets of Covington, Kentucky. It hardly needed the sight of blue uniforms, swords, and muskets, in the streets and at the ferries, to tell us that we had reached the theater of war. Two or three turtlebacked gunboats, lying at anchor in midstream, loomed out of the fog, their ports open, the smoke lazily lifting from their funnels, and an armed watch showing on their decks. They seemed like grim black dogs, ready to leap on their prey; and our hearts exulted at the thought that the skill and ingenuity which freedom fosters had provided the cause of liberty with such formidable weapons. Slavery furnished abundant supplies for the armies that fought for its perpetuity; but its existence had starved

and crippled that mechanical skill and inventive genius, on the development of which depends the power to construct the delicate and ponderous instrumentalities of modern warfare. Had the Confederacy possessed the constructive capacity and mechanical skill of the North, with its advantages of position, the war for the restoration of the Union would, in all probability, have been a hopeless failure. But the hand which holds the lash is rarely skilful with the chisel or the lathe, and the wrong done to the slave brought its own fruitage of weakness to the master.

We landed on the Kentucky shore near where the water-works now are, and climbed the hillside without forming

haze, telling of drought and heat. An elderly gentleman came along carrying a market-basket. He paused to inquire where we were from and to learn the names of our field officers. As he passed on some one told us that it was "Mr. Grant, the father of the fighting general." He returned, after a time, with a basket full of vegetables. One of the "boys,"—a specimen of that sort of boys who never grow to be men, except upon the field of battle,—made as if to filch an ear of corn from his store. Just then the fire-bells began to ring. "Wait awhile," said the old man, good-naturedly, "and you will get a much better breakfast. Covington gives her defenders one good meal as a



Drawn by Frederic Remington.

IN ACTION.

ranks. Company G was the first to set foot in Dixie, and as we passed one of the cottages, which clung to the sharp slope, an aged woman, standing in the door, saluted us with a wave of the hand, and said:

"God bless you, boys, and bring you all safe home again!"

Many uncovered at this first greeting on southern soil, and Sergeant Warner, whose heart was ever quick to acknowledge kindness, answered for all:

"Thank you, mother, and may you be here to see us when we come!"

The line was formed on Greenup street. While we rested on the curb, the red sunlight began to show through the silvery

send-off, and those bells are ringing to let her people know that another regiment has arrived."

The city made good its pledge of hospitality; the tables in the market-house may not have groaned with the viands spread out upon them, but some of the Thousand did before they were cleared off. It was a long time before they were to have such hospitality forced upon them again.

During the day Mr. Grant came again. He chatted with the men as freely as with the officers. Why should he not? He was part and parcel of the life from which they came. He was very proud of his already famous son, but not offensively so.

It was not long before he learned that the young Major's "Grandmother Tod," was that wife of Ohio's first chief justice, who was his own early benefactor, whose kindness his great son was unostentatiously to link with his own fame by frank acknowledgment in the book that resulted from that last heroic conflict with adverse fate, which was finished on Mount McGregor. But the father did not wait for the son's acknowledgment. He had the colonel and the major to dine with him, and the Thousand thought all the more of their major because his grandmother had befriended the father of General Grant, and had him "apprenticed to the tanner's trade." So far does reflected glory shine!

When we had finished our repast, we turned our attention to securing and distributing our arms and equipments. By some curious inconsistency, Commissary Sergeant Gibson had been left in Cincinnati, almost without assistance, to attend to the transportation of the arms, and camp, and garrison equipage of the regiment. In nothing does the inexperience of the volunteer show itself so frequently as in inability to properly utilize the officers of a command. Here was a regiment having a full quota of officers, yet the important work of transferring these essential stores was left to a sergeant of the non-commissioned staff. A year later, so serious and arduous a duty would only have been entrusted to an officer of high rank, with an adequate force at his disposal. Almost any other man in Sergeant Gibson's place would have demurred at the magnitude of the task imposed. Poor fellow, as he lugged and tugged at his Sisyphian task for the next three days, sleeping at night on the piles of stuff he moved by day, for, though he had some volunteer helpers, no guard was provided, he little thought that the people of the city, where he toiled an obscure private soldier, would for many years welcome with delight his daily work in the editorial columns of one of her great journals.

The equipment of the Thousand occupied three days. Who that has ever witnessed the result does not recall it with a smile? If anything has been omitted from the soldier's outfit that could rattle,

flop, pull, drag, torture, and distort the wearer, it would be difficult to guess what it might be. When he has donned his cartridge-box, heavy with forty rounds; adjusted, as well as may be, his waist and shoulder belts; has hung his haversack, protuberant with three days' rations, on one side, and his canteen upon the other; has slung his knapsack upon his shoulders, the straps sawing away at his pectorals, as if bound to amputate his arms; or has rolled his blanket and hung it across one shoulder, with, perhaps, his tent-cloth and poncho strung the other way, to maintain the harmony of the ensemble, his picturesque hideousness is not entirely complete until he reaches out his hand, grasps his rifle, and, with that poised upon his shoulder, realizes, both in his own feeling and the eye of the beholder, the immense distance between the citizen and the soldier. We very justly boast of the inventiveness of our people, but no appreciable amount of ingenuity has ever been wasted on the equipment of our soldiers. The pack-horse has a saddle to keep his load in place, but the soldier has to carry his pack without any such muscle-saving and spirit-saving device.

With military togs came military terms. Titles took the place of names. Shoulder-straps and chevrons began to assert themselves. Men came to be known by companies rather than as individuals. All the "Misters" disappeared with our first parade under arms. Drilling was incessant, despite the bustle attendant upon equipment, the making out of the duplicate and triplicate vouchers for everything required by army regulations.

The streets were filled, early and late, with awkward squads; each one's awkwardness proving an encouragement to the other. It may not be true that misery loves company, but ignorance does; and nothing encourages a raw recruit so much as the sight of a still rawer one. There were not many drill-masters, for the best part of the officers were as untrained as the men; but each one taught his fellow what he knew. What one failed to catch, his comrade showed him how to do. It is amazing how much was accomplished in this way, in the three days we lay at Covington.

(To be continued in the January number.)



Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens.

THE HALL-MARK.

BY KATRINA TRASK.

THE autumn sunshine streamed through the windows of the great dining-room of Landale. It lightened the old oak carving, flitted across the stately family portraits of ancient dames and cavaliers, glinted on the rows of cut crystal in the oak cabinets, and on the tankards standing in hospitable array upon the board; it deepened the tone of the crimson tapestry upon the wall, but it was caught and focussed most by a gleaming

mass of silver upon the old oak table in the center of the room.

Side by side, a man and woman were counting and assorting the heaped splendor, in the pauses of their laughing talk.

The Landales were proud of many things; not the least, of their famous silver.

Long years ago, some member of the house had married a Hollander, who brought to Landale, as her marriage por-

tion, a superb set of Dutch silver. Her son, with that as a nucleus, had begun a collection, and each member of the house since, even if he had not inherited the craze, had tried to add at least one piece of silver, bearing the date of his time, to the Landale plate. Now, it was a heritage, a goodly heritage, indeed, that delighted the eyes of the young mistress who stood beside it, scarcely yet familiar with the vastness of her possessions, which was in striking contrast to the simplicity of her girl-life.

Marie Landale had been married but six months, and life to her was still filled with sweet surprise, not only in the wonder of its deep unfolding, but in its outward change and circumstance. She was by no means so unworldly that she did not realize and recognize the great value of the possessions that had come to her; but it was only with a thrill of gratitude that they had happened to go with John Landale, for she would gladly, joyously, have shared grim poverty and exile in the dark wilds of Africa, had they been his portion. He was, in many ways, the man to appeal to a woman of Marie's temperament: clever in his profession, brilliant in society, firm and dominating, but generous at heart, and good to look upon. That he had been forty when he married and had kept bachelor hall since he had inherited his estate, ten years before, had made his friends wonder if he could adjust himself to the buoyancy of a girl of twenty; but when those same friends had come to Landale, they had wondered no longer. The men who had looked upon her shining eyes, her fascinating smile, had received her quick repartee, and talked with her on subjects that lay beneath the surface, to find her earnest, true, and vivid, thought any man, bachelor or otherwise, too fortunate to waste any wonder upon, except the wonder that fate should favor any one so far beyond his fellows. And even the women, old family friends, had surrendered to her charm, for there was that about Marie Landale that won women as well as men. John, watching this, had thought it proved the quality of her soul.

How delicious her enthusiasm had been in the beauty and wealth of Landale! She adapted herself to the splendor as readily as a bird does to the flowering wealth of summer. She bore herself as one well

used to queenly state, yet unafraid to show her ardor and enthusiasm in its novelty.

One seeing her presiding at this same table, in gleaming satin and the Landale pearls, radiantly smiling,—as much upon the poor curate at the end of the table as upon his lordship on her right, perhaps a shade more radiantly,—would have said that luxury and social prestige were her birthright, and that the simplicity and frugality of her early life had been a mistake of fate; and yet, that girlhood, wholesome, simple, sweet, had left her with a deep-hearted charm no worldly circumstance could ever touch or spoil.

No burden had come to her with the splendor,—she sometimes wondered if it were not her duty to make more burden, to fulfill the lessons of her own old home, where the mistress was a hausfrau; but kind old Mrs. Elderwood, the housekeeper, who had been in the family since John was a baby,—she still called him Mr. John,—took all care away from her. The servants, many years at Landale, were well trained; and life went on like one long holiday. A holiday?—rather, a mystery, a deep, beautiful, revealing mystery, with no trace of the commonplace.

But there was one bit of household task that was a tradition in the family. It was the habit of the master and mistress of Landale, when going from home for any length of time, to collect, count, and put away the plate themselves. This was never left to any of the servants; even Mrs. Elderwood had never been intrusted with the task. For years it had been kept in old oak boxes, bound with iron bands; but when John, with his progressive and modern theories of all kinds, came into possession of the estate, he had had built from the dining-room a large safe, entered by a secret door hidden in a panel of the high wainscoting. It was, in fact, a small room made of steel and stone, and the door of solid steel, closing with great springs, locked itself, to be unlocked only by a combination, which no one knew but he, Marie, and the butler. This combination was to be changed after the final putting away of the silver, that even the butler might not know what it was while they were gone. It was a ghastly place, grim and dark,



Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens.

"THE HOT, ANGRY TEARS CAME TO HER EYES."

and every time Marie went near it, she shuddered in pretty play, and clung to John.

"I hate this place," she said, "it terrifies me. The poor silver! How sorry I am for it."

She was a creature of air and sunshine; and dark places, gloomy vaults, chilled her with a curious horror. She was a creature of buoyant freedom, and confinement or imprisonment seemed always worse to her than death; it had been a habit of hers from a child to throw wide her windows, even on a winter's day, and drink deep drafts of air, which, she said, she could not live without, whatever winds might blow.

"John, I wish we had finished this work; I want to go out into the sunshine!"

"My sweetheart, if we did not stop to talk of all the subjects on the face of the earth, we might finish it; to-morrow, Marie, there will be no work to do. You will be free."

Oh, rapture! to-morrow, only just that one little night to wait, and she would be en route to Italy,—Italy, the Mecca of her dreams, the portal of a new life, the long-time-waited-for fulfilment of desire. All was in readiness for their journey, and to-morrow, at this time, dear Landale would be behind her, rivaled by the magnet that drew her on and on with fascinating force,—Italy, the beautiful!

"O, John! Italy! Italy! Think of it all, the wonderful wealth that is waiting, the beauty, the glorious surprises! Think of those marvelous Madonnas that have been there all these years in the Uffizi and the Pitti watching the door for *me* to come in! O, John!"—and she threw her arms around him, coming close in that clinging, curving, complete way she had; a faint, delicious fragrance breathing from hair, and skin, and parted, smiling lips. The glow of warm delight filled and thrilled him.

"Sweetheart! I love you," he whispered in her pink ear, as she nestled her head towards his.

"Do you, John? I am so glad, for I love you—Oh! it frightens me, sometimes, the way I love you! You are so strong, so wise, so splendid. And then, sir, you are going to take me to Italy, and I should love a constable if he took me to Italy."

John smiled with that sure smile men have who know their power.

"And if I did not take you to Italy, little one?"

"Ah! then I should love you—because—because—Italy is Italy."

"What a very inconsequent remark," he said, kissing her lingeringly.

"Not at all, John; it is a very wise remark, only you do not see the subtlety of it."

"Do you?"

"Certainly; it means,—Oh, how stupid you are!—it means,—I love you because of all the glow and glory of life and loving,—because of warmth and delight, and charm, and color, and intoxication, and all that makes love so delicious,—and Italy symbolizes all that."

"Marie, you got out of that remarkably well, considering what depths you were in."

"Thank you; but we shall never get out of this dining-room unless we go on with the silver; but, first, kiss me once more, John.—Oh! not such a short kiss. So!"

Again they went to work. How lovingly she looked against the background of the oak wainscoting, smiling with parted lips, or laughing a low musical laugh! John, watching her, knew that life for him had blossomed into bloom; that, until now, living had been but preparation for life. Where is the hardness, where are the uncompromising qualities that he had inherited as he had inherited his Roman nose? Had they not melted in the sunshine of her presence? Ah! how possessively, how passionately he loved this fair creature, who had given herself so unreservedly to him,—"Faults and all, John, and there are plenty of them,"—she had told him. It is true that, as we sometimes murmur that the crops would be better for a shower, even for a heavy rain, he often felt that her enthusiasms needed a modifying balance; but that was only when he brought his judicial mind to bear upon her; he revealed even more than he himself knew in the winning warmth and glancing glow of the sunshine which brightened and illumined his life.

But sunshine can scorch as well as brighten; it is one of the phases of its existence; and Marie, alas! was given, at

times, to sudden impulses of hot impatience and flashing anger; but they brought always such a disproportionate storm of repentance, such a lavish outpouring of atoning tenderness, that John felt even they had their advantage and their charm; then, too, it gave him golden opportunities to sow the seed he felt so needed sowing, and to say the word he felt had need of being said. He was too given to trying to improve her,—for a didactic attitude toward a clever woman who is true of heart has its moment when the tide is sure to turn,—but she felt that was a part of his wisdom, and, when away from the moment of medicine, she idealized the salutary influence, and loved him all the more passionately for the thought that he was strong enough to be her mentor and her guide.

"What piece is this, Marie?"

"Oh! Uncle Amos gave us that when we were married; don't you remember? Isn't it perfectly beautiful? I adore it; it is a George the Second."

"No, Marie; it is modern."

"O, John! you are mistaken; it is Georgian; I know; Uncle Amos said so."

"What does your Uncle Amos know of silver?"

The color swept in a swift wave over her lovely face.

"What do you know of Uncle Amos?"

"Enough to know he knows nothing of silver."

Why should the quick protest rise in her heart to make it beat so fast against his manner and his tone? It was only a little thing. Ah! but was it? Is anything ever only itself? Are not a thousand far-reaching influences interwoven with each trifle?

Dear, old Uncle Amos! Who had denied himself some desired luxury to please her, taking the money from his moderate income to gratify his beloved Marie. He seemed in some way to be attacked, and she challenged to defend him. Suddenly, her pride in the primitive, unworldly beauty of her girl-life rose to challenge her pride in the splendor of her married portion.

Had John an unconscious superior disdain for Uncle Amos' simplicity? Then Marie must remember her loyalty to him, and be upon his side.

"Very well, then, John, allow me to tell you that I was with Uncle Amos when he bought it. He told me to select anything I wanted—for he wished me to have something that entirely pleased me. I selected this, and the man *assured* us that it was a George the Second, and Uncle Amos said it was."

"Don't say that again, Marie; it is modern."

"I certainly *will* say it again—and again—and again! I think it very bad taste in you to flaunt your old silver the way you do, and think no one but yourself knows anything about old silver. Anyway, if it is modern, I like it *much* better than some of these hideous old pieces!"

"That may be; but, nevertheless, it is modern; poor old Uncle Amos could be cheated out of his eyes and never know it."

"Thank God he could! Amiel says: 'He who is too much afraid of being duped, has lost the power to be magnanimous.'"

"Amiel was a dreamy sentimentalist."

This was too much. Uncle Amos was bad enough, but Amiel—!

"That is what people always say of souls too fine for them to comprehend."

"Marie!"

It was only one word,—her name,—but the turning-point of life may lie in a tone. If he had said her name lingeringly, and had drawn her by it, she would have flown to his breast, repentant and atoning; but he used it as a lash, with a sharp accent, as though she were a naughty child, and he would punish her with it. He loved her. Ah! so well, beyond anything on earth,—except, perhaps, himself. He had assured her so often that he would lay down his life for her;—man's life in the abstract is so much easier to lay down than his will in particular cases.

The hot, angry tears came to her eyes, her foot tapped nervously upon the polished floor, and an uncomfortable lump came in her throat, so that when he asked, with a chill in his voice: "Marie! did you count those Roman spoons? How many were there?" she could not answer. She knew he thought she *would* not, and the more she knew he misjudged her, the more impossible it grew to speak. He stood waiting a moment, and then, with that lack of tact which makes some men

lose so much more sweetness from life than they ever will know, he said :

"Answer me, Marie!"

"John, say you may be mistaken about the silver; please, just say you *may* be."

"I am not mistaken, Marie."

"Oh, no; of course not; you never are!"

"Seldom in a matter of silver. But what difference does it make to you, Marie?"

"The same difference that it makes to you."

"Not at all, because *I* want to set *you* right."

"O, John! how absolutely aggravating you can be! How infuriating! *I* want to set *you* right, because *I* bought the dish, saw the man who knew, and *I* heard all about it. Yes, *I* remember now, he said he would give us a certificate of its age."

"Well, *I* would not give him a certificate for his truth."

"And *I* wouldn't give you a certificate for your manners."

Again, that single word, "Marie!" with the same inflection, only, this time, there was more anger in the tone. Her heart gave a beat of nervous fear under the angry mood. Although he was far from being a perfect creature, John had himself well in hand. He did not often lose control of his temper; but when he did, one was not likely to forget it in a hurry.

She had seen him once, not many weeks before, let go his hold upon himself, in talking with his steward, who had been guilty of some grave fault, and she had put her hand over his eyes, when they were alone, and said: "John, if you ever looked at me like that, *I* should die at once!" and he had answered,—for his mood had changed,—"*Marie*, do you know what would happen to me, if you died?" "No. What?" she had asked him, coming close. "*I* could not live." "*Foolish John*," she had said; "*you* lived before *I* came to you." "No, *I* did not. *I* know, now, that *I* simply existed."

She walked into the deep oriel window and turned her back upon the room; with dim eyes she looked out upon the stately oak trees stirring in the wind, and waving their long, yellow arms in an abandon of autumnal joy. She tapped her

fingers upon the window-pane, and stood a prey to surging currents.

Alas! poor human nature. Life might be so beautiful, if sin were not so ugly. When will poor mortals learn that faith and hope are counted naught in the balance as against the charity that seeketh not its own?

She was angry; very angry. "Oh!" she said to herself. "How can we get so quickly out of a beautiful moment? How can the joy and delight of everything be spoiled so suddenly? John is so aggravating!" But, as she stood, the angry current ebbed. She longed, with that strange inconsistency of women, to be caught up in his strong arms, and wooed from her anger. The room was still; she waited, hoping he would come behind her, gathering her close, forgetting. The smile dimpled her sweet mouth as she whispered to herself, "*Marie*, *I* think you were aggravating, too; very aggravating. How splendid, how noble he is! And now you have driven him away by your petulance. Go to him; warm him back to life, the life of our glowing love." She turned, and he was gone; but in the distance of the echoing house she heard his coming step. That instant's pang of finding herself alone—for she had not heard him leave the room—had quickened her resolve, and she waited, with the sunshine in her eyes, the clouds dispelled.

He came in quickly, but, before her arms had reached him, he had walked to the table and, with a magnifying glass which he had brought from his own room, was deliberately examining the hall-mark on the under side of Uncle Amos' piece of silver.

She panted, her figure a study of suspended impulse of action, her head a little proudly to one side, her cheeks flushed, her eyes shining.

He laid it down, saying in judicial tones, "*It is modern; the stamp is Victorian.*" That question was settled. As he had been proved right, he could be gracious and forgiving; he went to her, and, putting his hand under her chin, lifted her head to give her a pardoning kiss. There is no blow keener than a kiss at the wrong time; and no way of kissing more irritating, or more fraught with exasperation to a woman, than that especial way, which, with the absolutely

right shading between sweet mastery and exquisite reverence, has a peculiar thrill of bliss, but which without it, and if flavored by any touch of condescension, is intolerable. The angry tide surged back.

"Do not kiss me," she said; "do not dare!"

She thrust out her hand impatiently, angrily, and by ill fortune her finger struck his eyes, stinging and blinding him for a moment. It was a tiny thrust, but hurt is measured by the mood in which it finds us. Marie had grown faint one day when John had crushed his finger, and he had laughingly said that it was nothing, that her kiss had cured it; but now, that tiny blow was keen, and cutting, and unbearable. The blood rushed into his face; his teeth closed firmly, unrelentingly, and his demon rose within him. Anger is a short madness, and for an instant John was mad. There was the difference in their anger, as in their love, between her nature and his, between woman and man: her anger was a hot flash of protest and rebellion; his, a savage instinct of retributive desire and impulse to punish. "She must be taught; she is a child, a wilful child!" he said; forgetting, in his blindness, how many mysteries she had taught him, and how deeply, deliciously she was a woman. She turned to the table, lifted the disputed silver dish, and went to put it in the safe, and, in that moment, John's good angel left him, frightened by the demon that had suddenly appeared.

"A sharp lesson will do her good," he thought. "She needs it; she deserves it." Surely it is the province and the duty of a man, especially of a husband, to discipline a wayward will and ungovernable temper. It would only be a moment's shock to bring her to a sense of her outrageous fault. He, the superb, dignified, important John Landale, Esquire, of Landale, contradicted, defied, struck, blinded, by an undisciplined girl! It was too much to be borne.

A little cloud can hide the sun; a tiny disk before the face can hide the mountain range, and John's fierce rage hid, for the moment, all the beauty and the light of his incomparable life, which he would change with no man on this earth. Straight to the safe he followed her, and

shut the great steel door; shut it upon a picture that stamped itself with sudden swiftness on his brain, never to be effaced. Forever after he could see it in the visions of the night—that graceful, curving back, and the soft rings of brown hair that lay on the white neck so flower-like, where the ruffle of her warm-tinted dress fell back; the shapely outline of the gleaming white arms, which the loose sleeves left free as they were lifted high to place the dish.

A long, heartrending, muffled scream—then silence. The action made an outlet for his wrath. It was enough, that instant's lesson, and he stooped towards the lock. "To the right, twice, stop at ten; to the left, once, stop at fourteen, and now around." Oh, horror of all horrors upon earth! It did not open. Again, again, with trembling fingers.

"Marie! Marie! Can you hear me, darling?"

Still that awful silence.

"Marie! Marie! God in heaven! She changed the combination yesterday, when she put away her diamonds, and I forgot to ask her what it was."

He remembered, now, she had told him she had chosen a mystic number. The fatal fact stood blankly there before him to be grasped, but his mind, at first, refused to take it in; then it overwhelmed him. His hand was paralyzed; his brain seemed tottering in the crisis of this awful moment. No one in all the world knew what the combination was but she—his Marie, his beautiful, radiant Marie—shut by his hand within this living tomb, beyond the reach of his speech, his cry, his agonizing, yearning call; or, if she heard it, too entombed for her faint answer to be heard. He felt a numbness creeping over him; he felt a quick constriction round his heart; he felt the chill of coming stupor in his brain; but, by an effort mightier than any he had ever known, he roused himself. He said aloud, with shut teeth: "There is something to be done. If I falter, she dies." Dies! That word made all his senses reel, and all his spirit fail. He walked to the sideboard and swallowed a glass of brandy, then put his fingers on the bells, and rang them all so violently that several of the servants came from various quarters, followed by Peters, the majestic butler, who bore himself always



Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens.

"JOHN, DEAR JOHN, TELL THEM ALL TO GO AWAY. I WANT TO SPEAK WITH YOU."

a little loftily when some one else was counting the silver.

"Peters! Hurry! Don't *crawl*, for heaven's sake! Your mistress is locked in the safe, and I do not know the combination."

Marie was the adored of the household. A cry of dismay broke from the astonished servants.

"Be quiet, you fools, and listen to me! Peters, I cannot leave this door; you must attend to every word I say. Be quick, if you value your life! I want Wilson to saddle my gray mare, and ride for his life to the station; leave the mare there, at Barrys' stable; he can catch the one o'clock train, if he hurries; tell him to engage the fastest horse at Victoria station, and offer the man *any* price to drive him to Bangs and Company, Regent street, number forty,"—Heavens! how he remembered everything!—"and give them this card." He wrote hurriedly on a card an imperative, imploring message. "Tell him to bring the man, and say it is a matter of life and death." Death! In the midst of all the agony he wished he had not used that word. "Have the fastest horses sent at once to the station and wait. Tell Wilson if he is back here, with the man, inside of three hours, I will give him *anything* he wants. Quick! Do you hear me?"

"Yes, sir."

"And William, you go at once for Doctor Brown; if he is not at home, leave word for him to come to Landale as soon as he comes in, but don't allow him on any account to enter this room until Wilson gets back from London. Mrs. Elderwood,"—to the housekeeper, standing pale and trembling in the doorway,—*"have Mrs. Landale's bed warmed, and room made ready at once. Now, go. Every one of you. I want every soul to leave this room. Go!"* he said, as they hesitated.

Through all his life he wondered how he had thought of every detail so clearly; through all his life he wondered how it was he had not gone mad in that awful hour.

The servants crept out silently, and he stood like a sentinel beside the steel door, his face as colorless as its grim white paint, his teeth set hard.

It was useless to try. If he fumbled

with the lock he might imperil its opening. Three hours! That was the quickest time possible. Fifteen minutes' ride each way to the station—an hour to London—an hour back—half an hour there, at the least possible calculation,—three hours! One—two—three hours! Yes, she could live three hours; the place was large, the space was good, the air would not be exhausted; but the shock, the suffering, the peril to her delicately-strung nature. All the acute sensibility of her temperament came back to him now sublimated; the excitability and sensitiveness were crying and accusing proofs of her exquisite refinement. The sudden faintness at nervous shock that he had often thought perhaps was weakness, now seemed to him but the expression of her exquisite fineness of organization; and so things change their place with circumstances. Ah! if we could remember always.

Three hours he stood and waited, with his hand upon the cold steel door, his heart in passionate pressure against it, his ear tensely listening for any sound that might come,—although there was none, all was still, no answer to his yearning cry, from time to time.

What passed within his soul none ever knew but God; but ever from that time he knew that God knew.

When Peters entered the room with the man from Bangs and Co., he wondered if any one, seeing his master in a strange place, would recognize him, so changed he was. If there could be any measure of agony, any comparative degree of suffering, the moment that the man from London came was the hardest of all, for the dim hope that had sustained him took flight, and left him trembling in despair.

"He will fail. I know that he will fail; it is useless; a vain chance; a mere experiment."

This man's coming had upheld him; now that he was here, a realizing sense of the uncertainty of his power to help over-swept him.

Every detail of the delicate manipulation of the safe John watched with the same desperate interest with which a scientific man, who feels his case to be a hopeless one, might watch an operation upon himself; but when his strained ears heard,

at last, the fall of the steel bar, and the door *did* swing on its ghastly hinges, he knew nothing, saw nothing, for an instant. His heart stopped beating, and his numb mind formed a vague prayer that it might never beat again, if she were dead.

There she lay upon the stone floor beneath the shining mass of silver, colorless, motionless, but—oh! thank God, thank God, she breathed. He lifted her in his arms so yearningly, so desperately, that the good old doctor turned away for a moment, before he settled to his task, saying to himself: "By gad, I'll have two on my hands to-night! Brace up, Landale; it is only a little faintness and exhaustion; she'll come to directly."

The crisp October air flooded the room; the faithful maids were prompt to obey the doctor's orders; the doctor knew his work. At last, in wondering weariness, the long lashes were lifted from the dear, pale cheeks, and all the weight of all the world seemed lifted with them from John's heart.

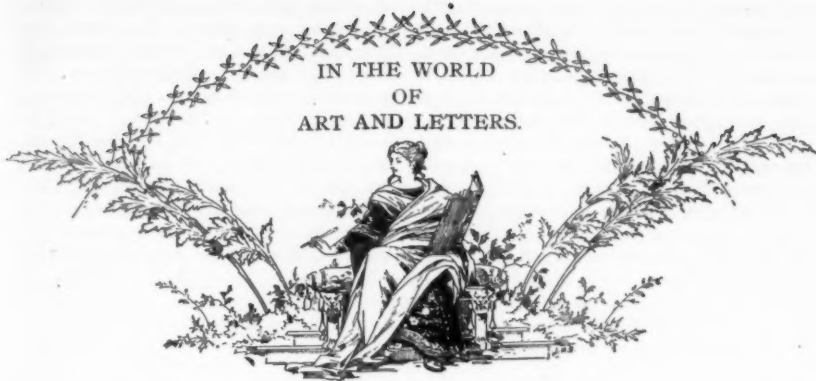
A look of yearning, measureless reproach was in her eyes, but, as they saw his face so white, so worn, so changed, so aged, it melted to a look of love. Wearily she put out her hand.

"John, dear John, tell them all to go away. I want to speak with you."

They went,—but what she said was said in silence.



Drawn by
Alice Barber Stephens.



BREAKING THE RECORD.

THE world of letters has been astonished by the announcement that Mr. Joseph Jacobs will publish six books this autumn. For Mr. Jacobs is not a publisher, but an author. The mere quantity of his output would be astonishing, even if the books were rubbish, but when one remembers that his past performances guarantee that they will all be of excellent quality and scholarship, it must be admitted that Mr. Jacobs has broken the literary record, and stands for the moment as champion bookmaker. Of course, the feat might not be so miraculous as it appears. The books might have been germinating for years, and the long arm of coincidence have brought them together in their blossoming. But then, each publishing season has been almost equally enriched with contributions from this author's erudite and accomplished pen, and we are thrown back upon the hypothesis of a Crichtonian versatility and an industry akin to Bayle's. Some of the six books are children's books—e. g., "More Celtic Fairy Tales;" but I hope America is acquainted with these delightful volumes, which no child should fail to present to its parents. The illustrations with which Mr. J. D. Batten has adorned the whole series—"English Fairy Tales," "Celtic Fairy Tales," "Indian Fairy Tales"—are things of delight, and, for the edification of the scientific, there are learned notes, cut off from the text by a delicious picture of a bellman, crying, "Oyez, oyez, oyez, little children must not read any further!" In startling contrast with these productions, we are promised a volume of three hundred pages (not three thousand, as the literary organs amusingly had it,) devoted to the history of the Jews in Spain, the archives of which country Mr. Jacobs, who has been elected a corresponding member of the Royal Historical Society of Madrid, has ransacked to excellent purpose. Few American schoolboys know that the magic date 1492 was also the date of the expulsion of the Jews from Spain, which has had no Jewish question ever since, and yet is not happy. Biblical archæology, to which Mr. Jacobs has contributed luminously, is the theme of another book, and yet another is a critical edition of Meinhold's "Amber Witch," the romance on which Auber's opera was founded. "Psychology, the history of theological speculation, anthropology, statistics, Pentateuch criticism, bibliography, Jewish history, folk-lore, what have I not dabbled in and written on since I left Cambridge?" Mr. Jacobs himself asked, in the dedication of his inductive study of "In Memoriam." He has, indeed, written on as many topics as a journalist; only he knows all that the journalist pretends to know. An Australian settled in London, Mr. Jacobs has always been his own antipodes. Editing Folk-lore, and aiding Mr. Galton in his anthropometric researches, reviewing metaphysics for the *Athenæum*, and anonymously writing its famous necrologies of Browning and George Eliot, of Matthew Arnold and Cardinal Newman, simultaneously compiling fairy tales and translating Balthasar Gracian's "Art of Worldly Wisdom," collecting statistics, exhuming piecemeal "The Jews

of Angevin England," and supplying the classical editions of Howells' Letters, "Daphnis and Chloe," and "The Fables of Bidpai and Æsop," Mr. Jacobs has boxed the compass of scholarly literature. That this feat has not been accomplished without sacrifice, that some part of a brilliant intellect has been frittered away, it is impossible to doubt. Perhaps his magnum opus will come, at last, in the shape of a complete study of that fascinating anthropological problem, "The Jew," which he purposes, I believe, to contribute to "The Jewish Library," he is to edit for Messrs. Macmillan & Co., and of which, as it will probably mark an epoch in Anglo-Jewish history, I may write again. But the great work which his friends are waiting for—was it not Mr. Andrew Lang who complained that friends are always egging one on to write a "great work?"—is a study of the development of the European mind, which may take the shape, in the first instance, of lectures delivered in America.

I. ZANGWILL.

* * *

"TRILBY."

LA vie de Bohême! It is thirty years or more since Murger glorified it in a very fascinating, but mendacious novel. And here comes du Maurier and plays a fresh variation of the same tune, even more brilliant—and, shall I add, more impossible? Surely, apart from the irresistible charm of the book, it is not to be denied that its moral effect is mixed. Can any one help drawing the inference that a few liaisons—a few early lapses from virtue on the part of a woman—constitute, on the whole, a venial offense, and have no very detrimental effect upon her character? Could Trilby be the lovely, the adorable, the exquisitely innocent and childlike nature she is represented to be after having led the life of a grisette and a model pour l'ensemble in the Latin quarter? No man with any knowledge of the world, and particularly of the Latin quarter, would venture to maintain that she could. Trilby (though she reminds one of a remarkably fascinating woman whom all the world knows) is essentially as flagrant a violation of reality and verisimilitude as was Murger's Musette.

But, the gentle reader will object, no man, unless he is a prig, makes moral reflections while reading "Trilby." The enchantment of the tale is such that it blots out the whole world while you are reading, turns your ethical convictions topsyturvy, and makes you content merely to enjoy the incomparable jollity, and pathos, and bonne camaraderie of the author. Well, I don't wish to quarrel with the gentle reader. I have enjoyed as much as he the artful artlessness of this accomplished draftsman and raconteur, who, by the way, has an immense advantage over his brethren of the quill, in being able to wield, with equal skill, both the most formidable weapons of man's invention. Though he does not exactly obtrude himself in his narrative, he pervades it, as Thackeray did, in a very audible and visible way, and arouses all sorts of warm sentiments for himself in his reader's bosom. Not the least delightful thing in "Trilby," surely, is the vivid impression it conveys of a rich, tender, manly, and altogether lovable personality, standing behind the scenes and commenting in a genial voice on the doings of his characters. So strong is this personal element in the book, and so artfully is it insinuated, that we seem to be favored with the choicest confidence of the author, who appears to be drawing on an unlimited store of youthful reminiscence. So credible does the story appear (in spite of caviling reason), and so perfect is the illusion, that the persons and incidents are stamped upon the memory like an experience. Who would miss the acquaintance of Little Billee, not to speak of Taffy and the Laird? And where in modern literature is a more beautiful friendship among men depicted in more adequate and satisfying language? One feels positively grateful to Mr. du Maurier for having played so dexterously upon all the chords of our emotions. The reverence of the two sturdier friends for Little Billee's genius, their affectionate protectorship, and their recognition of their own inferiority, while they yet peg away industriously at their bull-fights and serenades, have a deep and

noble veracity which is beyond praise. To have—I will not say created, but—recorded three such vivid and convincing characters as this delightful triumvirate, would seem to be glory enough for one man. There is no single character in "Trilby" who is not full of a warm, red-veined humanity. The old couple, Vinard, Zouzou, Dodor, Svengali, Gecko, Mrs. Bagot—nay, the whole delicious company—are as good, as true to their type, and as richly human and felicitous as are the author's cartoons in Punch, which have made him deservedly famous.

Only one note do I find in "Trilby" which to my ear rings false. Why is Miss Hunks (mirabile nomen!) of Chicago, made so hideous, deformed, and screamingly vulgar? The American heiresses who, by their millions rescue and rehabilitate the broken-down noble families of Europe, may, by their freedom of manner, shock the sensibilities of a conservative aristocracy; but ugly they are certainly not. Mr. du Maurier is too great an artist not to be aware that his picture of Miss Hunks, on page 351, is unworthy of him and unworthy of the book in which it appears. However, we are so grateful for "Trilby" that we can afford to ignore Miss Hunks.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.



I ALWAYS fear when writing for The Cosmopolitan lest I surprise and weary American readers by treating of subjects that, for us, sons of Latin and Greek civilization, are of deep interest, but are, perhaps, too far outside of your pre-occupations to excite your curiosity. Yet what can you expect me to write about if not what is of most concern to me? I seem to myself like a man traveling in a railway train, who, joining in conversation with those about him, should tell them of his last success in love-making, and, with effusive eloquence, describe the charms of the lady. He runs great risk of being considered a first-rate bore by those whom his babble exasperates. He has no excuse at all; I have one, for you ask me to tell you the news.

Some twenty years ago, at Orange, in the Department of Vaucluse, a wonderful monument of Roman architecture was discovered, buried under ruins and masked by hovels that had covered and defaced it. It was an amphitheater, one of those huge constructions in which ten thousand spectators, seated at their ease on stone benches, rising to a prodigious height, had before them a stage of colossal proportions, amazing the imagination without offending the taste, so well did the ancients know how to observe proportion, even in the gigantic.

An architect suggested the idea of repairing the theater. It was a matter of a few millions,—three or four at the most. In your country some Vanderbilt would have assumed the task, asking for his reward only the honor of having rendered a signal service to the cause of art. In France we are not so rich as you, besides, we have a settled habit of resorting to the State for all things of this sort. The ministers and the chambers were, therefore, appealed to, and a grant of one hundred thousand francs was obtained. It was about enough to clean the stage; but this proved sufficient to restore to it its incomparable beauty and grandeur. Those who saw the result were full of admiration, and, as Orange is in the south of France, admiration rose to enthusiasm.

For Southern France, you know, Doubtless you have read Alphonse Daudet's novels, especially that delicious "Tartarin of Tarascon," one of the most amusing

productions of the charming author. It has taught you what the southerner is among us, always communicative, exuberant, noisy, with a brain that is ever seething, smoking, evaporating under the ardent sun that warms it. Poetry carries this excitement to its height,—it intoxicates him. Provence is the birthplace of the *Félibres*, whose king, nay, rather whose god is the poet *Mistral*, the author of "*Mireillo*." The *Félibres* (the origin of the name is unknown) are poets who proclaim their intention of reviving the Provençal tongue and bringing back the *Troubadours*. Parisians are somewhat skeptical, and smile at this display of provincial patriotism. The *Félibres* do not care; they have strong convictions, are fond of noise, and know perfectly that, in their country, when the *farandola* once begins, the whole population joins in it, singing, dancing, shouting to the rhythmic beat of the *tambourine*.

They were hardly more than a hundred, but they could make noise enough for ten thousand. When the Orange theater was brought out of its ruins, their joy was ecstatic. They came to Paris with much pomp and noise, and carried us Parisian literary men back with them to Lyons, from Lyons to Orange, from Orange to Avignon, from Avignon to Vaucluse, feasting, speechifying, singing, laughing, in a whirl of excitement all the way. They had organized (this was in 1888) two classic representations in the Orange theater.

The first day they gave "*Œdipus Tyrannus*," with Mounet-Sully; the second, Rosini's "*Moses*." I have forgotten the chief actor. What beautiful, what admirable representations these were. Not one of us was prepared for such a treat. When we saw on the immense stage Mounet-Sully slowly coming forward, in hieratic attitude, and heard his wonderful voice repeat the first line of the drama:

"Children, old Cadmos' youngest brood,"

a shiver ran through the ten thousand spectators. The night sparkled with stars; the air was marvelously soft; the moon, almost at its full, bathed in her soft light the vast amphitheater, alive with human beings; the stage alone was illumined, and detached itself bright upon the dark, massive background. It was an enchanting, unforgettable scene. For a moment we thought ourselves carried back into the heart of Greek civilization.

You know that "*Œdipus Tyrannus*" is the most pathetic of all dramas, the masterpiece among Greek masterpieces. In the state of feverish excitement in which we were on that evening, it seemed to us more pathetic still; it stirred us to the innermost, and when we beheld Mounet-Sully, with blood-dripping eyes, pass through the stage on his way to exile, a universal sob shook the audience. Two young, ignorant working-girls from Lyons sat behind me; they were bathed in tears. Never, I think, did a crowd experience a more powerful and more artistic emotion.

Since this first attempt, the Orange theater had remained silent, and the repairs were interrupted for lack of money. The *Félibres* then went to work again, and so bestirred themselves that the government granted another hundred thousand francs, and one of the most eminent of our architects, M. Formigé, assumed the task, and as the most pressing, repaired a large portion of the seats, which had crumbled away under the slow action of time.

This year, still with Mounet-Sully as leading actor, two representations have been given: one of "*Œdipus Tyrannus*," the other of "*Antigone*." They drew enormous crowds to Orange, and have had an immense success. The same thought has come to all. The representations should occur regularly, three or four every year. Besides Greek masterpieces, some of our own classic tragedies, such as are best fitted for spectacular effect, as, for example, "*Athalie*" and "*Le Cid*," should also be produced; two or three of Shakespeare's great works likewise. Orange would thus become a French Bayreuth, and we might then see some of your countrymen there the day before the great occasion, just as they go on a pilgrimage to the little German city, in search of what is curious and rare.

They can never till then thoroughly understand the majesty of Greek tragedy. Orange has revealed "*Œdipus Tyrannus*" to me—yet I knew it by heart already.

But I understood, as I saw the actors moving across that immense stage before an assembled people, how vain and petty is the art that seeks emotion in the truthfulness of small details. There, every detail disappears, vanishes; only the great remains, and the effect on the soul is incomparably more powerful. There, also, one can understand the use of the antique mask. Distances are so great that the play of features is lost, and only the general outlines of faces appear, and these the masks accentuate and enlarge.

I assure you the spectacle is worth seeing, and if next year—the thing is not at all certain—the Comédie Française gives some representations at Orange, you will do well, if you can, to afford yourself the pleasure of seeing them.

FRANCISQUE SARCEY.

LES FÊTES D'ORANGE.

Je crains toujours quand je prends la plume pour écrire au *Cosmopolitan* d'étonner et d'ennuyer les lecteurs américains en les entretenant de sujets qui ont pour nous, fils des Latins et des Grecs, un vif intérêt, mais qui sont peut-être trop en dehors de vos préoccupations pour piquer votre curiosité. De quoi voulez-vous pourtant que je vous parle, sinon de ce qui me passionne? Je me fais l'effet d'un homme qui roulant en chemin de fer entre en conversation avec des inconnus, leur conte sa dernière bonne fortune et s'extasie abondamment sur les charmes de la dame. Il a grand'chance de passer aux yeux de ceux qu'il assomme de son bavardage pour le plus terrible des raseurs. Il n'a pas d'excuse lui; j'en ai une, c'est que c'est vous qui me demandez de ses nouvelles.

On a découvert, il y a une vingtaine d'années, à Orange, dans le département de Vaucluse, un merveilleux reste de l'architecture romaine, enfoui sous des décombres et masqué par des masures qui avaient poussé comme des champignons sur le monument et l'avaient couvert de leurs moisissures. C'était le théâtre d'Orange, un de ces théâtres antiques où dix mille spectateurs s'asseyant à l'air sur des gradins étagés à une hauteur prodigieuse avaient dans leurs yeux une vaste scène de proportions colossales qui étonnaient l'imagination sans choquer le goût; car les anciens savaient garder une mesure exquise dans le démesuré.

Un architecte s'avisait de restaurer le théâtre. C'était une entreprise de quelques millions; trois ou quatre au plus. Chez vous un Vanderbilt quelconque aurait pris la besogne à son compte, ne réclamant que l'honneur d'avoir rendu à l'art un service éclatant. En France, outre que nous ne sommes pas si riches, nous avons pour vieille habitude d'avoir en toutes choses recours à l'état.

On s'adressa donc aux ministres et aux chambres. Le gouvernement accorda une centaine de mille francs. C'était de quoi nettoyer le théâtre tout au plus. Mais il suffit de cette première sommaire toilette pour lui restituer son éclat d'incomparable grandeur. On fut saisi d'admiration; et comme Orange est une ville du midi, l'admiration se changea en enthousiasme.

—C'est que le midi, voyez vous, — vous avez lu sans doute les romans d'Alphonse Daudet et surtout le délicieux *Tartarin* de Tarascon, qui est une des œuvres les plus amusantes du charmant romancier. Vous avez pu là saisir sur le vif ce qu'est chez nous le méridional, toujours expansif, exubérant, bruyant, dont le cerveau bouillonne incessamment, fume et s'évapore sous le soleil ardent qui le chauffe. Le poësie achève de l'enivrer. C'est en Provence qu'est né le Félibrige, dont le poëte Mistral, l'auteur de *Mireille*, est le roi ou plutôt le dieu. Les Félibres (on n'a jamais su d'où venait le nom) sont des poètes qui ont chez nous affiché la prétention de faire revivre la langue Provençale et ressusciter les troubadours. Les Parisiens qui sont quelque peu sceptiques ont souri des exagérations de ce patriotisme provincial, mais nos Félibres n'étaient pas gens à se soucier d'une raillerie. Ils étaient convaincus, amoureux du bruit et sachant bien que dans leur pays, quand la farandole est en branle, toute la population y entre et se déroule chantant, dansant, se grisant de cris et de mouvement au bruit rythmé du tambourin.

Les Félibres n'étaient guère qu'une centaine, mais ils étaient capables de faire du bruit comme dix mille. Ils se pâmèrent de joie à la vue du théâtre d'Orange sortant de ses ruines; ils vinrent chercher les Parisiens en grande pompe et avec un joyeux fracas. Ils nous emmenèrent de Paris à Lyon, de Lyon à Orange, d'Orange à Avignon, d'Avignon à Vaucluse, toujours banquetant, pérorant, chantant, riant, dans un tourbillon d'enivrement. Ils avaient organisé (c'était en 1888 il y a six ans) deux représentations classiques à ce théâtre d'Orange.

On avait joué le premier jour *Edipe Roi*, avec Mounet-Sully, et le second *Moïse* de Rossini avec je ne sais qui. Ah! les belles, les admirables représentations! Elles eurent pour nous le charme exquis de la nouveauté. Personne ne s'attendait au coup qui il allait recevoir quand nous vîmes, sur cette scène immense, Mounet-Sully s'avancer lentement dans une attitude hiératique et d'une voix merveilleusement sonore jeter les premiers vers du drame:

"Enfants, du vieux Cadmus jeune postérité."

Un frisson passa sur ces dix mille spectateurs. La nuit étincelait d'étoiles; la température était d'une douceur merveilleuse; la lune alors presque dans son plein, baignait d'une lueur molle l'immense amphithéâtre, tout grouillant de têtes; la scène seule était éclairée et se détachait en lumière sur le fond sombre de la masse; c'était un spectacle féérique, inoubliable. Nous nous crûmes pour un instant transportés en pleine civilisation grecque.

Vous savez que *Edipe Roi* est le plus sympathique de tous les drames; le chef-d'œuvre des chefs-d'œuvre classiques. Dans cet état de surexcitation fébrile où nous nous trouvions tous ce soir-là, il nous parut plus émouvant encore, il nous prit par les entrailles, et quand nous vîmes Mounet-Sully, les yeux sanglants, remonter la scène pour s'enfoncer dans l'exil, il y eut comme un sanglot universel qui secoua tout l'auditoire. Je me souviens que j'avais derrière moi deux jeunes filles Lyonnaises, humbles ouvrières et tout à fait ignorantes qui fondaient en larmes. Jamais, je crois, foule n'éprouva une émotion plus forte et plus artistique.

Après ce coup d'essai, le théâtre d'Orange était resté silencieux. Les travaux de réfection avaient été interrompus faute d'argent. Les Félibres sont rentrés en campagne et se sont si bien démenés, ils ont crié si haut et si fort que le ministre a accordé une centaine de mille francs: un des plus éminents architectes de notre pays, M. Formige, s'est mis à la besogne et a couru au plus pressé, il a refait une bonne partie des gradins qui s'étaient écroulés sous la lente action des siècles.

On a pu cette année, toujours avec Mounet-Sully pour protagoniste, donner deux nouvelles représentations sur le théâtre d'Orange, l'une d'*Edipe Roi*, l'autre d'*Antigone*. Elles ont attiré à Orange une énorme affluence, et le retentissement en a été prodigieux dans tout notre pays. De toutes parts la même idée s'est fait jour dans les esprits: il faudrait régulariser le train de ces représentations et en donner trois ou quatre chaque année; on jouerait outre les belles œuvres grecques, quelques unes de nos tragédies classiques, celles

qui comportent de la figuration et du spectacle, *Athalie* par exemple et le *Cid*; on y joindrait deux ou trois grandes pièces de Shakespeare; ce serait de quoi défrayer dix saisons; on verrait ensuite. Orange deviendrait ainsi le Bayreuth français, et qui sait? peut-être verrions-nous quelques uns de vos compatriotes (car les voyages à eux ne coûtent rien) débarquer à Orange la veille du grand jour, comme ils se rendent en pèlerinage dans la petite ville allemande par amour du curieux et du rare.

Ils ne comprendront jamais bien la majesté de la tragédie grecque que dans ce décor grandiose. Orange m'a révélé *Edipe Roi* que je savais par cœur. J'ai compris en voyant évoluer les artistes sur cette scène immense, devant ce peuple assemblé, combien étaient vains et mesquins les artifices de l'art qui cherche l'émotion dans la vérité du menu détail. Là tout détail disparaît et s'évanouit; le grand seul reste et l'effet n'en est que plus puissant sur l'âme. C'est là que l'on comprend l'usage du masque antique. A cette distance les jeux de physionomie se perdent; en n'aperçoit que les lignes générales du visage; ce sont précisément ces lignes que le masque accentuait et grossissait.

Je vous assure que tout cela vaut la peine d'être vu, et si l'an prochain, car rien n'est moins sûr,—la Comédie Française donne encore là bas quelques représentations vous ferez bien, si vous le pouvez de vous en passer le plaisir.

FRANCISQUE SARCEY.



At last we have some new novels by eminent hands. Mr. Stevenson, in his "Ebb-Tide," is aided by Mr. Osbourne, but, as in all these collaborations, the style is always purely Stevensonian. Mr. Osbourne, possibly, suggests the rather ruthless villainy which marks the nerves of the "Wrecker," and the "Ebb-Tide." This is mere conjecture, but, really, we are got into very ill company. Mr. Stevenson, again, is probably responsible for a certain queer moral tone, as if a lesson in conduct were being presented to us. There is a lesson, I am sure, in the "Ebb-Tide," but I own that I do not know quite what it is, unless it be that there is good in the evil. The sea-captain is a drunken rogue, but he is brave, prefers to be kind, and is "amenable to the pathetic," in the shape of his "kids." He can pipe a manly eye, and dash away a tear; also, he is anxious to draw the line at vitriol throwing. The hero, as far as we have a hero, is "incompetent," and weak, yet emotional and sober in the seductive presence of unlimited champagne. Besides, he loves Virgil. "I salute thee, Mantuano!" we seem to hear him cry in his worst shifts. The awful, lewd, cockney cad, without heart, or pity, or reverence, has courage, the mother of the virtues. As for Attwater, he is to me a moral mystery, and not an agreeable specimen at that. The adventures of the worthy quartette are relieved by landscape and study of various barbaric but amiable supernumeraries. Naturally, we read all through the book without drawing breath or bridle: necessarily one acknowledges the force and originality of the tale; but the air is close, the light is lurid, and we long for Mr. Stevenson's foot to be on his native heath, among honest men and bonnie lassies.

Mr. Crockett's foot is there, of course, in "The Lilac Sun-shade." He is in Galloway, in the smell of bog myrtle and peat, without the crowded adventure of "The Raiders." The new story is a simple love-tale of a young minister, a "bonnet laird's" daughter, and variously pleasing rustics. The "atmosphere" is excellent, and true to life in the kingdom of Galloway; the humor is good and quiet, the love-scenes tender, passionate, idyllic, the pathos is not forced. In no tale has Mr. Crockett been so original, so entirely himself, so free from all suggestion of admiring imitation. The date is early in this century; but, unless my arithmetic be wrong, the old grandmother, a charming figure, is at least a century old, for she has been wooed by officers who fought at Fontenoy. Say she was twenty in 1745, she was born in 1725; yet she quotes a song written in 1826, and reads a novel written in 1822. This is utterly unimportant, of course, and unimportant are a few slips in diction. To myself, it seems that Mr. Crockett's hero is—a hero; a thing of paste-board, like the usual jeune premier; while even his heroine makes no very marked impression. His other characters and the still life bear the burden of the interest,

which is great, wholesome, and well sustained. The author and the public are to be congratulated.

"The Green Carnation" I have been unable to procure, though "The Black Carnation" was offered to me. The former work is a skit on a well-known person who is accustomed to this form of advertisement. The book is said to be clever and in bad taste. But Mr. du Maurier's "Trilby" (itself a little deformed by a needless touch of "personal" writing,) is so good, fresh, tender, touching, and merry, that one can only be grateful to the accomplished author and artist. I have known, since I was sixteen, that Mr. du Maurier writes as well as he designs, but this humble and hearty love of life, this brilliance, and kindness, and sweetness, one could not know that he was able to put into a novel. "Trilby" has faults, obvious faults; it is even too frankly discursive: the hypnotic business is a strain on the belief, but Trilby herself holds a place near Manon Lescaut.

I write far from books, as far from books as from the long-deferred hope of a flood, with salmon in the river, and write only of what I have seen in my wanderings. Even Mr. Podmore on "Apparitions and Thought Transference" must wait another opportunity. Mr. Podmore takes his ghosts with a difference, and, believing in them so little, it is a wonder that he believes in them at all. "I don't call these very popular ghosts."

ANDREW LANG.

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TWENTY BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

FICTION.—**CZAR AND SULTAN.** THE ADVENTURES OF A BRITISH LAD IN THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR, by Archibald Forbes. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

TWILIGHT LAND, by Howard Pyle. Harper & Brothers.

THE BELLRINGER OF ANGEL'S, AND OTHER STORIES, by Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

THE GOLDEN HOUSE, by Charles Dudley Warner. Harper & Brothers.

THE PLAY-ACTRESS, by S. R. Crockett. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.

HISTORICAL.—**IN OLD NEW YORK,** by Thomas A. Janvier. Harper & Brothers. \$1.75.

THE STORY OF THE CIVIL WAR, by John Codman Ropes. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Part I, \$1.50.

LITERARY.—**MORE MEMORIES,** by the Very Rev. S. Reynolds Hole, Dean of Rochester. Macmillan & Co.

WANDERING WORDS, by Sir Edwin Arnold. Longmans, Green & Co. \$5.00.

LONDON UP TO DATE, by George Augustus Sala. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.

ESSAYS OF JOSEPH MAZZINI, chiefly political, including Five Essays translated into English for the first time, and an unpublished letter. Edited by Bolton King. Macmillan & Co.

CHILDHOOD IN LITERATURE AND ART, WITH SOME OBSERVATIONS ON LITERATURE FOR CHILDREN: A STUDY, by Horace E. Scudder. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

MODERN BOOK ILLUSTRATION, by Joseph Pennell. Macmillan & Co.

MY STUDY FIRE, by Hamilton Wright Mabie. Second Series. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—**EDWIN BOOTH:** Recollections by his daughter, Edwina Booth Grossmann. The Century Co. \$3.00.

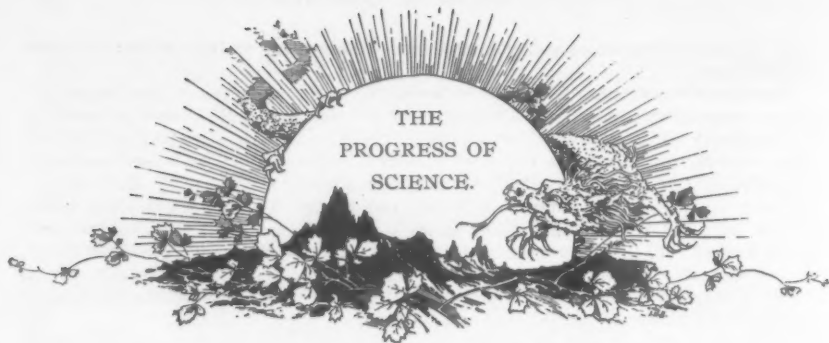
POLITICAL.—**PROBLEMS OF THE FAR EAST,** by the Hon. George N. Curzon. Longmans, Green & Co. \$6.00.

ART.—**LORENZO LOTTO:** An Essay in Constructive Art, by Bernhard Berenson. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.

MISCELLANEOUS.—**AMONG MEN AND HORSES,** by M. Horace Hayes, F.R.C.V.S. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$4.00.

POETRY.—**THE ODES OF HORACE AND THE CARMEN SÆCULARE.** Translated by William Ewart Gladstone. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

MADONNA, AND OTHER POEMS, by Harrison S. Morris. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.00.



INVENTORS AND OFFICIAL SCIENCE.

WHAT are we to think of the conclusions of the Commission on Inventions Concerning the National Defence with regard to the terrible engine of war which I had offered to my country, and the secret of which will soon, no doubt, be divulged to the whole world? Is that engine, as I affirm, destined to give absolute supremacy to the power that uses it, or has it only a secondary value, as the members of the commission would have us believe?

Is not a complete answer to this question found in the experiences of the past?

Official savants dislike great inventors. Had M. Berthelot, member of the Institute, been called upon some time ago to give his opinion of picric acid as an explosive for war uses, he would certainly have pronounced against it. Had he not already, with haughty assurance, declared that "picric acid was a worthless body, without usefulness, dangerous, afraid of heat," etc., etc.?

Now, this same body I have melted in an open fire, and it is, thanks to the use of metrophenols, resulting from my own investigations, and the law governing explosives (a law discovered by me), that melinite has been discovered, and that France, at a critical moment, thanks to the possession of that powerful explosive, avoided the war which her neighbors across the Rhine were preparing against her.

But the lessons of the past avail nothing, and every step forward is bought by the sufferings of inventors.

Judge for yourselves.

Ever since the fifteenth century, without fully knowing why, men have constructed rifled cannons, several systems of which were breech-loading. It was Robins, a private individual, who, some time in the eighteenth century, first studied the motion of projectiles and the properties of the rifling of cannon, hardly understood to-day by our modern artillerymen.

Euler, the great Euler, as he is called, did his best to baffle, by means of learned calculations, Robins' labors, influenced, it may be, more by bad faith than by ignorance or error. He succeeded in his efforts, and delayed for two centuries the progress Robins had contemplated. Under Euler's misleading influence, rifled cannon were given up.

In 1832, a physician—Dr. Leroy d'Etiolles—proposed to the French artillery commission a complete system of breech-loading rifled cannons, so thoroughly worked out that nothing better has been done up to date. In a contemptuous report, much like the one aimed at me, the committee rejected, with ridicule, Dr. Leroy d'Etiolles' proposals.

In 1850, Captain Tamisier first; then Commandants Didion and Treuille de Beaulieu resumed the scheme of rifled cannon, and it was adopted in 1858-59. A few batteries of four and of twelve-pounders, in bronze, and muzzle-loading,—a system inferior altogether to Dr. Leroy d'Etiolles',—were sent to Italy, where they did some execution.

Whilst France was thus repelling inventors, other nations eagerly encouraged them.

Germany had long before (1841) adopted the needle-gun, invented by Dreyser in 1827, and almost all Europe—France excepted—used the rifled iron or steel cannons of Armstrong, Krupp, Vavasseur, Whitworth, etc.

After Sadowa, there was exhibited at the Paris Universal Exposition of 1867, a whole arsenal of German needle-guns, and of huge Krupp rifled breech-loading cannons. There was also at this same exposition an enormous steel crown or ring bearing a dozen systems of steel breech-loaders from the Krupp works at Essen. After the closing of the exposition, Krupp presented it to Napoleon III., and it is still to be seen in the rooms of the Committee of St. Thomas d'Aquin. At the same time he offered either to furnish France with steel guns or to establish a gun factory on her territory. The artillery committee, when asked to report on his proposal, proudly answered: "France possesses the finest artillery in the world."

Then came the Franco-Prussian war, and every one knows how dear our illusions cost us.

What happens to me to-day is, then, only a repetition of the blunders I have enumerated. Official savants are without any sort of initiative. They lack that sense. They accept an invention only after they have seen it work in other lands. The simplest grocer can do this.

Touching me and my invention, they express their doubts of the enormous advantages of the engine of war I offer them. I shall soon prove to them that I can send to a considerable distance, and *without cannon*, a projectile of more than a ton in weight.

EUGENE TURPIN.



UP to date, there have been recognized seventy-one chemical elements. This is equivalent to saying that there are seventy-one separate, distinct, and different kinds of matter. These elements are included under all three states of aggregation; some solid, some liquid, and some gaseous. The weight of the heaviest, platinum, is more than two hundred and thirty thousand times that of the lightest, hydrogen. Their other physical and chemical properties, likewise, range through every degree, so that the elements differ as widely from each other as do living forms.

Sixteen of the elements make up ninety-nine hundredths of all known matter, and one-half of the remainder are little else than chemical curiosities. The great number of the elements has led to the supposition that all may be modifications of a simpler form of matter, and much elaborate work has been done to test the correctness of the supposition. The efforts thus far made indicate that the supposition is an unsound one.

We know that the great majority of bodies accessible to us are formed by the combinations of these elements, and that, in combining, the individual elements lose entirely their distinctive characters and take on new and different properties. We know that in these combinations certain small relative weights of the elements combine with each other, and this has led to the belief that elements are composed of atomic masses or atoms, but the existence of these masses is not certain.

The spectroscope has shown that the matter of each element has, when heated, a vibratory period peculiar to that element alone, and has thus proven the existence of many of the elements in the sun, and some in fixed stars. We are thus certain of the wide distribution of the elements under conditions similar to

those that we can produce here. It is an interesting fact that while more than twenty of our elements are present in the sun, that neither nitrogen nor oxygen, two of the most common, are certainly known to be present there.

Mendeléeff's periodic law has shown that the properties of the elements vary with their atomic weights, and that the changes in the properties of the elements recur in regular order. The changes are, however, by steps, and not continuous.

It may, then, be said that the laws of chemistry, as now known, as well as the spectroscope, oppose the idea of the unity of matter, and indicate that the elements are distinct forms of matter, and not modifications of the same form, and that they are composed of atomic masses. No system of cosmogony has yet even attempted an explanation of how so many different forms of matter came into existence.

S. E. TILLMAN, Prof. U.S.M.A.

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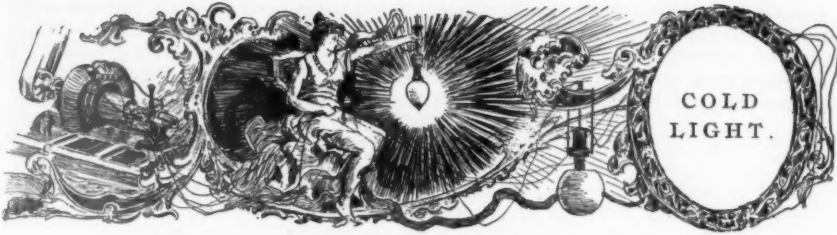
IDIOSYNCRASIES OF JUPITER'S SATELLITES.

AS Mars recedes, Jupiter takes his place in the eastern sky and challenges the attention of astronomers, who just at present feel a keener interest in him than usual, because of certain questions relating to his satellite system, which have been raised by the observations made two years ago by W. H. Pickering and his assistants in South America. A good deal of skepticism is felt as to the phenomena which they report, because the observers in the northern hemisphere, notably those of the Lick observatory, who have paid special attention to the matter, using a telescope much more powerful than the thirteen-inch instrument of the Arequipa observatory, have thus far been unable to verify them. But the atmospheric conditions at the Andean observatory are described as so remarkably superior to those known at any other station, that this lack of confirmation can hardly be regarded as disproof: the phenomena are so delicate that the most powerful instruments can hope to deal with them only at times when "the seeing" is absolutely perfect.

If Pickering is right, and not the victim of some such illusion as often deceives an imaginative observer, the views hitherto generally held as to the nature and constitution of the satellites must be profoundly modified: instead of being, like our moon, solid globes of rock, steadily revolving on fixed axes, they must be conceived of as mere clouds of fog, or dust, or swarming meteorites, which, as they circle around the gigantic planet, writhe, and twist, and distort their forms under his powerful tidal action,—a theory not in itself by any means very improbable, considering their well known want of density and the condition of Jupiter himself.

According to the southern observers, all four of the old Galilean satellites appear to change their form from circular to oval at regular intervals, and in such a way as to make it possible to deduce their real shapes. The first satellite is asserted to be a "prolate spheroid,"—i. e., lemon-shaped, and to revolve end over end nearly in the plane of its orbit, but in a direction the reverse of its orbital motion, in thirteen hours and three minutes. The second is said to be much more difficult to observe, but it appears to be an "ellipsoid of three unequal axes" (like a flattened lemon or a cake of toilet soap), and to revolve around the axis which is intermediate in length between the other two once in forty-one hours and twenty-four minutes. The third, which is much the largest of the four, is orange-shaped, like the planet itself, revolving, however, not on its shortest axis, but like a watch hung up by its pendant on a twisting string, and in such a way as to keep its face always approximately towards the planet. The fourth, remarkable for a complexion much darker than that of either of the other three, appears to be of the same form, but, in contrast to the third, always keeps its edge towards the planet. We hasten to add, however, lest our readers should be misled, that in none of the four is the deviation from the spherical form very great, though Mr. Pickering is positive that it exists. Jupiter comes to his opposition this year on December 22d, under very favorable circumstances, and it is to be hoped that some golden hours will be found in which decisive observations can be made.

C. A. YOUNG.



ALL of our present sources of light, whether oil, gas, or electricity, are due to high temperature, produced by combustion or electric currents. In either case, a large amount of energy is spent to maintain a temperature high enough for illumination, ninety-five per cent. of which is wasted, as it gives no light whatever.

All substances are continuously radiating, that is, setting up ether waves. These waves depend upon the vibrations of molecules. The more rapid the vibrations of the molecules, the shorter are the waves; in the same way as with sounding bodies, the more frequent the vibrations, the higher the pitch. The molecular vibrations constitute the temperature of the molecules, and without some temperature there are no waves. All waves, long and short, originate in heated molecules, and all waves, long and short, result in heating the molecules that stop them. It happens that in the eye this heating brings about molecular disruptions, which give the sensation of light. Particular wave lengths being the efficient ones, because the molecules to be disrupted by them are particular kinds of molecules, not that the agency is different in kind. These facts have to do with the proposition one frequently hears of, namely, to produce cold light, or light without heat. It is impossible, because cold matter cannot give rise to waves. It is always a question of more or less. The real question is how to produce illuminating waves without at the same time producing an abnormal proportion of non-illuminating ones at the same time.

When a carbon filament lamp has a small current of electricity passed through it, its molecules are more vigorously shaken up than when no current is present. They vibrate faster and radiate shorter waves, but none short enough to produce vision. A stronger current gives still greater rapidity of vibration and still shorter waves, and so on, until the filament becomes just visible as a slight red glow in the dark. All the energy turned into the lamp to this point is radiated away in waves too long for the use of the eye, and so far it is wasted. Now, let about five per cent. more current be sent through the lamp and it will become fully lighted and give its proper candle power, but it is still wasting its ninety-five per cent. If still stronger current is provided, it will now increase in brilliancy. Twice the current will give not simply twice the light, but eight times as much, or more. This means that the longer waves have been suppressed and shorter illuminating ones produced in their place, but the energy has been increased and the radiations called light will heat the lamp and other bodies in its neighborhood more and not less, as would be the case if there was a distinction between heat-waves and light-waves. Such high temperature destroys the lamp in a few seconds, so it is impracticable to use an electrical glow-lamp economically.

If, in any kind of a way, molecules can be induced to vibrate at the proper rate for illuminating radiation, without pushing them through all lower rates at the same time, we shall then have light in the most economical way, as there will then be no waste, but it will then not be cold light, for the energy radiated will be measured as it is now, by its heating ability.

The firefly, glow-worm, and decaying stump give out such radiations, but in no individual case does it approach the light of a single candle. A hundred fireflies shining together give no more light than a candle, but their light is intermittent, shining no more than one-tenth of the time, so it would require no less than a thousand fireflies to main-

tain a light equal to a single candle. Their light is not cold light, for it may be measured in terms of heat. Its heat is simply relatively small, as the amount of light is small.

Quite likely it may be possible to produce economically illuminating waves by means of electrical high frequency apparatus, but such light will not be cold light. Such a lamp will be only less heated than the present incandescent lamp.

A. E. DOLBEAR.



PETROLEUM ON THE CASPIAN.

IN view of the recent efforts at alliance between the petroleum producers of the United States and Russia, a note on the oil-bearing region of the Caucasus may be of interest. It appears that the foothills of the Caucasus, particularly those on the northerly side, show abundant evidence of the presence of oil all the way from the Sea of Azof to the Caspian. The oil-belt seems even to continue eastward of the Caspian; but, substantially, all of the yield comes from the Peninsula of Apsheron, on the western side of the Caspian, not far from the town of Baku. The entire area which has produced oil for shipment is estimated at less than eighteen hundred acres, and yet the shipments of oil from Baku in the last fourteen years are equivalent to over one hundred and forty million American barrels!

The Apsheron peninsula is low, but uneven, and is occupied by tertiary and post-tertiary rocks. The oil occurs in the more porous tertiary strata, and natural efflux takes place along lines of rupture in the folded beds, which do not seem to be considerably altered. As in this country, a part of the oil is obtained from flowing wells; and in 1893 these yielded one-third of the product. The Baku oil is very different, chemically, from that of Pennsylvania. Our oil consists mainly of hydrocarbons, analogous to paraffin, and known as the "paraffin series." The Caspian oil contains less hydrogen, and is composed almost exclusively of the "olefine series," which, however, is also represented to a small extent in the American oil.

The origin of petroleum is still a mystery. It seems really incredible that animal or vegetable oil should so accumulate as to furnish the output of Baku. A hundred thousand right whales would be required to supply as much oil as Baku exports yearly. It is also very significant that the deposits follow a line of profound terrestrial disturbance, that of the Caucasus. It was to account for these oil-fields that Mendeléeff put forward his hypothesis. He supposes, on grounds which are by no means absurd, that there are vast masses of metallic iron within the earth, resembling meteoric iron and containing carbon. The action of acids on such iron produces hydrocarbons, which are sometimes identical with those of the Baku oil. If one accepts the supposition of the existence of iron in great quantities within the earth, this theory leads to fewer difficulties than that of organic origin; and since such iron has been brought to the surface of the earth at a number of points by eruption, the plausibility of the hypothesis is great.

GEORGE F. BECKER.





From the painting by G. F. Watts, R. A.

PAOLO AND FRANCESCA.